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LETTERS

EMBRACING HIS LIFE

OF

JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A.



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Your most affec^{te} father
J. J. Taylor

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LETTERS

EMBRACING HIS LIFE

OF

JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A.,

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EDITED BY

JOHN HAMILTON THOM.

In Two Volumes : with Portrait.

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PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN the appeal of his only surviving child, and the instance of his oldest and most honoured friend,* made me aware that of those who had been in closest intercourse with him I was the one who, probably from the supposed opportunity of leisure, was expected to do something to preserve the memory of John James Tayler, I had to consider whether there was any way that could not be injurious to him in which I might undertake the office.—A Biography, of the ordinary kind, was clearly unsuitable to a life so uneventful. Analysis of character, a spiritual and intellectual estimate on an exhaustive scale, implied a critical attitude from which reverent affection must have turned away. His unity of being, an organic consistency and harmony in which there were no struggling contrasts, rendered effective portraiture an impossibility to any powers at my command: and a Sketch, of whatever

* The Rev. John Kenrick, M.A., F.S.A.

dimensions, could add nothing essential to several, of admirable execution, which the pulpit and the press had already given to the world.—Two feelings regarding him remained with a determining power:—that he was one whom it would be good if every one could know;—and that none but himself could make him known.—If on investigation it should be found that for each period of life he had left an image of himself drawn by his own hand, the way of presentation would be clear without risk of a wrong done to him.

LETTERS,—extending over all his years, accidentally preserved, if the love that cherished them is compatible with accident,—without purpose of connection or continuity,—with only the common quality of being all written to those in whom he had some genuine personal interest,—were collected from every available quarter, chiefly by the pious hands of his daughter,* and on selection and arrangement,—unless I have pored over these papers until I have lost the power of distinguishing what I see in them and what they will convey to others,—appeared to exhibit the remarkable result that they were sufficient of themselves, with little or no additions or explanations,—to show both the outward course and order of his life, and the inner

* Now Mrs. T. Smith Osler.

spirit of his being in his various characteristic aspects, as Scholar, as Minister of Religion, as Academical Instructor, above all as a Man. At the least, they have the undesigned effect of being large contributions towards a not inadequate Autobiography.

It would have been easy to have given in express words the external history of his life, and to have set these Letters within little frames of narrative, but I believe that no interested reader will have the least difficulty in seeing the mind that is here disclosing itself in the exact circumstances of his living position. Through the successions of his existence,—as a boy educated at home in his father's school with some beloved associates, his dear friends to the last; as a student at York and Glasgow, in contemplation of a sacred Profession but with no confined tastes or narrow preparations; as from the first exhibiting his characteristic combination of unworldliness with cautious prudence in his thought of uniting Medicine with Divinity as a provision for adequate and honourable independence; as a youthful Minister and Pastor in a large manufacturing city which, though ungenial to him at first, knit itself to his heart for ever through his own sympathies with all human interests and the appreciating welcome its people gave to his efforts in every direction to supplement its local culture; as a

teacher of the young, even whilst himself young, in History, in General Literature, and in Religion; as a husband, and a father, resolved on whatever slender means to have his outward, as well as his inward being, graced and ideal; as a laborious student, of the widest range, endowed by nature with the grasp and tact of a Scholar; as a man of the most sensitive temperament driven by wounded self-respect, because for a moment he vacillated before the public on a great question of mingled religious principle and practical expediency, to right his mind on a foreign land in the light of pure knowledge and an unsectarian atmosphere,—and so, providentially furnished, in great recompense for transient distress, with the instruments of acquirement which led to the distinctions and offices of his after life; as Professor of Theology and Ecclesiastical History, holding copious learning, scientific method, exact detail, linguistic minuteness, in subserviency and contribution to the impulses of a living soul; as passing, in the decline of his years, from a provincial to a wider life, without letting one thread that bound him to the old scenes and the old affections slip out of his hands, yet with the readiest appreciation and enjoyment of the new opportunities that opened upon him at home and abroad; as visited by bereavements which, to use his

own words, took the colour out of his earthly existence, yet never in his saddest or most desolate moments sitting in darkness; as the most generous of friends, imputing merits out of his own loving largeness, and ever preferring others to himself; in simplicity and singleness as one of the little Children of Christ, yet towards every social claim, and in every relation to the world, a whole and human-hearted Man,—these Letters show him as he was, in the common circumstances and in the critical vicissitudes of his history, as no narrative, and no description, could.

What interest they may have for the general public I am unable to judge: but I believe that there are numbers who knew and loved him; numbers too who, without knowing him, regarded him from afar tenderly and reverently for the services and the graces he conferred on interests they hold most dear; numbers of young men, and of those who are young no longer, on whose minds and souls he exerted the most precious power of God,—all of whom would be sorry to lose any word that made him better known, or brought him nearer to them, and I could not sacrifice their interest, or spoil the value of the work to them, by considering only what might seem important to the general public. My feeling towards him is, that what he said of Sterling another might have written of himself: “Surely a

moral nature so pure, fervent, tender and truthful as his, is one of the most beautiful phenomena that God ever vouchsafes to this world of ours, and better deserves a faithful biography than a majority of the heroes whom Carlyle has commended to our worship in his former works.”*

A few Letters of his early years I have given, not for their own value, but for the sake of showing that what he was at the last, he was in germ from the first. He changed only by growth. Wordsworth’s lines as to an ideal development, one that ‘*might be*,’ may be used in simple affirmation of him: The Child was father of the Man; and his days *were* bound each to each by natural piety. Indeed nothing more characterized him than his ever tender reverence for the roots from which he grew. He had the genius and the archaic temperament of an historian. Free as he was in love of Truth, fearlessly eager in its pursuit, religious in trusting himself to it, loyally and piously open to its most unexpected testimony or indication, believing as thoroughly as ever man believed that the Comforter is the Spirit of Truth—he never seemed perfectly settled and happy in his latest beliefs until he could find their lineage in the seeds of time, and accept them as legitimate growths of long honoured principles, or of

* Letter to F. W. Newman, vol. i. p. 325.

original instincts implanted and inspired by God. So far he was Conservative in his leanings: whilst living the freshest life of his own day, giving a hopeful welcome to the most recent movement of modern thought, he was ever antique and historical in his cast of mind, for to him continuity and development of being was evidence and assurance of the continued work of God. The Present when he most delighted in it, as sure promise of the Future, was when it was seen to be fulfilment and interpretation of the Past.

In a matter so delicate as the publication of private correspondence I cannot hope to have committed no mistakes, in what I have admitted, or in what I have withheld, though no Letter appears without the permission of its proper custodian. I have endeavoured, as far as was possible without betraying him, not to revive old controversies, nor to record differences and misunderstandings which had either passed away, or ceased to wound. In the most delicate matter of all, the expression of private affections in the tenderest relations of life, the responsibility of final judgment must rest with me, but not without a sanction whose lightest apprehension would have restrained my hand.—I am very conscious that there are some things in Letters to myself which perhaps ought to have been withheld, but the rule which invariably I followed in every other

case, of letting all his love and generous estimates appear, I could not find it in my heart *invariably* to break in my own case, and expunge every expression of the affection with which he honoured me.

J. H. T.

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LETTERS OF JOHN JAMES TAYLER.*

FIRST PERIOD.

TO THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE :

1797—1825.

Age 14.

TO ROBERT HYDE GREG.

Quarry Bank,|| Aug. 20, 1811.

I HAVE not time to give a long recital of all that has happened since I last wrote to you; but, in a few words as possible, I will give you the leading

* John James Tayler, son of James Tayler and Elizabeth Venning, was born at 12, Church Row, Newington Butts, August 15, 1797. His father, then the Minister of St. Thomas's Chapel in the Borough, removed to Nottingham in 1802, as one of the Ministers of the High Pavement Chapel, and there for many years kept a school of a very high character. John James Tayler's grandfather, Richard Tayler, had been left an orphan, and at seven years old was adopted by his uncle, Sir Charles Wager, then First Lord of the Admiralty. The boy declined the offer of an opening in the navy, and was placed by his uncle with a Mr. England, whom he succeeded, a hatter and hosier at Charing Cross, then the first place for business at the West End of London. A story is preserved in the family that one of his customers, an elderly gentleman, said to him one day, "I wonder you do not marry; a lady in a hosier's shop would be so desirable." On replying that he was quite willing, but knew of no suitable lady: "Come with me," said the old gentleman, "next Sunday afternoon, to Greenwich, and I will introduce you." Accordingly Richard Tayler was taken to the house of a French Ingenot lady and her daughter, and with the

events. I wrote to Agnes and Sally* on Sunday afternoon; and last week, on my birthday, I penned a few rhymes, hoping to please rather than charm, and to afford a scope for their criticism rather than present objects to their admiration.'

Mr. Smyth† slept here on Saturday night, with Mr. Bright.‡ That evening we took them to the Island. Mr. Bright produced two pages and a half, much in his old strain, obscure to the highest degree, though I think it displays in many lines great powers of writing. Mr. Smyth read it, and spoke highly of it in many parts. Mr. Smyth has not written any, but will read some soon. As he has made us wait so long, I hope he will pay us with something to make up for our longing. He seems to be a poet that will not sit down in a hurry and write anything, however mean, but takes time, and deliberately produces something of sterling value. He complimented Bessy §

words, "Mrs. Hugon, this is the young man I spoke to you about," was left to make his own way into the good graces of the ladies. Mary Hugon, the grandmother of John James Tayler, married in her eighteenth year, about 1743, is said to have delighted in the busy scene of the shop, and to have charmed the customers by her beauty, delicacy and French liveliness.

|| Near Wilmslow, Cheshire, then the residence of Samuel Greg, Esq. On a visit to the parents of his life-long friend, the present Mr. Greg, of Norcliffe, to aid his recovery from a fever in which his life had been despaired of, J. J. T. writes to his schoolfellow at Nottingham.

* Sisters of Robert Hyde Greg, then at School.

† The late William Smyth, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.

‡ The late Benjamin Heywood Bright.

§ Sister of Robert Hyde Greg, now widow of William Rathbone, Greenbank, Liverpool, 1872.

very highly on her lines, and said she had very good talents to spin out so great a number of lines from the simple motto, "Ein doe and spair not." However, the two first lines met with his disapprobation, as being too prosaic and devoid of harmony :—

" You who at these words may contemptuously smile,
Suspend judgment," &c.

Marianne* cannot shut the Book of Fate, having once got it open ; its iron covers are too ponderous to be closed by mortal hand. Your lines were read in the boat the other day, and the benevolent invitation of the King of the Lonely Isle to people of all ranks, ages, and countries, met with general approbation.—I had a ride to Sandle Bridge last night.

Yours most sincerely, and in haste,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

TO SAMUEL ROBINSON,† *Woodlands, Manchester.*

Nottingham, 1811.

DEAR SAM,

The more I pursue the knowledge of the Greek language, the more I like it ; I think it as much superior to Latin, as a natural simplicity and open warmth of manner is to the studied blandishments of politeness. I have read a good deal of the Testament, and some Æsop, and hope these holidays to

* Sister of Robert Hyde Greg, deceased.

† Happily still living, near Alderley Edge, Cheshire, J. J. T.'s close friend through life, 1872.

begin Cebes, for which I am very impatient, as I have read a good deal about the beauty and simplicity of his picture of human life. I intend to read over the pastorals which I have read with my father, with the imitations from Theocritus which are at the bottom of the page in a copy which Attenburrow* has lent me for the purpose, and which, if I had not been foolish, might have been mine. I do not know whether I shall attempt any more Latin except Horace, whom I admire very much, and who, if he had been a Christian and not so addicted to Venus and Bacchus, would have been one of the finest moral poets I ever read; and I have seen a plan of Dr. Watts' which in my opinion is highly laudable and merits imitation, that is an application of some of the Odes of Horace to Christian sentiments and morals. I know not how your opinion will coincide with mine. What in Horace I so peculiarly admire, is his happy use of every appellative, his delicacy of words, that elegant character which he gives to all his compositions, and very often his fine and dignified moral, which unfolds itself even in some of his looser effusions.

And now I am going to utter a sentiment in which I am nearly sure you will differ from me; and for which I may, perhaps, be accused of peculiarity and want of taste; yet I cannot help writing what I think, and on that head I shall not meet with your disapprobation. However dignified, however noble, and indeed, however magnificent the Epic poem may be rendered

* A Nottingham Schoolfellow.

by such a genius as Homer's, Virgil's, or Milton's, yet, for my own part, I cannot help being better pleased with the more concise productions of the lyre. The fire and fury of one of Homer's battles strikes one with amazement, and places one, as it were, on the scene of action, so minute and so exact is the description; and the wanderings of Ulysses, and the anxiety of Penelope and Telemachus, are, I think, more interesting than these; yet I am more pleased, and I may say more improved, by an ode teeming with lofty images and pathetic sentiments; but I should like to hear what you say on this head in an answer to this which I hope to receive soon.

Talking with my father the other day on various subjects, he, understanding you had been reading Hesiod, wished to know which you thought the more ancient writer—Homer or Hesiod? To him, he says, there appears internal proof of the latter being the older, and mentioned two circumstances which he wished you to notice; the one, Hesiod's mentioning a ploughshare made of wood, when in Homer's time they are spoken of as made of iron; the other, in giving directions to his brother, he talks of pounding corn in a mortar, which would never have been the case had mill-stones been in use, which were in Homer's time, as is somewhere mentioned.

I am extremely well, and internally was never so happy and contented in my life. I have been increasing in happiness, and I flatter myself in good-

ness, ever since my illness ; for which I am sincerely thankful.

Believe me, dear Sam, yours sincerely,
JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

TO ROBERT HYDE GREG, *Manchester.*

Nottingham, March 14th, 1813.

DEAR ROBERT,

My mother received your letter last night, and proposed answering it very soon ; but by an unexpected train of circumstances, she has been suddenly called to London, for which place she left us this morning. I do not myself know at present the cause of her going ; but it is upon business of some consequence ; and that must now satisfy you. With respect to the grafts about which you wrote, my mother says you shall have them, if possible, some time next week. From a letter, which you wrote some time ago to my mother, I suppose you are endeavouring to make up your mind, whether such a place as Troy ever existed on the coast of Asia Minor, where Homer situates it ; it is an interesting subject, and in the prosecution of it, much knowledge of history, and of men and manners may be obtained. My father says the plan you have adopted of comparing the accounts of Greece given by Thucydides and Herodotus with that given by Homer, is a good one ; and he has promised, moreover, to give you, when my mother next writes, all the information in his power. Mr. Hart has lent him a copy, Greek and

English, of the Greek author Tryphiodorus who has continued the History of Troy from the time where Homer leaves it. If my father should find anything to the purpose in this poem, as you cannot have the book itself, he will make such extracts from it, as may appear to him to be useful to you.

Of this author there is a short account in the Classical Dictionary: he flourished in the 6th century, and boasted to have written the first book of his poem* without once using the letter Alpha, the second without using Beta, and the third without using Gamma; a piece of ingenuity, worthy of the age in which it was produced, curious only on account of the difficulty of the undertaking, and not because it was of any utility or conferred any beauty on the work in which it was found. I have begun to read Xenophon's account of the war between Cyrus and Artaxerxes, which is very elegant Greek and a most interesting subject. It is now growing late, or I would give you more time. I hope you will write to me very soon, and give me an account of what you are reading. We are all tolerably well. I hope all my kind and dear friends at Quarry Bank and Manchester are the same. I have nothing further to add, except that we all desire our affectionate remembrance to you and our other friends, and

Believe me to be your's sincerely,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

* A poem not extant, called from the above peculiarity, 'Οδύσσεια λειπογράμματος.

TO SAMUEL ROBINSON.

Manchester New College, York, Feb. 10th, 1816.*

DEAR ROBINSON,

In truth I am something of an idle fellow ; but really from the time of Cicero and Atticus down to the modern correspondence of your humble servant and Samuel Robinson, I find that negligences of this kind have so often occurred, and been excused on the plea of business, that I feel less compunction in acknowledging the force of a charge, to which equally great men with ourselves have before been obnoxious. And now I am set down, what topics for discussion shall the unvaried though agreeable routine of college duties supply ? Shall I give you the pithy observations which I collect in the course of the week, on the force and propriety of Greek particles, or the derivation of some Hebrew word from the Arabic and the other cognate languages ? Shall I demonstrate to you the character and properties of the Hyperbola, and those marvellous lines, which *we Mathematicians* call asymptotes ? or explain to you the manner in which the mind argues by means of general terms ? Ah ! no. You would turn up your nose at these dull speculations, and rail at the

* Founded in 1786, for the higher education of English Presbyterians, lay and clerical ; “ open to young men of every religious denomination, from whom no test or confession of faith should be required ;” removed to York in 1803 ; re-established in Manchester in 1840, as one of the affiliated Colleges of the University of London ; and since 1853 seated in London at University Hall, as a School of learned and scientific Theology.

stupidity of an Academic, who can be content, for the sake of a page of Tacitus or Sophocles, to seclude himself wholly from the charms of “love-darting *eyes*, and *tresses* like the Morn.” But perhaps, my good sir, you may be a little premature in your decisions, and ascribe to choice what is, to a certain extent, the necessity of circumstances. In short, to be serious, I was always really of opinion, whatever a little affectation in my conduct might indicate to the contrary, that in the society of amiable, accomplished, and well-informed women, not only the most rational and delightful relaxation from sterner duties was to be met with, but also if considered in its full extent and proper light, the best safeguard of virtue and propriety. We want the assistance, and feel the value, of the friendship of men, in our intercourse with the world at large; yet when retired from business, how engaging soever the “*Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli*” united in the intercourse of affection may appear, there is something, so soft and tender, in the nature of the female sex that seems peculiarly qualified to diffuse a charm over the scenes and occupations of private life. However, I must admit, that my own circumstances are such, secluded nine months in a converse principally with the dead and the sage, that when I step again into the world my manners do not seem to correspond quite to what are and ever have been, and I believe on virtuous grounds, my real sentiments. I am like a man emerging at once out of darkness into light, and though pleased with the change, yet unable to adapt himself

immediately to his new situation, and dazzled by too much brilliance, he cannot see his way nor govern his motions with propriety.

But you see, my dear Robinson, Nature has not sent me into the world under the patronage of Plutus; and therefore, though my prospects into futurity are as bright and unclouded as I could wish, yet all my hopes of respectability and even of a wife, at least upon the terms, and with the qualifications, I should like to have one, must, in a great measure, depend on my present exertions and success as a student. The next five or six years of my life must be consecrated to laborious study; and if, in the course of them, my manners, from the force of circumstances, should become a little rusty, I only hope that a sincere *wish* to please may tend in somewise to produce a contrary effect. “*Quamobrem, Judex, dicta me causa atque perorata est,*” and you see I have not minced the matter at all, but have told you, in the openness of friendship, my real opinions. I have nothing further to say, except that I am rather idle, in the way of letter writing, but that I hope you will not be so too; and that I was not at all in the humour for it when I sat down to write this letter, forgive me for saying so, which may serve as a sort of apology for the carelessness which several parts of this epistle exhibit.

Your truly affectionate and grateful friend,

J. J. T.

TO S. ROBINSON.

Short Hill, Nottingham, August 5th, 1816.

DEAR ROBINSON,

I have at last burst the trammels of indolence, and actually sat down to write to you. I must, however, inform you, in extenuation of my apparent deficiencies, that I really began a letter to you while I was in town; but I was so perpetually engaged, that I could not find time to finish it; and I at last tore it, thinking it better perhaps to begin my epistle anew, when I had more leisure and quiet to collect and express my thoughts. Thus occupied, my reading, you will perceive, can have been neither profound nor extensive; my father's labours, however, commenced to-day again, and in correspondence with them I have marked out a small course of study to employ, amuse, and improve me, for a couple of months. If I live and am well I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you some time in October; but, if it remain convenient to you to receive me then, I will write to you again, and give you a more specific account of my intentions, when the period approaches. Meanwhile take what I can offer, a few crude and hasty remarks, made in the course of my travels through the flowery fields of poetry and literature; and as a mutual friend of ours* prettily enough says,

“Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt.”

* Catullus.

Have you read the *Antiquary*? It amused my leisure moments in London. Though I think it inferior in general interest, and the development of the story both to *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, yet it certainly bears the marks, *meo quidem judicio*, of very superior genius. The author's *forte* seems to lie in picturesque and forcible description, in accurate delineation of character, and the delicacy and purity of his feeling. *Edie Ochiltree* seems to me to be evidently designed by the author as a counterpart to *Meg Merrilies*; and though doubtless less striking, less sublime, yet there is a beautiful simplicity in this character, a mild and amiable colouring given to it, which makes the old man to my taste as agreeable and interesting a companion as I ever met with in the limited extent of my novel-reading. Some people think it unnatural; but I think only because such a vocation as his is unknown in England; of the fundamental character and disposition there is no one, I should think, of common sensibility and common acquaintance with the world, but must *feel* the truth and propriety. For myself, whether it be from the present point of my age, or a quality in my native temper, I don't hesitate to prefer the soft, amiable, sweet, and pensive, in poetry, music, or romance, to the bold, majestic, and sublime; though I think Lord Byron's genius to be of the first kind, and meriting to be ranked with Shakspeare and Milton, yet I have more exquisite enjoyment in reading some of Moore's *Irish Melodies*, of Burns's elegant and feeling effusions, and some of Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful

things, than in any of the most energetic and striking, and awful passages in the former writer. Collins's beautiful ode, written in the year 1745, "How sleep &c.," and his Dirge in Cymbeline, are far more grateful and inspiring to me than his wonderful and terrible appeal to the Spirit of Fear. I love a rich and luxuriant fancy, awakened by elegant and exquisite sensibility, and unfolding itself in the splendour of a chaste but varied and copious imagery. From what I can learn of his character from the Quarterly Review of his works and life, Alfieri, the modern Italian dramatist and contemporary* of Metastasio, would of all others be a writer least suited to my taste. I presume your sister† is on the point of her marriage. Pray remember me most kindly to her, and assure her again and again of my sincere and heartfelt good wishes.

TO SAMUEL ROBINSON.

Glasgow, November 29th, 1816.

AMICULE NOSTER,

At first I intended this as the prolusion to a Latin epistle; but I am this week so much engaged in preparing for the Blackstone‡ Examination (not that it is, in itself, very formidable, but I never dreamed of such a thing till I came here) that I really have not time to do it properly. You do not think much, I

* Metastasio died in 1782; Alfieri in 1803.

† Afterwards the wife of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart., Manchester.

‡ Entrance or Matriculation examination at Glasgow College.

know, of Latin composition. You and I differ a little on that head, and perhaps shall continue to do so till the end of our days, though we were to debate the subject with as much warmth and eagerness, as we did the other night at Woodlands. Let me here say in my defence that language is the medium of thought, that I have always found it a very advantageous exercise to be obliged to think in a medium different from what I am used to, as I must have my thoughts perfectly distinct and well arranged before I can do anything; that Latin is a brief, clear, vigorous, and elegant language; and that in which scholars, or those who pretend or aim to be scholars, have ever delighted to converse. What all these arguments amount to, when added together, I leave you to judge. Their weight may to you seem more apparent than real; but I do not think so. I was pleased to find you had written to me in French. You say you know your letter must be full of faults; and that there are some slight ones I think I can myself perceive; but you have gained what, in a thing of this kind, is of essential consequence; the turns of thought and of expression, the spirit and colouring of the whole, seem to me to be quite French. This is perhaps of more consequence at first than strict idiomatic propriety; because it indicates a sensibility to the nerve and genius of a Language, which cannot be acquired exactly by application like the grammatical minutiae. I hope you will continue to write to me in French; and perhaps I may sometimes answer you in Latin. I have made some little progress

in Herodotus, who is the first Greek prose writer I mean to read through. He is a most charming writer, and will form a most agreeable companion to my evenings this winter. I have not begun to read the *Odyssey* yet ; but shall, as soon as ever this infernal profession* is over. Professor Young is now lecturing on the 2nd Book of the *Iliad* ; which will be of great assistance to me in comprehending the force and meaning of Homeric diction ; for he analyzes it with unrelenting minuteness to the very bone. I think you will have great reason to admire the ingenious nihility of this epistle ; but I have some notion you were not far from the mark, when you said a short letter often was better than a long one now and then. I like Glasgow very much ; the inhabitants, that I am acquainted with, are hospitable, friendly, and sensible ; and the College is very fair. I cannot, however, feel somehow as if I was treading on Classic ground ; I wish I could.

TO S. ROBINSON.

College of Glasgow, January 28th, 1817.

DEAR ROBINSON,

Lest you should set me down for a very idle, careless, fellow, I have taken up my pen ; though, upon my word, I have nothing in the world to say for myself. I could give you an account of my studies, which would indeed be stupid ; or enumerate, what would certainly be to you a more agreeable recital, a list of

* The Student *professed* the number of Books on which he was ready to be examined.

belles, who blaze along the public parade every sun-shining day, but most of whom I have the misfortune to know only by sight and by name. However, be that as it may, I can at least tell you what sort of a judgment my present means of observation has enabled me to form upon the Scotch. I do not know a great many families here; but such as I am acquainted with certainly set their nation in a very favourable light. The principal difference that strikes me between them and the English is, that there is a greater frankness, and if you can understand what I mean by the term, *decision* in their manners than in those of the English, which have been so softened down and refined, that the direct and open expression of the temper or character is often nearly lost. I fancy there is some analogy between their manners and their faces. This may be whim; but there is certainly a difference between the expression of a Scotch countenance, particularly a female countenance, and an English one; and I cannot tell wherein it consists, unless it be in a more explicit and defined enunciation of the mind in the features. The eyes are less soft but more sparkling; the nose is not pointed nor turned up; but has an appearance, which I know not how to describe, unless by saying that it has a more determinate form than we usually observe in an English countenance. You will perhaps think this most consummate nonsense; perhaps it is; but this is the impression, which the generality of Scotch faces, as I have observed them, not only in company, but also in walking along the streets,

and amongst the lower orders, has left on my mind. You will remember that I have not seen anything like such a variety of company as you saw at Edinburgh. I shall, therefore, be glad to know whether, if you can understand me, your opinion coincides with mine. I can conceive, however, in a very polished society that tolerates nothing which is obtrusive by its singularity, that these national characteristics might be considerably obliterated both in the manners and in the countenance. If what I have remarked on the Scottish features in general have any truth, their predominant expression will be simplicity, an airy gaiety, a careless joyousness, which divulges without hesitation the feelings nearest the heart. It is natural for us to admire that form and arrangement of features, which is a sort of type to the sentiments that are most congenial to the national character. There are certainly some apparently contradictory features in that of the Scotch, as Dr. Currie has well observed and accounted for ; but what I have here remarked relates principally to the women ; and I think it is a concentration or rather a perfection of this expression, which I have above alluded to, that is denoted by the words *bonnie* and *sonsie*, epithets which are lavished with such rapturous admiration on the idols of the tender and elegant Burns.—I am acquainted with a very amiable and extremely well educated family here of the name of Bannatyne, who are related to Professor Dugald Stewart, to whom, if I should have an opportunity of leaving Glasgow for any time, I could procure an

introduction, which would indeed be very agreeable. Be so kind as to remember me kindly to all my friends, for I must defer a further account of my concerns, till I have more time.

TO S. ROBINSON.

Glasgow, March 4, 1817.

DEAR SAM,

I cannot for the life of me conceive what you are about. How many weeks have I not waited in expectation of a letter; and yet morning succeeds morning without any tidings of you—

“Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire Lunæ.”

Surely you are on the point of being married; or, perhaps the ceremony has been already completed, for I cannot think of anything else sufficiently important to cause so pertinacious a silence. If my supposition be correct, I hope you will not fail to substantiate it, that I may have the felicity of wishing you every happiness that throws life and enchantment around the vernal hour of youth and beauty—“At boni conjuges bené vivite.”

Far different have been my occupations of late. This last week I have been spending a few days in the island of Calypso, a most heavenly spot, where

“Spring in her tints perpetual verdure wears,
And bloom eternal braves the lapse of years.”

I thence crossed the deep, after a very rough voyage,

and left my friend Ulysses, a very good sort of man, I assure you, fast asleep in a close covert on the shores of Phæacia. Really, what a delightful poet Homer is! People are perpetually talking of him; it is quite the fashion. But it is not till one gets out of the clamour of these vulgar plaudits, and sits quietly down to read this Sire of Poetry in his own native and simple language, and one can do this with tolerable ease and fluency, that all his beauties beam forth with resistless effect, and prove themselves infinitely above the ridiculously quaint and pedantic conceits, which some of his commentators and *would-be* admirers have thrust upon him by way of eulogy. He seems to be in a peculiar manner the Poet of Nature, and presents an artless recital of the plain, yet not inelegant, manners of ancient simplicity. I have little doubt that when I shall have read carefully through the whole of the Odyssey and the Iliad, so as to be able to form a tolerably correct estimate of both, that I shall prefer greatly the former. I like splendour and sublimity occasionally; it is, no doubt, a criterion of greater talent; but for my own part, and I am willing to take up my quarters with the humbler portion of my species, I love the poet that appeals warmly to those dear, domestic, associations, which are, after all, the most solid and permanent cause of happiness; I love the poet who is the historian, if I may say so, of our fire-side, who awakens with new force the emotions that we perpetually experience, but which we never before beheld in such a light, who invests all the little incidents of this

humbler sphere with a magic softness, a placid lustre of his own. Do not mistake me ; I do not regard this as the higher function of genius ; I should not, probably, be so much affected, so much carried out of myself, by any passage from poetry of this latter kind, as I should be on occasion by the bolder flashes of a sublime genius ; but it is only at times that we can enjoy this spiritualized sort of rapture. I had rather, therefore, for my constant companion have a poet of an humbler kind, upon whose lovely dreams I could dwell with a more constant and equable delight, whose apothegms and illustrations might dwell in the memory, and, revived by the temper of our circumstances, might shed a sweet and consolatory influence on the varied changes of life. This is why I think Thomas Moore, Rogers, and Campbell so delightful ; though I am willing to admit their genius might not be first-rate. To return to Homer ; I think he has one characteristic in common with Shakespeare, and I suppose with all geniuses of the highest order, that whilst he occasionally breathes a strain of the most exquisite sweetness and even delicacy, he can at once assume a higher tone, and be terrible, energetic, and sublime. Dr. Currie observes the traces of this comprehension and versatility of talents in Burns, and thence argues powerfully in favour of the native vigour of his genius. Your memory, I am sure, will furnish you with many instances from all these poets ; I will just refer to one or two that strike me now. What can possibly be more exquisite than the plaintive recital of Menelaus to Tele-

machus in the fourth Odyssey, and the beautiful catastrophe it effects? What more terrible than the tempest towards the end of the fifth Odyssey? more sublime than the battle of the Gods, or Jupiter's ratification of his oath, in the Iliad? Shakespeare is pregnant with illustrations; Lear is full of sublimity, and to my own taste nothing can be more luscious, more voluptuously picturesque, than the moonlight scene in the Merchant of Venice, "Sit Jessica, &c. &c." Burns's ode, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and his address to Mary in Heaven would, I should conceive, of themselves establish the praise which Dr. Currie thinks is his due. To conclude this hasty, rattling, letter, which I write principally to procure an answer, I think, after all, it is almost ridiculous in me to say I prefer one species of poetry to another; for, to tell you the truth, I feel generally most disposed to fix my highest approbation on that species which is present to my mind, and which has enthralled my attention; the descriptive, the splendid, the sprightly, the pensive, and sublime, I have in turns thought the most delightful, and have been inclined to honour with pre-eminent adoration. I am sure you have felt the same. If you do not write soon I shall never forgive you. Remember me most affectionately to all my friends; and believe me, that, though very much vexed with you, I shall still continue to be

Your truly affectionate Friend,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

TO SAMUEL ROBINSON.

Glasgow, January 25, 1818.

DEAR SAM,

* * * * *

Nothing to me seems so deplorable as that chaos of loose, unconnected ideas, with which some men's heads appear filled, when the learning of many a huge volume, and the vigils of many a laborious hour seem entirely thrown away, and when every new acquisition serves only to deepen the darkness, and augment the perplexity of the unfortunate *erudit*. Constant, uninterrupted accumulation, therefore, does not appear to me to be the way to acquire either solid or extensive information. And after all our true happiness and wisdom consists in the proper application of our knowledge either to the business and conduct of life, or to subjects of useful speculation. Do not misunderstand me; we may think as well as read too much. True greatness of mind seems to me to lie in that happy medium, which unites to an extensive range of information, literary and philosophical, that independent vigour of understanding which minutely examines its ideas, and by this act appropriates them, though originally another's, to itself. But alas! how different is speculation from practice! I can often see and approve what is excellent; with the poet "*video meliora proboque*," but too often with the poet "*deteriora sequor*." I hope I have too much religion to believe in the doctrine of fatality; else I could con-

ceive some malignant star controlled my destiny. From my earliest years, as far back as I can recollect, I have been too much governed by the impulses of feeling. Naturally timid and reserved, I seldom mingled so much as I ought to have done in the sports suitable to my age. I was often, of course, deserted by those who should have been my companions, and left to pursue in silence and solitude those reveries to which I have ever had too great a propensity. Thus left to myself I cherished within, though others perhaps were little aware of it, a useless but painful, sensibility to everything that was said and done to me; in short, I have never possessed sufficient of that inestimable quality which the world calls *common sense*; from a child I have been too much the victim of fear, anxiety, and distrust; and if you can understand me on the most unintelligible of all subjects, *myself*, every thing I have experienced has made too deep and lasting impression; events of comparative insignificance have furnished matter for anxious and painful reflection; whatever, in fine, was the object either of hope or fear, I have been accustomed, as experience has invariably taught me, to view in distorted forms, under false lights, and in exaggerated dimensions. As designed for a literary profession I undoubtedly ought to have reflected less and read more. But this is now so deeply impressed upon my conviction, and so thorough is my persuasion that none but a man of sound, regulated habits and considerable learning has any business in the sacred profession, that my daily endeavour now is

to throw my mind out more, and form in it a power of more rapid and accurate accumulation. My early *habits*, I perhaps have no right to say my early *dispositions*, have been against this ; but so much do I know that all my future usefulness and happiness are in a good measure dependent on this habit, that time and perseverance will no doubt effect its formation.

This is terrible egotism—is it not ? But believe me, my dear Sam, there are few, if any, besides you to whom I would make so full a disclosure of my weakness. When the heart is swelling with some predominant emotion, it must unburden itself. And who so proper to learn its contents as the friend with whose name the memory of early pleasures and boyish hopes is entwined ; and in whose virtuous principle and manly sense, consolation and advice have invariably been found ? I hate that narrow, half-tried friendship, which holds no communion but on the little trifling topics of every day ; I would find in every relation of society something useful, something practical, in a moral and religious view. And if the early perceptions of worth, and the early experience of assistance, made you valued and beloved by me formerly, I should be sorry to forego the same pleasures and advantages now, which were so estimable then.

TO SAMUEL ROBINSON.

Manchester New College, November 20, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You see I am again at York ; but, perhaps, you may have heard through some of our common friends, that I am not here exactly in the same capacity I was two years ago. You shall hear all. Last Session the friends of the Institution were greatly alarmed by a communication from Mr. Kenrick,* expressing his wish to resign his situation here, as soon as a person could be found to fill it. Immediately the matter was taken warmly into consideration ; and finding that two circumstances chiefly contributed to form this determination, the want of domestic comfort in the College, and the wish to spend a complete year abroad at some German University, an attempt was made on the part of Mr. George William Wood, and other friends of York, to compound the difference with him, which I hope for the sake of the Institution will prove in the end successful. Mr. Kenrick is to have a house, and to be allowed to take private pupils ; and a substitute is to be found for him during the year he is abroad. The application was made to me most unexpectedly. I was then about to enter as a Divinity student on my fourth year, and not having looked forward to anything of the kind, felt myself in many respects inadequate to the task. However, as the request was made under

* The Rev. John Kenrick, M.A., F.S.A., happily still living, 1872.

certain limitations, and I felt myself bound to serve to the best of my power, however imperfectly, an Institution to which I owed so much, I consented to the proposal, under the condition of passing the two first years of my residence at York as an assistant-tutor ; thus having time to attend to my theological studies, and to prepare myself by reading in classics and history for the arduous duties which devolve upon me in the third year, which Mr. Kenrick, I presume, will spend on the Continent ; and what arrangements may take place at the expiration of that third year, God knows ; it is a long time to look forward to.

Such are my circumstances ; in some respects agreeable and advantageous ; but in others attended with a degree of anxiety which is painful. If, however, by making me truly serious, and fixing my attention upon my errors and deficiencies, they contribute to increase my knowledge and strengthen my intellect, and above all, what every day teaches us more and more is the only thing of any real importance, to confirm, to fix my moral and religious principles, I shall be grateful to Providence for ever having placed me where I now am.

My dear Sam, I often think of you ; your friendship never seemed more valuable to me than at present. I often look back with pleasure to those earlier years of my acquaintance with you, when it would have been a good thing for me if I had taken your fraternal advice and instructions more seriously to heart. In truth, though during the last four years of my life I

have acquired some praise from my friends, and have gone through my academical course with respectability, not to say occasional success—though my principles have been uniformly pure and uncorrupted, yet the effects of old, bad habits still cling about me, and there has been, when I look back on my conduct, a degree of weakness, irresolution and indecision, that gives me some uneasiness. Happy shall I be, most happy, if this serious conviction, deeply impressed, give a permanent strength and firmness to my character, and inspire me with the noblest of feelings, self-esteem. That you and I, however different our circumstances and pursuits, may through life found upon virtuous habits, well-governed affections, and pious principles, a warm and generous friendship, suspended but not terminated by death, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate Friend.

TO S. ROBINSON.

Manchester New College, February 16th, 1819.

MY DEAR SAM,

Many thanks for your letter, and your friendly admonition of my neglect; though you have kindly anticipated its real cause. My time is agreeably enough divided between teaching, of which I have not much, and the prosecution of my own private studies, which are, at this present time, theology, history, and classics. I have not so much time to give to the first

as I could wish ; because, as it is probable, in the course of a year or so, I may become Mr. Kenrick's *vicar* for nine months, I feel myself necessitated to give my principal attention to Greek and Latin, and the fulfilment of as extensive a course of ancient and modern history as I can find time for.

Yet I find it very possible to make these subserve my professional study ; for, after all, perhaps the best accomplishment for a theologian is an accurate knowledge of the learned languages, with the addition of Hebrew, for which I deeply regret that I have not some time ; and that serious conviction of the necessity of a religion like Christianity, and in earlier times like Judaism its precursor, which a knowledge of heathen writers and of heathen history cannot fail to give.

As I have not much time for excursive reading amongst theological writers, I make it a point to attend to the subject matter of the Scriptures themselves ; this, perhaps, if I was sufficiently master of the Hebrew and I had time, it would be better to do in the original ; but I believe a clear perception of the progress of the history may be well enough procured from the Common Version, with an occasional reference in doubtful passages to the Hebrew and Septuagint ; and with this I content myself. And yet I can hardly regret it ; there is such a noble and majestic simplicity in our ancient dialect, that it cannot but be improving to any one to study it, especially in the formation of a pure and English style, a style suited to religious instruction ; and it so admirably harmonizes with the sublimity and

grandeur of the Old Testament, that it would grieve me to the very soul to see it exchanged, in our received translation, for the flippant and *would be philosophical* precision of our modern language.

I do not mean by this to insinuate that new versions ought not to be made ; but I think they ought to be viewed in a different light from the established vehicle of religious instruction ; in which I do not scruple to confess I think it right to indulge the honest prejudice by which we attach a peculiar sanctity to whatever is old and venerable, and hear, with peculiar reverence, those holy words which seem not to belong to this wicked and worldly generation, and to which our forefathers have listened before us. There are some prejudices so deeply rooted in the human heart, so entwined with our best and noblest feelings, that he must be indeed a cold-hearted philosopher who can regret their existence, and who, in an untimely and ruthless zeal to extirpate speculative error, would convulse all the moral feelings, perhaps almost destroy the happiness of a thousand simple-hearted and well-meaning Christians. Wherever real error is inculcated, let it of course be corrected ; but corrected with a cautious and lenient hand, agreeably to the spirit, and as much as possible in the character of what we have long been accustomed to revere, and what is, in its sum and substance, unexceptionally good. There never was, I think, a wiser observation than what M. Constant, in his *Eloge*, has recorded of that great and good man, Sir S. Romilly, the best answer to all violent *innovators*

both in religion and politics,—that reform must never *precede* the march of public opinion, or the most fatal convulsions may be the consequence; but that all institutions, practices, and establishments should be gradually amended and changed, as the voice of public opinion successively calls for their reformation, and their adaptation to the altered views and feelings of the age.

TO ROBERT HYDE GREG.

Manchester New College, York, Oct. 14th, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Accept my warmest thanks for the very noble and generous offer of your letter; nor less for the very plain and open-hearted simplicity of the manner in which it was conveyed. Were my views quite decided on the subject, I should at once close with your proposal; and that I am not able at present, so to do, arises, I assure you, only from a doubt how far I am equal to discharge with credit the duties arising from such a union as that to which I allude.

Could I subsist on the salary of a Dissenting Minister in a quiet way, as a man of retirement and study ought to live, I should be quite content: but that, if I ever wished to marry, and no man of amiable feelings can abandon that wish, in the present state of things is out of the question. Upon principle, I have long thought that the only mode of maintaining a body of learned and enlightened clergy is a moderate Establishment;

and I would rather consider myself as one excluded from the bosom of the Church by her illiberal restrictions on men's consciences and the shameful corruption which disposes of her gifts, than as one decidedly hostile to an Establishment of any kind or degree.

Still, however, if men would not make some sacrifices to spread just and enlightened notions of religion in the world, or waited till the Church opened her arms to receive them, it is very clear that religion would decay in the world, and even the Establishment would grow more corrupt from its encountering no opposition or attack.

In choosing therefore an auxiliary employment and support to the business of a religious teacher, we must be guided by a consideration of what is most suitable in its character to the sacred profession, what least interferes with its duties, and best harmonizes with the studies, and feelings, and dispositions it requires. Now nothing can be so harassing and fagging as the daily work of a school; nothing that more indisposes and unfits the mind for fresh literary toil when the business of the day is over.

Medicine, not only in many of its avocations absolutely identifies itself with the duties of the Christian pastor, but is also, if well understood and tolerably supported, a liberal, agreeable, and interesting profession.

The only question, in my case, is how far I am really adequate to combine the two.

The wide field which Theological research opens to

the view, I confess quite startled me when I first sat down to my books at the opening of the Session, and overwhelmed me with a sense of my own weakness and ignorance. I must try therefore, in the course of the ensuing nine months, how I manage with the composition of sermons and the pursuit of my Theological studies; and whether I feel a sufficient degree of strength and confidence in myself to admit of my acceding to your very kind and benevolent proposal, if you will allow it to stand on this conditional footing.

The very idea of being emancipated from the daily drudgery of school and of passing an active and useful life amongst my friends and in the bosom of domestic quiet is truly delightful, and gives a repose to my imagination that it never rested in before. But I must not indulge even this, delightful as it is, if I cannot discharge the duties of both professions respectably; eminence in both I do not look for. Accept then, my dear friend, my best thanks for your great kindness; and believe me, that if I feel myself ultimately unable to use it, it will arise solely from the circumstances I have alluded to, and not from any diminution in the gratitude with which I shall ever remain,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

P.S.—I have received a letter from my father to-day which greatly encourages me in my design; his truly benevolent mind, I believe, rejoices in the prospect of my being ultimately emancipated from toils, which are so unpleasant to himself. You have not much time, I

am aware, and I have no claim upon your pen ; but any views which should occur to you on the subject I should be happy to receive. You must consider this : if I were finally to unite medicine with the ministry, I should give up the wish and design of being a very learned Divine, and should endeavour to fit myself more particularly for being a useful preacher and a man of society ; nor in medicine should I aspire to the higher walks of the profession. My views are not ambitious ; domestic peace and quiet, independence and competence, are all I wish.—Farewell.

TO HIS FATHER.

Manchester New College, York, Oct. 15th, 1819.

I send you the enclosed letter* because I feel myself unable to do justice to its contents : of the frank and simple generosity which it discovers in the writer you must yourself judge. Though the tone of my last letter was very decided, yet, though at the expense of some appearance of inconsistency, I think I should be wrong, and might perhaps at some future time greatly blame myself, if I allowed such an opportunity to pass away without at least farther consideration. I am certain you and my mother will be much gratified by this letter, since it not only proves the perfect sincerity of those friends who have always expressed so kind an interest in my welfare, but also their

* From Robert Hyde Greg: see the preceding letter.

readiness by the most substantial means to promote it. I, who know myself, know too well that I do not deserve the half of all this; but I do hope that the obligation under which it places me to realise, as far as my weakness will permit, the kind anticipations of my friends, will be highly serviceable to the future development of my character.

The only grounds of hesitation which I at all feel in attempting this union arise, *first*, from a doubt of my own competency efficiently to discharge the duties of the two; and *secondly*, from a fear of the worldly, secular views which the practice of medicine might perhaps bring into my mind. I am aware, my dear father, that the varying tone of my letters must give you an idea of great weakness and indecision of character: in truth, I know too well it is a great failing with me; but you are to consider the deep and lively interest the mind must necessarily take in a question that is to decide the future lot, and those fluctuations of the fancy which depend so much upon the state of the animal spirits, and to which I acknowledge myself to be more than ordinarily alive. My letters therefore appear very inconsistent because I express generally, without reserve, the feelings then uppermost in my mind, and often with more decision and peremptoriness than a cooler judgment would admit of. The noble offer which the enclosed letter contains, and which indeed powerfully affected me when I first opened it, would set me completely at rest on the subject which had before no little weight in the unfavourable scale;

and I should be laid by it under an obligation to exert myself, and fulfil the wishes of my friends, which would be rather useful to me than otherwise. What I wish to do, therefore, is to leave the matter undecided till the end of the Session; meanwhile to look at the question in all its bearings in the clear and quiet light of reason and religion, to talk over the matter with my friends, and find, in the course of the Session, how far the composition of sermons and the prosecution of theological studies is likely to suit with the pursuit of objects remotely connected with them.

I see one thing which I did not sufficiently consider when I last wrote, and that is, that unless I choose to live single through life, which is a very dismal prospect, I cannot hope under any circumstances to give myself wholly up to the studies of the learned divine. What therefore I have to do, is to adopt, as some auxiliary means of improving my income, a profession whose avocations are least at variance with those of a minister of religion, which are most liberal and agreeable to the mind. If I were finally to think of being a physician as well as a dissenting minister, I must make a sort of composition between the two professions. I must give up the idea of ever being a very learned divine, and aim rather at being a useful and pleasing preacher and being agreeable in society. I must forego the prospect of ever fathoming the depths of Hebrew learning and ecclesiastical antiquity; I must confine my reading in Classics to a few standard authors, and read them rather as the general scholar

than as the critic or grammarian. In medicine, I must not look to the more distinguished spheres of action ; I must fix myself in some of our smaller towns, where the competition would not be so great, and where I may diligently employ myself in the labours of two professions, happy if I can raise sufficient from the profits of both to employ my leisure hours in the quiet search of truth and knowledge, and live in humble competence and tranquillity in the bosom of my family.

We must always, as Mrs. Barbauld observes,* pay the price of the article we purchase : with my talents, if I mean permanently to unite two professions, I must be satisfied with respectability, and not look for eminence in both. However, I have nine months nearly to consider the question ; till they are expired I can hardly decide.

P.S. The former part of this was written before the receipt of your last very kind letter. I am very sorry that my letter should have pained you. It was, I admit, too much the sudden expression of a fit of melancholy and dejection ; permit me, however, to say in palliation of my weakness, that if my sudden change of view arose partly from distrust of myself, it arose also in great measure from considerations relative to you and my mother. When I looked at the stretch of mind which the exercise of both professions would require, and felt how necessary it would be to have a mind free from all anxieties and cares about home or

* Essay on The Inconsistency of Human Expectations.

anything else, I sunk under a sense of weakness to encounter so many obstacles. The knowledge that you not only approve of my attempting this union, but even stimulate me to it, the favourable opinion you express of my talents when properly exerted, and the generous offer of my friend R. Greg, throw a new light on my future hopes, and again awaken my ardour and enthusiasm. I have anticipated, you will perceive, some of the observations you have made on the duty of a Christian minister; I shall direct my attention very much towards making the useful preacher. I have procured Atterbury's and White's sermons, and intend, indeed I do now as often as I have leisure, to exercise myself in reading them aloud. Atterbury's style is indeed elegant; he seems to have been a most accomplished preacher; White's is very manly and vigorous, quite the style for the pulpit, perhaps a little too inflated if anything.

I cannot altogether see the force of your objections to any kind of Establishment; I have not, perhaps, sufficiently weighed the subject; but I am open to conviction; if you could recommend to me any good treatise on the subject, I should like to consider it more at leisure. If my mother's hand would allow her to send me a line or two to let me know how she is pleased with the new light that has thus broken upon me, it would give me an unfeigned pleasure. With my dearest love to you and her,

I remain, my dear Father,

Your most affectionate Son,

J. J. T.

TO HIS FATHER.

Platt, near Manchester, Aug. 31st, 1820.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I have long been waiting for a little leisure time to write to you ; as many important things are pressing on my mind, I cannot squeeze them into a small compass. Last week I went over to Bootle and saw my mother ; upon the whole I think she is very comfortable, and though the weather has been very cold and ungenial, and consequently she has not been able to take the air as much as might be wished, yet she certainly is, and nurse considers her to be, stronger and better. I had just been paid, as part of my salary, £20, which, as I had no immediate use for it, I put into my mother's hands ; this she desired me to tell you, that you might not be making provision for sending her a fresh supply of money : and I have also to request that should you have any occasion for it, either for my mother or any one else, you will not scruple to make use of the twenty pounds odd, which I left in your hands. I have no want of it, certainly no present want myself.

But to proceed to further matters : you doubtless know that Mr. Hawkes* died a day or two before I came here, and I found that among some of my more particular friends there was a sort of wish to retain me as his successor, a wish which they did not immediately

* The much respected Minister of what was then Moseley Street Chapel, Manchester.

express, from the knowledge of my determination to study medicine. Mr. Wood* has, however, of late talked over the matter with me openly, and with the most friendly intentions to promote my future happiness and comfort in life. Do not suppose that I have changed my determination as yet, but since I came here circumstances which I could not possibly foresee have occurred, and of such weight and importance as fairly to become matter of new and serious consideration. The congregation have, of course, come to no resolution as yet on the subject, and no invitation may eventually be presented, but Mr. Wood tells me there seemed to be a pretty general feeling in favour of sending one, and also of raising the pew rents so as to make the salary worth £300 a-year. Manchester, he tells me, opens a wide field for private instruction, like what Mr. Reid in Liverpool and Mr. Jones in town have done, both for classics and general literature; and this employment, while it would neither be so irksome nor laborious as the drudgery of a school, might make an addition of some hundreds a year to my income, and would not interfere with the peace of my leisure hours, nor with any of my domestic arrangements. I might too, he adds, in the event of forming any domestic connection, take as his father did one or two females into my family between the ages of girls and young women, without abandoning private tuition. Manchester is the seat of my earliest and best friends, all of whom are

* The late George William Wood of Manchester, M.P. for Kendal, then residing at Platt.

disposed to do something to promote my welfare and comfort ; it is a wealthy and populous neighbourhood, where the Dissenters enjoy a degree of weight and respectability above any other part of the kingdom, and where some of them are men most distinguished for science and literature, and who consequently would form most valuable associates for a young man eager for intellectual improvement. Such are the arguments by which my friend, Mr. Wood, most kindly endeavours to influence my choice. Let us consider his view of the medical profession, weigh the *pros* and *cons*, and endeavour to arrive at a judicious conclusion. In the first place it must now be a decision between the two, which I will finally adopt, medicine or divinity ; in this opinion all my friends unite, and of this I am myself fully convinced. Well, Dr. Roget, who is a nephew to the late Sir Samuel Romilly, and was formerly travelling tutor to the brothers of young R. Philips, has been staying at Platt, and he does not give a very encouraging account of the present prospects of the medical profession ; he says it is overstocked. I do not, however, give so much weight to the opinion of Dr. Roget as I otherwise should, as I believe he is pretty generally considered to be rather a disappointed man in his profession. Unquestionably the most serious objections to this profession are the length of time during which you must be waiting for practice, the length of time before you can prudently form a domestic connection, and the caprice to which, after all, you must be subject, since people so much consider rather the *manner* than

the *man*. Some of these objections, however, I think I could obviate. There would be no hindrance that I can see to a young physician in a provincial town taking one or two young men to read with, and prepare by a course of medical study for Edinburgh or London, especially if the objects of general education were not overlooked.—Did the continuance in my present profession at all involve the necessity of engaging in the painful task of school keeping, so invincible is the repugnance I feel to the occupation, I should be willing to run almost any risk in the final attainment of my wishes in a new profession. But there are two considerations which I wish most seriously to submit to you, and which induce me to pause before I take the final step which must irrevocably fix the fate of my future life. My mind is not a little anxious and solicitous on the present occasion, and you may naturally suppose I wish to have the benefit of a father's longer experience and matured observation. I shall write to you my own sentiments freely and frankly, and I do entreat you to give me yours in return. * * *

Mr. Wood came in and interrupted me, and I wish to state, before I say anything more, the intelligence he has brought me in from Manchester. He has taken the trouble to ride over to Dr. Henry's (the Chemist, who is one of the Congregation, and with whom I have the pleasure to be a little acquainted), and to ask him about the prospects of the medical profession. He seems but too much to confirm the remarks of Dr. Roget, and says that in the present state of things he

would not recommend any one to enter into the profession who has not two or three hundreds a year independent property to set him up in the world, and support him till he gets into practice; nay more, that, *cæteris paribus*, he who has notoriously nothing but his practice to look to is much less likely to be patronised than he who is known to be comparatively independent. All these circumstances give, as you may suppose, additional weight to the kind proposals of my friends, connected as they are with so many and such unforeseen advantages; and the two questions I wish to put to you are whether, considering the present state of our family prospects, you would not yourself feel a satisfaction in my relinquishing my former views, and availing myself of circumstances so singularly fortunate, which have combined in my favour, and thus placing myself in a situation where I shall not only enjoy independence, but have the means of assisting you and my dear brothers and sisters in your future plans, whatever they may be; and, secondly, whether you think this scheme of private tuition is not one in which I shall be likely to employ what talents and information I have usefully to others and agreeably to myself, without relinquishing, as you have been compelled to do, all my leisure time and invading the domestic peace and tranquillity of my family.

Here at Manchester, you must be aware that there is a combination of favourable circumstances to induce me to remain in my original profession, which I could not possibly have contemplated, and which I may fairly,

I think, allow to produce a considerable change in my views and feelings, without incurring the charge of caprice and inconsistency.* Pray do write, the first bit of leisure time you have; I am very anxious to hear from you.

I remain, my dear Father,
Your most affectionate Son,
JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

TO THE REV. JOHN KENRICK, M.A.

Manchester, October 11, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR,

My object in now writing to you is to request a little advice and information for the prosecution of a design which I have been induced, by the suggestions of some friends to think of taking in hand; and which, till I explain my own views in undertaking it, I am afraid you will think a little daring and presumptuous. You know perhaps that I wish to lay myself out for private tuition in Manchester; and some of my friends, amongst whom are Dr. Henry, G. W. Wood, and S.

* On Good Friday, April 20, 1821, John James Tayler was ordained by his fathers and brethren of the English Presbyterians, to whom Christianity is an open and ever unclosed revelation, without Creed, without Priest, without Ritual, to the pastorate of the congregation then worshipping in Moseley Street, at present in Upper Brook Street Chapel, Manchester. The Revs. James Tayler of Nottingham, William Shepherd of Gateacre, Charles Wellbeloved, Principal and Theological Tutor of Manchester New College, York, John Gooch Robberds of Manchester, J. J. Tayler, and George William Wood, Esq., as representing the Congregation, took part in the service.

Robinson, have thought that a course of lectures on some popular subject, delivered at the Philosophical Society's Rooms, might greatly promote my object, as well as prove of some use, if done pretty well, in the circle of my friends and acquaintance: and in consequence of this I have actually entered upon a course of reading on the rise and progress of our national poetry, and have given a few of my friends a sort of promise, though I am not publicly pledged, to prepare, if I feel myself equal to the undertaking, a series of lectures on this subject early in the spring. When you consider that what hearers I shall have will probably be merchants and manufacturers, or young men who have not much time for literary pursuits, and that I do not pretend to anything more than just to give general views on the subject, and to awaken, if possible, a taste for such enquiries,—this plan, though apparently arduous and magnificent at its first proposition, sinks down into something more within the reach of any one who has literary habits, some leisure, and a high relish for the subjects which he proposes to investigate. Theology and Classics have till within this last ten days occupied the principal part of my time; but I propose now devoting myself almost wholly to the subject of my lectures, and I should apprehend, from the works published on the subject, I may, by application, acquire in three or four months materials sufficient for at least a part of the course. I do not pretend to original research, and yet I confess, so far as I go, I should wish to have good authority for all the statements I make.

I always feel sorry to trouble you and Mr. Wellby in the middle of the session, because you have, I know, as much as you can well attend to ; but, at the same time, I have experienced so many instances of your kindness, that I do not feel any great difficulty in requesting you to favour me, as soon as you can conveniently find time, with a few remarks on the best division of my subject, and the best works to refer to. Warton, with Ellis and Percy, I know, and mean to use as a kind of text-books—the former for matters of fact, and the two latter for extracts and illustrations. But it seems to me, after having read Mr. Turner's interesting dissertations on the poetry and literature of the Anglo-Saxons, that Warton has passed over this branch of the subject with undeserved indifference and contempt ; for though our situation and final character as a people, was wonderfully changed by the Norman Conquest, yet the basis of our language is so decidedly Saxon, and our first native poems after the Conquest partook so much of the Saxon character, at least in the language employed, that any one who wishes to view poetry in connexion with the progress of our tongue, and the gradual development of our national feeling and manners, would hardly be justified in taking no notice of the Anglo-Saxon times. In the next place I should wish, as much as possible, to view our poetry as influenced in its successive stages by the tone of national feeling, and taking a peculiar cast from the political and religious controversies of the times. I have no doubt that it was powerfully affected by these influ-

ences ; but, perhaps, I am not aware of all the sources from which the best illustrations may be drawn.

Dr. Henry seemed to think that hardly less than twelve lectures would suffice. Is the following a good distribution of the subject? I have only begun to consider it, and my ideas are yet as very crude and imperfect. Lecture I. Anglo-Saxon poetry. II. Anglo-Norman poetry. III. Origin of Romantic fiction. IV. Chaucer's age. V. Origin of Letters in Europe ; Poets of Henry VIII.'s times ; More, Surrey, Wyatt. VI. and VII. Elizabeth's age. VIII. and IX. Milton, Butler, Donne. X. Davenant, Dryden, &c. XI. Pope's School. XII. Poetry of the 18th century.—I saw in a late number of the *North American Review* that Bouterwek has given a very excellent account of English poetry. If you think that a perusal of this would throw much additional light upon the subject I believe I am sufficiently master of the German to make it out.

REV. JOHN KENRICK, M.A.

Sept. 19th, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,

I trouble you with a few questions relative to the conduct of my classical studies. I have to thank you for former assistance rendered in this way ; and especially for the invaluable hints you gave me last winter, when I was reading for my lectures. These lectures succeeded quite as well as I could have ex-

pected, and the studies in which they engaged me, till I became a little distressed with anxieties about the approaching delivery of them, were a constant source of excitement and delight. But for four or five months they occupied me almost exclusively, and left no time for the prosecution of classical and theological studies, to which I am now anxious to devote myself with all the assiduity and attention which the more active duties of my situation will permit. Experience teaches me that my attainments in Greek are very far from being so accurate and critical as I hope I may by reading and attention make them, or, as skill as a teacher and respectability as a scholar require they should be. What I should be much obliged to you for pointing out to me, are some of the best critical works on the analogies and proprieties of the language, the careful perusal of which might very profitably be taken in conjunction with the reading of authors themselves. I should like to know what you think of going through the Greek poets chronologically, for the purpose of marking the progress of the language and the improvement of taste. Do you not think that a careful study of what remains of the writings of Homer and Hesiod would be a very good preparation for understanding the language accurately in its more advanced state, as it appears in the writings of the historians and tragedians? Perhaps the objection to this plan is, that, if regularly pursued, it keeps the mind too long occupied with a partial and limited view of Greek literature, and does not introduce it to a sufficiently

extensive acquaintance with writers of various styles and different ages. But, it must be remembered, I am speaking only of my private studies; the employment I have, and hope to have, in teaching young people the classics, will always provide a sufficient variety of authors for my perusal. I should wish, moreover, to confine my attention for some time to come, almost entirely to the poets, geographers, and historians—the philosophers furnishing a fitter study for more advanced years. What plan do you think, according to the chronological scheme I have mentioned, might be advisable for taking in the reading of the *historians* successively in conjunction with the *poets*? For while I am engaged in this pursuit I should be glad to have a more philosophical and practical object in view than mere philology, and to form as correct an idea as possible of the manners, religion, civil institutions, arts and costume of the particular age, the literature of which I may be studying. Would you have the goodness to point out a few sources of information on these subjects relative to the Homeric age of Grecian literature which will be my immediate object of attention? I consider freedom of access to the Chetham library one of the advantages of my residence in Manchester; and I know it contains among other treasures of information all the *earlier* vols. of the *Memoirs of the Academ. of Inscript. and Bell. Litt.*, which Gibbon says greatly exceed in value the *latter*. I am afraid you will smile at this extensive plan of study, which I admit, if I proposed to realize it within a short space of time, would

indeed be romantic. Such, however, is the nature of my mind that I never pursue any study with much relish or interest if I am guided by no principle ; and as I find that, if we would attain to accurate knowledge, we must confine our chief attention to a few pursuits, I am resolved to narrow my plan of study, and for some years to come, should my life be spared and my opportunities and leisure remain, devote myself, as I said before, to classics and theology. By seeming to do less now, I hope to lay a solid foundation for growing usefulness, when I am older, in that profession which I like the more, the more I feel its importance, and my fondness for the active duties of which, so far from being impaired by a love of literature, has so strengthened by experience, that I would relinquish much of my attention to literature itself, if it compelled me to forego the opportunities of doing good which they offer me. Indeed, the conviction which I embraced at college, though not under sufficient limitations and with sufficient judgment, strengthens the more I see of men, that the love of letters cherishes the love of truth ; and while we retain a love of truth, particularly moral and religious truth, and a deep sense of its practical efficacy, good and honest men of our profession will *gladly spend and be spent* for its promotion.

I have to beg your pardon, Sir, for this digression, into which the subject inadvertently led me. Do you know anything of a projected edition of Demosthenes by Schaefer ? If you think it will be well done, I

should like to get it. Demosthenes seems to require a good *historical* Editor, his difficulties arising from obscure allusions to political events, more frequently than from any intrinsic want of perspicuity in the structure of his sentences or his peculiar phraseology. In reading with a pupil the twelve orations which have been published by Allen, I have continually felt the want of a good Commentary. I must ask one question more: I am sometimes employed in going through a course of history, ancient and modern, with my pupils, but I find great difficulty in selecting proper textbooks. I should be glad to be principally employed as a private teacher of classics, and perhaps history. But mechanics and chemistry are all the vogue in this district of cotton-spinners, dyers, and printers; literature is quite beat off the field by science—even though we have a *Literary and Philosophical Society*—and but too generally the good people of Manchester are like the man that Phædrus speaks of, “*Docto labori dulce præponens lucrum.*” I am quite ashamed to have filled so much paper with my teasing questions and rambling remarks; but I rely on the goodness you have shown towards me on former occasions, and the acknowledged interest you feel in everything which concerns the advancement of those studies which have been the subject of my inquiries.

With great respect, yours truly,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

TO REV. JOHN KENRICK, M.A.

Manchester, December 6th, 1822.

—I am indeed very much obliged to you, dear Sir, for the two works you have sent me; and my only regret is, that amidst the variety of other calls upon my time and attention, I cannot make the rapid progress in them I could wish. Besides my usual occupations, I am engaged this winter, in conjunction with Mr. Robberds and Mr. Grundy,* in delivering some lectures on a Sunday evening, at the Cross Street Chapel. As controversial divinity is rather a new field of inquiry to me, a large portion of my time just now is devoted to theological reading; yet, I think, a week never passes without some progress, however small, being made in my classical studies. Does Heyne's reputation stand equally high in Greek as in Latin composition? He always seems to me an intelligent and elegant commentator upon Virgil and Tibullus; but I have not derived equal satisfaction, whether through my own ignorance or not I cannot tell, from his notes and annotations on the *Iliad*. To criticise the language of Homer, I am aware, is a very different thing from commenting upon the poets of the Augustan age; but Heyne's notes on the *Iliad* contain such an immense mass of matter, of which he himself seems to make no use, from which he draws no conclusion, and which consequently leave the young student

* The Rev. John Grundy, afterwards of Liverpool.

in a state of greater uncertainty than they found him. Indeed, five 8vo. volumes of commentary on a single poem must partake considerably of the nature of an *apparatus criticus*.

I have been reading lately the Lives of Heimsterhuis and Ruhnken, with which I have been very much entertained and instructed. The former scholar seems to have carried a kind of philosophical spirit into his critical inquiries, which greatly ennobled them, and, indeed, raised the character of criticism as an art altogether. I hope the Dissenting Ministers of our persuasion in England will continue, as a body, zealously to cultivate literature and particularly classical literature. There are, however, many things in the present state of our churches unfavourable to this disposition. We have comparatively so little leisure, and so little value is set on literary accomplishments by many who are most zealous, or at least most noisy, in the cause of Unitarianism, that he who does not bring with him from college a disinterested love of study, has few external inducements—

Exemplaria Græca

Nocturnâ versare manu, versare diurnâ.

I believe York will do a great deal towards cherishing this desirable taste in future ministers; and I call it desirable, partly with reference to Unitarianism itself, because I do not see how our class of Dissenters are to keep their station and influence in society except by a literary and well-educated ministry. Learning, in the more enlarged sense of the term, but few of us,

situated as we are, can acquire, but still I hope there will always be throughout the main body of regularly-educated Unitarian ministers, a continual effort and tendency towards learning; and then we may console ourselves with the reflection that it is well, perhaps better, for our own happiness and the general good of the world, that what attainments we are enabled to make, are brought to bear immediately on the great practical concerns of life, instead of being dreamed away in the lonely speculations of the closet.

TO HIS SISTER.

Manchester, February 18th, 1823.

MY DEAREST EMILY,

I hope you did not take it unkind of me at home, that I did not write from Liverpool, as soon as our dear brother had sailed. The fact was, I could not do it; as I returned hither within little more than an hour after I had taken leave of him; and William promised he would give you all the particulars that same evening; so that there appeared no immediate occasion for my sending another epistle from Manchester. William has doubtless told you, far better than I could have done, how comfortable my brother's accommodations were on board the packet, what a noble vessel he sailed in, what agreeable company he had, and what a prospect everything seemed to an-

nounce of a speedy and prosperous voyage ! They sailed with an east wind ; and the captain said that, if it continued (which proved to be the fact), they would clear the Channel by the next day, and get well through what is the most dangerous part of the passage. There is something very painful in parting with one we love, under the most favourable circumstances, when he is removing to a very distant clime and will be absent for a long time. Andrew* has a very manly spirit, and evidently rejoiced in his future prospects ; but I thought, and William* too, that he appeared a little low, when we took leave of him in his cabin to return by the boat, which we had taken out with us, to Liverpool. A ship lessening from the eye, as she makes her way rapidly over the wide expanse of waters, is always an object of interest, and, in some degree, of anxiety ; but it is peculiarly so when we think of her as carrying far away from us a dear friend and relative, as involving with her own fate, in all the storms and perils and uncertainties she has to encounter, that of one in whose welfare we take the deepest and tenderest interest. I experienced these feelings, I assure you, in all their force, as we sailed back to Liverpool, and keeping my eyes upon the vessel we had just left, marked painfully the distance which continually widened between us. However, these feelings did not last long ; they were soon

* His brothers.

succeeded by juster reflections, and I could not help congratulating ourselves on the fortunate and agreeable circumstances under which my brother has now entered the world. He takes out with him an unexceptionable character, the high testimonies of many valuable friends, the best and warmest wishes for his success of every one who knows him, and all that spirit and ardour, and entire satisfaction with his situation, which one loves to see in a young man entering life. I myself can honestly say, from the intimacy in which I have lived with Andrew during the last twelve months, that I have the highest opinion of his principles. He is whimsical in some things, and obstinate; but he is firm as a rock, and possesses a generosity and goodness of heart which is not the less sound and excellent, because it does not always show itself upon the tongue. I think well too of his abilities; he gives himself with great steadiness of attention to whatever he takes in hand; judges coolly, but acts with great determination, and is not soon imposed on by any appeal to his passion or fancy. His love of reading has greatly increased of late years; he evidently sees the connection of good sense and information with respectability in life; and his tastes seem to me perfectly liberal, rational and virtuous.

We have all of us our follies and imperfections; but I hope there is nothing radically bad in character and principle in any one of us; and I think our beloved parents must feel happy when they

see how united we are to one another, what respect and affection we have for each other, and how anxious each is to promote, and how eager to rejoice in, another's welfare. A large family, when it is affectionate and good, has many blessings connected with it. The very anxiety of providing for so many, the necessity of mutual aid and assistance, the separation we are compelled to undergo for a time, add new fervour to our affections, and make us set a higher value on the principles early instilled into us, by compelling us to recur to them for comfort and instruction. Had our excellent father been more favoured with the gifts of fortune, we might indeed have escaped these anxieties; but we should never have known the strength of our affection for each other, nor the inexpressible happiness of those religious hopes and principles which bind those who are widely severed from each other by the duties of life, into a still closer and tenderer union by the prospect of a final meeting hereafter. Abundance might have made us selfish and discordant; the want of worldly advantages brings us together for mutual aid and co-operation; we feel our strength and our riches in those things—which the world cannot give—in affectionate hearts, in moral habits, may I not add, in pious hopes. The world indeed is before us; we have to make our way in it; but “the house of the righteous shall stand.”

TO MISS HANNAH SMITH.*

Manchester, April 5th, 1824.

. . . Our chief happiness will consist in our *indoor* delights, in books, friends, conversation, music, and the discharge of our social duties. Five or six weeks, the privilege of a Minister's life, I hope we shall spend every summer in travelling and visiting our friends; at Christmas, the only time of the year when Manchester, which is famous for its hospitality, is worth seeing, I hope we shall see our distant friends with us.—But I am beginning to ramble; you see what a wild, romantic imagination you will have to control. I have now resolved to reach you at Geneva, by the end of June. I cannot, I am afraid, get there before. But I have the very kindest and most indulgent flock that ever a youthful pastor was blessed with; and I am sure, when they come to know, as gradually they must, what an attraction I have abroad, they will let me go earlier than perhaps they otherwise might; and I believe, altogether, I shall be able to be absent seven Sundays or about two months; so that, if I reach you at Geneva, as I do hope and trust I shall, I shall be able to spend four or five weeks with you in Switzerland. I have many acquaintances at Geneva already, and some at Zurich and Lausanne.—But I dare not give the reins to my fancy; my future prospects are

* J. J. T. was married on the 6th of January, 1825, to Hannah, daughter of Timothy Smith, Banker, Birmingham. Her brothers had been his schoolfellows at Nottingham, and many of his holidays were spent with them.

now so resplendent with happiness, that I am only afraid, to use a common proverb, *they are too good to be true*. But no, I will not throw one cloud on a prospect so brilliant and smiling.—

April 25th, 1824.

I will honestly confess to you—I was reaching that period of life when men feel the want of a home, and of an affectionate and intelligent sharer of all their thoughts and feelings, and I was engaged in a profession and employed in pursuits which made the presence of a congenial and beloved spirit peculiarly necessary to happiness. Many have been the times that I have returned home, perhaps from the bedside of a sick and dying person, and would have given worlds to exchange the gloomy loneliness of my study for one kind look and gentle word from a being whom I love—one, moreover, who could share in my love for literature, who could enter into and encourage me in my prospects and my duties, and in whose pure and affectionate heart I could find a resting-place from those vexations and annoyances and discouragements which all men must expect to encounter more or less in jostling their way through life.

TO MISS SMITH, *Paris*.

May 12th, 1824.

There is one constitutional weakness, my dearest H——, which I must confess to you; and that is a tendency to melancholy and reverie, which sometimes

takes possession of me and affects my manner and appearance, without any external cause. Whence it arises I cannot say, but some years of my early youth were almost embittered by it, and when it comes over me I am unfitted for useful study and occupation, and seem for the time quite to sink in the scale of intellect. I have been, I think, continually getting the better of it, nor can I think of any remedy so effectual and delightful to expel this morbid disposition entirely from my mind, as having the love and sympathy of one whom I have long, very long, delighted to regard as an affectionate sister, and who, now that I may call her by a dearer title still, will, I am sure, be tender to my imperfections, and offer me an asylum from care and depression which I should in vain look for in the world.

There is no part of our future happiness on which I dwell with more delight than the prospect of our mutual improvement by reading and conversing together on the most interesting and delightful subjects, religion, literature, the arts. Manchester is a most thoroughly disagreeable place ; and I sometimes think with a mixture of alarm, how you will possibly endure it after living for so many months amidst architectural magnificence, the finest works of art, the most brilliant skies, and most glorious scenes of nature. But, my dearest H——, we must seek *our Italy*, if I may say so, within doors. My wish will be to make my study a sitting-room. I do hope we shall spend much of our time together there ; and surrounded by the most admired and delightful authors in the different lan-

guages we read together, and happy in each other's society, we shall be in excellent company, while the consciousness of a faithful endeavour to perform our appointed duties of usefulness in our little circle of activity, and of the respect and esteem of the friends who know us, will give an increased sweetness to those hours of domestic converse and improvement with which I fervently besecch the Father of all mercies we may be enabled to conclude the *serious* business of every day. Besides, though our means will be moderate, I trust by persevering industry and economy, and your affectionate assistance, which my own mother taught me long ago how to value, they will not be narrow, and that we shall very often have some dear friend staying with us.—You will recollect that delicious passage in which Cowper describes a winter evening. Take that as my notion of the purest, sweetest happiness which this world offers. Every word in this enchanting passage finds a sympathetic chord in my own heart. My prayer is that I may daily become more worthy of it, and better prepared for enjoying it.

TO MISS SMITH.

Manchester, May 27th, 1824.

I have now so arranged matters, or rather matters have been so arranged for me, that I shall be able to leave Manchester on the 13th. How glad I shall be if I can overtake you in the South of France! You must

write to me by return of post, and tell me what your final plans will be, and also leave a letter for me, *post restante*, at Paris, to guide my steps towards you. You were quite right when you supposed I should not stay an hour longer in Paris than is necessary.

Some worthy soul has proposed that our chapel should undergo a beautifying this summer, and it is to be shut up two successive Sundays, the 20th and the 27th. If I knew who was the originator of this most excellent scheme, I would say a mass for his soul, notwithstanding my Unitarian prejudices, in every Catholic church I came to in France and Switzerland. Whether this circumstance will at all enable me to lengthen my stay abroad, I hardly dare venture to conjecture. How I should rejoice, if I could only just cross the Alps and take one short glance at the sunny vine-clad plains of Italy! And yet the thought that I must leave you there behind me will almost take away the pleasure I should otherwise have.—Do you then think it quite impossible or quite improbable that your brother and sister, after seeing France and Switzerland and a considerable portion of Italy, may feel inclined to wing their course home again by the beginning of winter? —I really cannot settle seriously down to anything. Intellectual employment, especially if it be solitary, is very different from the stir and bustle of business; there I might distract my thoughts from *you*, and give them to the world—in the loneliness of my study I cannot.

TO HIS SISTER.

Geneva, June 24th, 1824.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

We were two days and a night travelling from Calais to Paris ; the diligence does not travel at the rate of more than five or six miles an hour, and the stoppages are very long and frequent.—There is abundance of wood, but it lies in large heavy masses with no great variety of tint and foliage, and the trees are seldom large. Now and then a huge gloomy-looking château with an enormous roof and high-pointed gable rises amidst the wide spreading undulation of leaves, but its appearance seldom adds to the cheerfulness of the landscape. The French villages are miserable and dirty-looking, and the poverty and meanness of the parish churches form a striking contrast to the beautiful edifices which so frequently decorate our villages in the midland counties of England. There is something picturesque in the appearance of the French peasantry with their slight-built carts and curiously-harnessed horses ; but they must be seen, like some drawings, at a proper distance and for the general effect. I hardly presume to give an opinion of Paris : my first impression was very much against it, I must confess. The public buildings are very imposing and magnificent, but the streets are narrow and dirty, and there is a peculiarly disagreeable smell pervading every part of it. I was at the Theatre Français, where I saw *L'Avare* of Moliere very well performed. I left at the end of the first piece and went to the Theatre des Varietés, where I had the

satisfaction of seeing my countrymen burlesqued in *Les Anglaises pour rire*. The piece seemed wonderfully diverting to the French, who shook the house with peals of laughter. Of course I could not help partially joining, though I thought there was far too much caricature, and from what little I could judge of French manners, I would not, for worlds upon worlds, exchange the *English* for the *French* ladies. Upon the whole, having not a single friend or companion there, I was rather dejected and disgusted with what I saw of Paris, and felt a positive relief on quitting it. It is certainly a place which I never would visit without some pleasant and intelligent companion. I travelled four days and three nights successively by the diligence from Paris to Geneva, and, what is surprising, was less fatigued the last part of my journey than the first; the last night I slept as sound as a top. There is nothing particularly interesting in the route, which lay through the ancient Champagne, Burgundy, and Franche Comte, by Provins, Troyes, Dijon, &c., till we came to Dole, where, on rising the hill which looks down upon the town, we caught the first glimpse of the range of the Jura which separates France from Switzerland. I cannot describe to you how I felt my spirits rise on approaching Switzerland. With what little I had seen of the country of France I was not particularly pleased, and with its manners still less; I had even a *homish* feel in advancing to the borders of Switzerland; the lofty peaks which rose before me seemed like a sort of wall which Nature had thrown up around this little

earthly paradise to separate a people of pure and simple manners, dwelling in the midst of peace and freedom, from the debauchery and corruption and irreligion of France, a land among whose inhabitants I could already number many valued and excellent friends, and which you cannot doubt was particularly endeared to me on the present occasion by the presence of those whom I love more than all the world besides. Moreover, there is something in the view of a fine, bold range of mountains which has an unaccountable effect upon the spirits, at least it has upon mine; it fills them with a joyousness and an elevation which it is impossible to describe, or even to conceive till it is felt. At Poligny we began to ascend the Jura. I wish the evening had been finer; it was rather gloomy and sombre, but this circumstance, though unfavourable to the distant prospect, harmonized well with the severe character of the adjacent scenery. From Poligny you enter an immense amphitheatre of rocks, in which the eye can discover no visible outlet. In fact the road winds in a zigzag manner along the left side of this vast enclosure till it reaches the top. Every stage, if I may so call it, that you ascend in this circuitous route, the eye, in turning back to the entrance of the amphitheatre, takes in a continually widening expanse of the vast plains of Franche-Comte and Burgundy, with their wide-spread forests and scattered villages, and waters glistening here and there. Had there been a brilliant sunset this scene would have been glorious beyond description; but the evening, as I mentioned, was rather gray and

sombre. If, however, this was an evil in one respect, it was a benefit in another. The sobriety of the lights admirably suited the grey and venerable masses of rock which form this entrance of the Jura. About a mile and a half from Poligny there is on the ascent of the mountain a religious establishment where the ruins of a monastery are still visible, and which now I suppose is a kind of school. Fortunately for me, who am a great lover of such sorts of sound, about eight o'clock the bell of this establishment began to toll; which for the sake of effect we will call, if you please, a convent vesper bell. By this time I had walked a mile or two beyond the diligence; the shades of night were deepening on the adjacent hills; the grey distance had almost faded from the view; there was really an awful and impressive silence in everything around, which was only broken by the vague and mingled roar of innumerable torrents which dashed down the sides of the Jura, and the distant tolling of the vesper bell. Now, my dear Lissey, there is a description for you; it is fit for any novel, and outdoes Mrs. Ratcliffe herself. I can assure you, however, of my description, what she would not say of most of hers, for her moon is always at the full, that it is every word of it the truth. I have left myself no room for much more. The first burst of the Lake of Geneva and the Alps on the other side of the Jura was beautiful beyond description. I am here with my friends at what they call a *pension*, or lodging-house, outside the walls. What we shall do next I cannot say; our plans are not yet fixed.

TO MISS SMITH, *London.*

Manchester, Oct. 14th, 1824.

My mother has promised to come over for a day or too soon, to assist in arranging my house. I shall be greatly obliged to her for doing this, as I hope I shall be quite settled at Christmas. I do so long for that quiet home—which I am sure you will procure me—and which will be the only means of reconciling me to this most disagreeable town, for which, were I to live in it a thousand years, I never should acquire the slightest affection. It has no one quality to excite one's sympathy or secure one's attachment; and yet, with your aid and encouragement, and with the sweet solace of an affectionate and lettered home, it shall be the great object of my life—may Heaven bless my vows—to perform my duties faithfully in it. And certainly many of its worthy inhabitants have the strongest claims upon my affectionate zeal and services. I must write no more now, as I have a sermon on a particular occasion to begin for Sunday. When you are mine, you shall sit by me on these occasions in my little study upstairs, for I have now learned, by living with my brothers, to write while another person is in the room. But I will not begin to be romantic when I ought to be finishing my letter.

TO MISS SMITH.

Nov. 15th, 1824.

I often wish I had you to consult with about some little matters in the arrangement of my house and in the purchase of furniture. Not that I am much afraid that on many points our tastes would materially differ. On the contrary, I think they are very congenial. Simplicity and purity of taste I love—so do you; and though it is extremely conceited to say so, I am resolved to use my own taste in matters of furniture, not only as being the most economical, but also to evince my dislike of the gorgeous vulgarity of this place. But mind, not a word of this beyond your own lips. Besides, we do not live here to *censure*, but *to do good*.

Do you know, my ideas are increasing with wonderful rapidity—my views becoming quite enlarged and comprehensive. In short, I am quite an adept, far beyond my most sanguine expectations, in the theory and practice of furnishing; I have acquired a deep insight as to the nature and properties of chairs and tables and bedposts; could tell you with extraordinary accuracy the prices of papers glazed and common, both by the yard and by the piece; indeed, I have some thoughts of delivering a course of lectures on the subject next winter; and if everything should fail—preaching, pupils, and lectures—I mean to turn upholsterer. So you see what brilliant prospects are before us, and what a fine thing it is to marry a man of

universal genius : see my Essay,* which I beg leave to recommend as *the best modern treatise* on the subject. Note (t.) p. 43.

TO MISS H. SMITH.

Manchester, Dec. 19th, 1824.

. . . . Altogether I have such abundant occasion to be thankful and grateful to that merciful Providence which thus far has led me on in the pilgrimage of life. I experience daily such kind and delicate proofs of friendship and regard from all my friends : my mother and sisters are so affectionately interested in everything that concerns my *future* comfort and so warmly sympathise in my happiness, and your own dear letters convey to me such delightful proofs of my share in one of the best and kindest of human hearts, and such a sweet earnest of the future blessings that are in store for me, that when I call all these things to mind, I feel quite overpowered—I cannot but ask myself, what have I done to deserve all this happiness ? My past faults and follies rise to view, and a feeling of repentance mingles its drop of bitterness in the brimful cup of joy and makes it overflow.

* “Some Remarks on the Nature of Genius.” An Essay, by J. J. T., read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, Oct. 31, 1823.

TO HIS FATHER.

Manchester, March 6th, 1825.

MY DEAR FATHER,

After a very long silence, which even my numerous engagements and my aversion to frequent letter writing can hardly excuse, I take up my pen this evening, to assure you and my mother what an increase of peace and happiness I find in the possession of a home so kind and affectionate as mine is, and what an earnest wish I experience, now that I am settled down in life and the best of my earthly wishes is attained, to make up for past omissions and deficiencies, for languor and depressions in my professional duties, by being as active, zealous, and persevering as I can.

I doubt whether I shall ever make what is called a popular preacher; I do hope I may become an useful minister. One of the greatest sources of comfort to me in my new mode of life is to find my dear Hannah accommodate herself so readily and cheerfully to her new duties, by the interest she takes in our schools and her willingness to enter into all my views as respects my congregation. Indeed, she will often furnish me with incentives to exertion where, if left to myself, I should sink into languor, and make me cheerful and popular where the natural shyness of my temper might make me appear cold and uninterested.

I have begun a series of expositions on the Book of Acts on the Sunday afternoons; I really wished to

give a little interest, if I could, to the afternoon services, and increase the congregation during that part of the day. Hitherto the experiment has succeeded pretty well; I should think the afternoon attendance has nearly doubled: whether it will continue, time only can show. Exertion, zeal, and attention may do almost anything in our profession; and no congregation will long thrive without them. For the last twelve months—it is really the case—I have been in a state of mind that was scarcely compatible with great zeal or exertion.

I cannot tell you, my dear father, how rejoiced I am to hear that you will be released at Midsummer from the fatigue of keeping school, and have the prospect of ending your days in pastoral usefulness, which may God of His mercy long preserve to you, and studious leisure!

SECOND PERIOD.

FROM HIS MARRIAGE TO HIS APPOINTMENT
AS PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN
MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE.

1825—1840.

TO HIS FATHER.

Spring Cottage, Loughrigg, Ambleside, July 26th, 1826.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Hannah, in her letter to Clara,* would no doubt tell you how comfortably we find ourselves settled in this beautiful place, the soft and peaceful, yet romantic, scenery of which so completely harmonizes with my own taste and feelings that I could pass weeks and months without wishing to wander far beyond the precincts of the delightfully secluded valley where we have taken up our temporary abode. This has been one reason why I have made few excursions of any length into the neighbourhood. This country, at least what I have seen of it, has a character peculiar to itself—its distinguishing feature is romantic softness and beauty—in this respect differing from either N. Wales or Scotland, or the grander scenery of the Alps. The hills, without presenting a grand and terrific aspect,

* His sister.

are not so round and lumpish as those of Wales; but with their graceful and undulating outline, now softening into an easy curve, and now rising abruptly into bolder peaks, harmonize delightfully with the sweet and peaceful character of the vallies—interspersed with farm-houses and clusters of ash, birch and oak—usually watered with a shallow, sparkling stream, and sometimes enclosing in their bosom lakes of various dimensions, which constitute the characteristic beauty of the district. Rydal, where we now are, has an air of repose and seclusion which I have rarely seen surpassed: the first few days we were here, we perfectly luxuriated in the purity and sweetness of the air and the delicious stillness of its pastures and woods. It is interesting, too, on another account, as being the residence of the poet Wordsworth; his house is about a quarter of a mile from ours; and since Osler* joined us, we have obtained an introduction to him, and he favoured us with his company at tea one evening last week. He is a very interesting man, remarkably simple in his manners, full of enthusiasm and eloquence in conversation, especially on the subject of his favourite art, Poetry—which he seems to have studied in a very philosophical spirit, and about which he entertains some peculiar opinions. Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton are his favourites among the English poets, especially the latter, whom he almost idolizes. He expressed one opinion which rather surprised me,

* Mr. Thomas Osler of Birmingham, Mrs. Tayler's brother-in-law.

and in which I could not concur—that he preferred the *Samson Agonistes* to *Comus*. He recited in vindication of his judgment one very fine passage from the former poem, and in a very striking manner; his voice is deep and pathetic, and thrills with feeling. He is Toryish—at least what would be considered so—in his political principles, though he disclaims all connection with party, and certainly argues with great fairness and temper on controverted topics, such as Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation. We took a long walk with him the other evening, to the scene of one of his Pastorals in the neighbourhood of Grasmere. He has a good deal of general conversation, and has more the manners of a man of the world than I should have expected from his poems; but his discourse indicates great simplicity and purity of mind; indeed, nothing renders his conversation more interesting than the unaffected tone of elevated morality and devotion which pervades it. We have been reading his long poem, the *Excursion*, since we came here. I particularly recommend it to your notice—barring some few extravagancies into which his peculiar theory has led him: his fourth book, the last, contains specimens both of versification, sentiment, and imagery, scarcely inferior to what you will find in the best passages of Milton. He spoke with great plainness, and yet with candour, of his contemporaries. He admitted the power of Byron in describing the workings of human passion—but denied that he knew anything of the beauties of Nature, or ever

succeeded in describing them with fidelity. This he illustrated by examples. He spoke with deserved severity of Byron's licentiousness and contempt of religious decorum. He told us he thought the greatest of modern Geniuses, had he given his powers a proper direction, and one decidedly superior to Byron, was Shelley, a young man, author of *Queen Mab*, who died lately at Rome.—We are all very well : our dear little girl has thriven exceedingly since we came hither—and is the merriest and hungriest little thing that ever breathed. She smiles and cooes most beautifully, and already seems to know her mother from every one else.

TO HIS WIFE, *at Birmingham.*

Manchester, Sunday Night, Jan. 21st, 1827.

DEAREST H.,

I deferred writing till to-night both because I thought I should have more time—and because I should have more to tell you about our Manchester friends. Nevertheless I cannot write about them or anything else—till I have told you—what is much nearer my heart—how much my thoughts are with you and my dear little girl this evening—and how much I would give to see you both just for five minutes—and be assured you are quite well. My brother is out—and I am *tout seul* and as I write my fancy carries me to Icknield where I see my babe sleeping sweetly in her little crib, and you sitting in the midst of your

family circle, and enjoying the quiet converse of a Sunday evening. These domestic pleasures are so essential to my happiness now—that even books and incessant occupation cannot wholly engage my thoughts; and these seasons of occasional separation from all that is dearest to me in this world, if they serve no other purpose, at least give me a deeper value for the blessings which Providence has bestowed on me. Pray give my little darling a kiss for me—everytime you give her one yourself; take a *double* care of her this severe weather—as she is *mine* as well as *yours*; let me hear regularly of her welfare—and how she comes on—with all her little accomplishments; and whenever you look at her, consider her as a sweet and holy bond to bind us closer to each other and our mutual duties—as the destined source, should her precious little life be continued to us, of all our best affections, and holiest motives, and most exquisite enjoyments through many future years. Upon this subject, I assure you, I feel so intensely that I cannot leave it, without earnestly commending you and yours to the protection and blessing of our Heavenly Father—praying however, at the same time, to be endued with fortitude, to bear any disappointment and trial He may have in reserve for me—and to say—in a spirit of the deepest resignation—whether He preserves or takes away our blessings—Thy will be done.

* * * * *

. . . . I was quite pleased with my people after this

morning's service—so many came into the vestry to bid me welcome home again—and enquired so kindly after you and baby—it quite did my heart good.

TO HIS FATHER.

Manchester, Sept. 27th, 1827.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Our friend Dr. Hutton* quitted us yesterday, and we have again and again regretted that you had not the pleasure of his company.—I know no individual who leaves so agreeable an impression behind him. He has put an idea into my mind, and urged it so strongly that one principal reason of my writing to you now, is to inform you in confidence what it is; and disclose to you the subject of a conversation which he and I and my wife had together only the day before he left us.

The suggestion of my friend was that I should apply as a candidate for the Professorship of the English Language and Literature in the London University,† for which he conceived with the testimonials and documents of qualification which I could produce, I stood a tolerably fair chance. I confess I have sometimes thought of some such situation, as one which I should much like, and to which I am perhaps better

* Joseph Hutton, LL.D., then Minister of Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, and previously Mr. Tayler's colleague at Nottingham.

† Now University College, London.

suited by taste and inclination than to most others ; and at some future day I looked forward with diffidence to the possible prospect of being able to attain such an one. I think, however, with Dr. Hutton, that if such a change be ever made, I am now about that time of life when it could be made more advantageously than at any future period, when my family may be considerably increased and the ties which bind me to one spot strengthened. And though I have sometimes thought of devoting all my leisure time for some years to some one pursuit in order to qualify myself for such a situation, yet in point of fact I find such opportunities of leisure become more and more rare every day, and all my time nearly engrossed by the distracting and multiplied occupations of my present situation. The wish to be able to devote the whole powers of my mind uninterruptedly to one object is, I confess, a powerful inducement with me to think seriously of such a situation, in which all my faculties might be concentrated on one principal pursuit, and duties and natural taste would run in the same channel. * * *

I am here comfortably settled, and have sufficient to live upon, but that competence is purchased by the sacrifice of nearly all my leisure time, and I bring a mind wearied with other employments to the pursuits of general knowledge and the studies of my profession. Could I devote myself principally either to theology or general literature I could be content, for I feel the greatest pleasure and means of usefulness in either pursuit—but my mind is so constituted, that it loses

its power amidst too great a multiplicity of objects, and I feel that in my present situation, occupied as I am, I must not hope for any great mental improvement, or any considerable proficiency in any one branch of knowledge.—These are considerations of great importance—but I can assure you, my dear father, my mind is in a greater state of suspense, almost amounting to anxiety, than it has been for many years. My sole wish is to act right, and to provide best for the future welfare of my dear wife and children, if I could clearly see what is the path to pursue. I should not be obliged to surrender my clerical character, nor the prospect of occasional services in the pulpit; and in the discharge of my regular duties I should have constant opportunities of enforcing pure and generous sentiments on the minds of the young.—With my present feelings I would not run the chance of entering any situation in which I must forego the opportunity of promoting a spirit of pure and benevolent morality, and of helping forward, according to my humble measure of ability, the great work of human improvement which appears to me the best and noblest service in which men can engage.

This is a very rambling letter, my dear father, but one idea follows another so fast upon this subject, that I really cannot help it: you must excuse my weakness. Pray write to me without delay.

TO HIS WIFE.

Icknield, Jan. 12th, 1828.*

. Sometimes, at home, in the hurry and whirl of incessant occupation I am afraid my nervous, anxious manner makes you uncomfortable; pray do not let it have any effect on you. We have no cause for any anxiety; we have marked out our course, and know what we are about; on every side I find only motives to gratitude and thankfulness. I shall return home cheerful and well; prepared to renew with spirit my various, and to me deeply interesting duties, and I trust by regularity in the distribution of my time, to accomplish some, if not all, the objects I have in view; by health and exercise to preserve my strength and cheerfulness;—and if I can see thee well and happy, sharing in my pursuits and sympathizing in my pleasures, to be the happiest of men.

Do not suppose, dearest H., when I talk of economy, that I wish you to deny yourself or your children,† any thing that will contribute either to your comfort or your embellishment: I speak deliberately, when I say so; you are the idols of my fondest affection—and I wish to see you surrounded with everything that may preserve to thee and thine the charm and the delight which gladdens a parent's and a husband's eye. Let

* The residence of his father-in-law, Birmingham.

† A second child, a son, John Hutton Tayler, was born October 30th, 1827.

our household be plain and simple; for myself, I shall only purchase the necessary books, and shall have a pleasure in economy, because I shall feel it a husband's duty; but with regard to *you* and my *children* it is otherwise,—for the sweetest reward to a literary man, when he remits his studious labours in the bosom of his family, is to look with fond affection on the forms and countenances he loves, and to see them invested with everything that can give full perfection to the attractiveness of these dear objects.

TO HIS FATHER.

Manchester, Feb. 24, 1829.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I hope soon to have a better account of the numerous invalids in the two houses on the High Pavement—more especially of my poor mother's arm; she seems doomed to be unfortunate in her hands and fingers. We hope, too, Carpenter* is able to resume his duties in the school and chapel. I am happy to say we are all, thank God, quite well, and the chicks more bonny and thriving than ever. Hannah chatters incessantly, knows all her letters, and is beginning to spell. Her great delight, however, is listening to stories read or told her, and superintending the domestic arrangements of her numerous family of dolls,

* The Rev. Benjamin Carpenter, Colleague and son-in-law of Mr. Tayler of Nottingham.

and a very ill-favoured family they are—for they remind me of the one shirt in the whole of Falstaff's marching troop—they have only one eye, and one nose, and no hair among them all. John tries to say a great many words, has got a tooth through at last, and can all but run alone. We often wish you and my mother could see them for half an hour sometimes, when they are at play.

What a happy prospect there is now, my dear father, of settling this eternal Catholic question! I saw by the papers that Lord Holland presented a petition from your Congregation, and from the Corporation of Nottingham, and that he pronounced a high eulogium on the Corporation. We are preparing a petition, but are a little behindhand. I have lately been rather more than usually occupied. Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, having thought proper to notice in the 4th edition of his Discourses on the Socinian controversy, some of the sentiments of the Sermon* which I was compelled to publish last spring, and having drawn, as it seems to me, some unwarrantable inferences from them, I have thought it but proper to write him a letter on the subject. When I have received his answer I shall, with his permission, send them both, and at any rate my own letter, to the *Monthly Repository*, when you will have an opportunity of seeing it, and I hope both the spirit and sentiments will be such as to meet with your approbation. I little thought I

* On Communion with Unbelievers. A Discourse delivered in Mosely Street Chapel, Manchester, 1828.

should ever be involved in anything like controversy, an employment of all others the most foreign to my tastes, habits and pursuits: but I have already lived long enough, my dear father, to find that with the best intentions we are liable in this world to calumny and misrepresentation, and that under such circumstances there is no comfort equal to the consciousness of having meant well, and spoken what you sincerely believed to be the truth. The only thing I particularly regretted in the circumstance was that it took up my time, and drew me away from my studies. Till this business interrupted me, I had been very busy in reading a most interesting Dissertation of Wytttenbach's which Mr. Kentish lent me—"Quæ fuerit Veterum Philosophorum sententia de animorum vitâ et conditione post mortem corporis." It exhibits a careful and critical investigation of the opinions of the ancients on this subject from the time of Thales to that of Seneca, and combines in a very extraordinary degree the critical learning and exactness of an accomplished classical scholar with a power of philosophical analysis and abstract reasoning. The style is distinguished for its simple elegance and perspicuity, and singular adaptation to philosophical discussion. I am, this spring, going to deliver every other Sunday morning a series of discourses on some of the principal topics of natural and revealed religion—to conclude with three sermons on the grounds and duties of Protestant Dissent, a subject on which, it seems to me, my Congregation requires to be *insensed* a little, as the Nottingham

people say. You see, therefore, I am and shall continue to be busy. But why should I not? Is not useful and virtuous occupation the surest means of happiness? I have always found it so: and when I think of the many blessings by which I am surrounded, and see my dear wife and children in health and happiness, I feel sincerely and fervently grateful to my Creator for all the good He has done me.

TO HIS WIFE.

Aber, near Bangor, Monday evening, June 29th, 1829.

Here, my dearest H., am I, fairly set out on my travels. I left Manchester—with no very bitter regrets—this morning at half-past five, and travelled inside to Chester, for it rained heavily. From Chester I have travelled outside, through a most delightful country, to this place, and have been favoured with most delightful weather. I really feel grateful for all the benefit and enjoyment which my journey has hitherto afforded me. This evening I walked up a beautiful little quiet valley—fringed with wood, and a rocky brook brawling through the bottom of it—to a waterfall, which in itself is hardly worth seeing, but which is approached by a delicious little sequestered glen. I am enjoying myself, but want a friend, and again and again have wished that I had you on my arm to talk to about these beautiful scenes. If I go on as I have begun, I shall be in the best health and spirits imaginable when I reach

you at Aberystwith. The prospect of seeing my dear wife and children at the close of my little tour, makes every step I take lightsome and cheerful, and almost reconciles me to solitude. When I arrive we will go and sit in our little room, and look at the sea, and talk over all we have seen and thought and felt during our separation. What a blessing it is to be a husband and a father, if it were only to taste the pure joy of seeing again, after a short interval, those whom we love dearest on earth!

TO HIS FATHER.

Manchester, July 12th, 1830.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Here I am once more at home again. I arrived in Manchester on Saturday evening; having left Hannah and the children at Icknield. Upon my arrival here, I found a letter from Andrew, written on Friday. The vessel had been detained by contrary winds; but he hoped and expected to sail to-day. Returning home alone, and feeling somewhat lonely and disconsolate, I would have given anything to have seen my dear brother once more, separated as I was from him by only a morning's journey; but yesterday my pulpit services detained me, and to-day my pupils re-assemble, and the two Thomsons, who are inmates, have both arrived this evening; so that I am completely detained at home. Andrew wrote in good

spirits ; indeed he always had a spirit and manliness of character which bore up under all circumstances. For myself, I have felt his separation from us more than on any former occasion ; and often, since I left you, have I thought, with the deepest sympathy, how much you and my dear mother must feel, especially in your present situation of comparative loneliness ; and this has led me to write to you more frequently than is accordant to my usual practice, that you might know and feel that your children, however necessarily separated from you by distance or circumstances, still feel for you all the affectionate concern and tenderness of their earlier years ; and that if the discipline and experience of life unavoidably divides their cares, distracts their attention or leads to any difference of speculative opinion, it leaves the hearts and the affections unchanged.

I cannot express to you how unspeakably consolatory I find the hopes of religion in being separated from kindred and friends, or even in contemplating the ordinary vicissitudes of existence. I delight to cherish the hope that we are all in a state of discipline in this life for another world, and that, sometime or other, in the gracious plans of Providence, we shall all meet again.

I left my dear wife and children quite well : they are very good children. Johnnie is universally a favourite ; for myself, without loving Johnnie a whit the less, my heart clings to my little Hannah, since she does not attract half the notice of her brother, and yet she does

not seem to feel it, but even shares in, and seems to be delighted with, the general admiration which he excites ; she is a most affectionate child, but with extreme sensibility and fearfulness, and this is the reason why she always clings to her mother, or her grandmama, or any one else who is her protector for the time being.

TO HIS WIFE, at *Icknield*.

Manchester, July 16th, 1830.

MY DEAREST H.,

You do not know how I am grieved you should be disappointed in not hearing from me to-day.
. Though I am busy, I feel rather melancholy ; and I am continually reminded how sad my life would be without the society and affection of those we love, and how terribly awful the dispensation of death must be to those who cannot anticipate a future re-union, and regard it as the utter extinction of all human interests and affections. I am solacing myself with Wordsworth. Do you know, I shall become a thorough convert to him. Much of his poetry is delicious, and I perfectly adore his philosophy. To me he seems the purest, the most elevated and the most Christian of poets. I delight in his deep and tender piety, and his spirit of exquisite sympathy with whatever is lovely and grand in the breathing universe around us. I am glad my good brother Osler is pleased with my

sermon;* but tell him, with my kind regards, I do not know what to make of his praise; he pats me with one hand and whips me with the other, and of the two, I think he whips hardest. With regard to the views exhibited in the discourse, the question is, are they just and true? if so, the inculcation of them must do good; if not, the sooner they are exposed the better. As for their not being fitted for the multitude, that entirely depends, I conceive, on the mode in which they are stated and enforced; truth I believe to be always congenial to the heart and character of man. Human beings of all ranks and conditions have the same religious tendencies, the same affections, the same moral sense; and if care is taken by pastors and teachers to form the minds and dispositions of the humblest class in society, I am convinced they will be found to be equally qualified with the refined and the educated for appreciating and for applying a religion, the essence of which consists in heartfelt love to the Creator and all his children, and in humbly hoping and preparing for immortal happiness.

Manchester, July 21st, 1830.

MY DEAREST H.,

I am truly glad to hear how much you and our dear children are enjoying yourselves amongst our kind friends at Birmingham. Rejoiced as I shall be to see

* "The Perpetuity of the Christian Dispensation, viewed in its connection with the Progress of Society." Preached before the supporters of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, June, 1830.

you all again, I am very willing you should remain ; for I wish you to see your friends, to revive old and dear associations, to feel that you are as much and as tenderly beloved as ever, and to bring back with you a fund of health, strength and spirits that will last you for another ten months to come.

* * * *

An American friend has lent me a new sermon of Dr. Channing's, preached on occasion of the annual election of Governor and the Legislature of Massachusetts. It is marked by a little inflation of expression, which is the Dr.'s besetting sin in regard to style, but it contains some noble sentiments, and exhibits delightful views of the great moral ends of government and society. The Dr. expresses a sentiment which, I confess, has often occurred to me very strongly and very painfully of late—that the progress of civilization and refinement is attended with great dangers both to morals and religion ; that in proportion as civilization and refinement advance, there is additional need for putting forth the whole power of religious influence, to correct mercenary and selfish tendencies, and to preserve simplicity of manners, purity of morals, and real earnestness and sincerity of character. We certainly live too much for display—we look too much to the opinion of others in these times.

* * * *

I am glad to hear the children are so well and good ; tell them that papa is very happy when he hears that they are good ; and do you, my dearest

wife, be *firm* and *decided* with them; do not let the tenderness of your nature and an unreasonable supposition of indisposition in them make you irresolute and wavering with them. Enforce, I beseech you, implicit and immediate submission to parental authority. This is the only foundation for virtue and true piety; and any other course can only terminate in misery to us and them. Submission to law, and that self-control and self-discipline which it requires—to the law of parental authority in the first place, and afterwards to the law of God—is the only sure and true principle of virtue; and this is perfectly compatible with gaiety, cheerfulness and the tenderest spirit of affection and love. There certainly must be a stronger and deeper sense of religion in our rising men, or the world, with all its refinement and its science, will become demoralized and unchristian, and consequently sceptical and miserable. Do not you think so? We have only to look around us, and we see the proof of it. Kiss my sweet children for me, and believe me, dearest wife, ever truly and affectionately, your husband, J. J. T.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Manchester, April 29th, 1831.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I begin to be exceedingly anxious about our dear Andrew. We certainly ought to have heard before this; and I have learned from a friend that

he was very unwell during his passage. I am intending to go over to Liverpool this afternoon, to see if I can ascertain any particulars; for I am convinced something must be wrong. Whatever I learn, you shall hear; and, indeed, I will be with you in Nottingham to-morrow evening or Saturday morning. Do not, I pray you, be over-anxious. A wise and gracious Providence orders all events; to His will, which is always that of infinite goodness and love, let us be prepared to bow, whatever it be. Whatever may be the uncertainties of this life, this we know—that there is a life to come, where there shall no more be change nor death, and there the good shall meet again. Dearest mother, cheer yourself with these reflections. I am anxious and out of spirits. You shall soon know all; but be prepared, with a Christian resignation, to learn the worst. God bless you and my dear father, and my beloved sisters and brother. Thank God, we are all well, but depressed and anxious.

I cannot write more, as I am anxious to get off to Liverpool, as soon as I can. I shall see you to-morrow or next day. Should Providence have ordained that in your declining years you should be deprived of one of the children of your youth, be assured (and I speak this from my own heart and that of her who is now one with me), no efforts shall be wanting on the part of those who survive, to afford you and our loved and venerated father, every support and every consolation which this transitory world can yield.

TO HIS WIFE.

Nottingham, May 2nd, 1831.

MY DEAREST WIFE,

I have just received your kind letter; for which accept my best thanks. I send you a hasty line, to let you know that I arrived here quite safely yesterday morning, a little before ten o'clock. I was happy to find that my poor mother and sisters were in some degree prepared for the sad tidings,* by the letter which I had written on Friday. I am sorry to say, I perceive a very great change in my father for the worse. There must be some internal source of exhaustion; he is constantly sick; nothing which he takes seems to remain sufficiently long upon his stomach to afford him any nourishment. I did not venture to announce to him the melancholy news, of which I was the bearer yesterday; though I endeavoured to prepare his mind for it, indirectly, as well as I could; this morning I told him the whole truth, before he got up: he was, as you may suppose, greatly affected, though he suspected all was not right when my letter reached my mother on Saturday; and besides his mind is so well regulated, that he at once expressed the deepest submission and the most implicit resignation. Upon the whole, I think all was quite as well as could be expected. I wrote to Mr. Kentish this morning, venturing to urge a wish rather strongly, that he would contrive to see my father soon;

* The death of his brother Andrew at sea, on his voyage to Calcutta.

it would be a great gratification to the latter; and if the visit be very long postponed, I cannot, I assure you, conceal my fears, that it may never take place. Now I have told all to my poor father, I feel greatly relieved; but it was a painful meeting. The country is most lovely now. There is to me, however, something melancholy in the contrast between the bright and joyous aspect of Nature, together with those cheerful remembrances of childhood and youth which it inspires, and the deep present feeling of the brevity and precariousness of all human hopes and interests. While life remains, my love, be it ours to perform its duties firmly and faithfully, to gladden its course and lighten its sorrows with mutual kindness and affection, and to look forwards to death as the appointed passage of transition to a happier state. All unite in dearest love to you and our children. I delivered your kind message to my father this morning; he spoke of you and the children with the greatest tenderness, and desired his most affectionate remembrances to you. His whole language conveys the impression that he feels he has not long to remain in this world. Good bye. God bless you all, till I see see you again.

Nottingham, May 17th, 1831.

MY DEAR H.,

As you did not ask me to write immediately, I deferred doing so till to-day, that I might give you a fuller account of the whole of our sorrowing circle. I

found my poor mother and sisters, quite as well as I could expect. The most painful trial is yet to come, when time and reflection shall have made them aware of the extent of their loss. My dear father's last moments seem to have been singularly calm and composed, and his very last expressed wishes were those of tender and affectionate concern for all whom he left behind. I think it would have been a great gratification to them all, if you could have made it practicable to have been here with me. Indeed, my love, you are spoken of by them all, as you were by my dear father in his last illness, with the greatest tenderness and affection. Though absent in the body, you are with us, we know, in the spirit, and will be with us through the whole of this melancholy week. I have written to Mr. Kentish, and trust he will be here on the day of the funeral, and preach the funeral sermon on Sunday. Everybody has shown the greatest kindness and sympathy, and it is certainly most consolatory to find, that those who knew my father best, esteemed him most highly. I have read the letters written to him only a few days before his death by your father and Dr. Hutton, they were indeed most kind and gratifying.

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Kiss the dearest children for me, and beg them to be good and kind for Papa's sake. All unite here in the kindest, tenderest love to you and them. If I hear from you to-night, pray write again in a couple of days, and believe me, dearest wife, with a deep and

grateful sense of your constant kindness and solicitude,
most truly and affectionately,

Your attached Friend and Husband.

Icknield, January 6th, 1832.

MY DEAREST H.,

I can only write a single line to inform you of
my safe arrival here.

* * * *

With regard to the other matter,* about which we naturally feel considerable interest, I hardly know what to think. I do not believe the Society is very unanimous. It is very large; there will be an amazing amount of pastoral duty, and comparatively little time for study. Their tastes and sentiments are very various, and I believe it would be impossible for an angel to give satisfaction to all. I shall take till Tuesday to make up my mind, when I shall write to you at full. I want to have some more conversation with your father and uncle. It will not be proper to leave my own kind and liberal congregation much longer in suspense. Both your father and your uncle agree in thinking that a decision now will not be a decisive one. I am of course rather uncomfortable, and shall continue so till I have made up my mind. I hope you will explain to all my friends how deeply I feel their kindness and liberality, and that my sole delay has been occasioned by the necessity I feel of con-

* The probability of an invitation to become the minister of the New Meeting Congregation at Birmingham.

sulting with my friends and relations here, before I come to a final resolution; God bless you, my dear wife, believe me, I think constantly of you and yours, and of your future prospects. I wish to decide calmly and judiciously and virtuously; and to leave the result with God.

January 7th.

P.S.—I open this letter again, my dearest wife, to tell you that I have made up my mind to remain in Manchester. I know nothing of the intentions of the people here. All I can learn is most friendly, but I am afraid to encounter the risk and responsibility which lie before me. Your father certainly agrees with me in thinking such substantial proofs of kindness as the Manchester people have shown us ought not to be slightly rejected, and I am inclined to believe your Uncle Sam is of the same opinion. I can explain everything better when I see you. Please to take the accompanying letter with your own hands to Mr. Wood's counting-house, and beg that it may be laid before the congregation without any delay, if he be not at home, or cannot do it, then take it to old Mr. Nicholson, in Bloomsbury, and beg him to do the same. I have left it open for you to read. Pray tell everybody you see that I am not preaching here as a candidate, and that even if I had an invitation I should not accept it; see the Robberds and tell them so. Good bye, God bless you, my dearest wife; to make you happy shall be the unceasing object of my future life.

J. J. T.

Birmingham, January 10th, 1832.

Birmingham has changed, is changing, and every successive year will continue still more strikingly to change; the friends of our youth pass away, and strangers grow up in their place; and therefore, though I part from the prospect of settling here, among the friends and the scenes which are endeared to me by so many of the happiest recollections of earlier days, with something of the lingering regret that one feels for a first love, yet seriously and deliberately I believe that Providence has wisely ordained otherwise, and that the richest treasures of comfort and enjoyment are stored up for us in the duties and engagements of the situation in which we are now placed. Had my decision not been already made and expressed, I do not see how I could possibly resist the kind and affecting appeal which I have received since I last wrote to you, in a letter written, as I discover by the handwriting and the style, by Dr. Charles Henry, and signed by all the young people, male and female, of the congregation, and earnestly entreating me to remain amongst them.

And now, my great wish, my only anxiety is, to secure and increase your happiness, and our sweet children's. Recollect, never more—we have reason to hope—will our domestic peace and privacy be intruded on by boarders. We shall have our own cheerful fireside, our own chattering tea-table, with the dear children talking and laughing round us—our own peaceful and studious evenings, with none to vex and disturb

us. With a little regular, methodical exertion, I shall be able to add £150 or so to my professional and independent income, which will supply all our wants, and allow us, with our quiet and frugal mode of life, to lay by a trifle annually. One article of expense I shall annually calculate upon—for travelling—something to talk about all the autumn and winter, and to look forward to every spring. At our own home now, we shall be able to see our friends with more comfort in our own quiet way. Your father has promised to come to us more frequently.

TO REV. JOHN KENRICK.

Manchester, Sept. 16, 1833.

DEAR SIR,

—From the want of any one book that I could make answer my purpose, and with the view moreover of throwing my occupation as a teacher more into one channel, and of thus obtaining finally more leisure and repose of mind than I am now able to enjoy, I have determined to draw up a series of lectures for my pupils in history; but, though I have a tolerably clear conception in my own mind of what the teaching of history to young persons should be, and of what I well remember you used to make it at York, yet having but little leisure, I feel almost oppressed by the multiplicity of materials that offer themselves, and shall hold myself greatly indebted to you for a few suggestions. My general conception is to begin with as exact a picture as can be presented of the physical features of

the region, whose inhabitants, with their laws, institutions, &c., are to engage our attention, and then to subjoin to that a view of the mythology out of which their genuine history developed itself; afterwards, in tracing their political progress, to dwell chiefly on those periods which are marked by a rapid growth in civilization, and on those events which influenced manners and literature. From what little I have seen of the labours of the Germans in these respects, I know well what abundant materials offer themselves, if we could only be guided a little in the choice. For the first object which I mentioned a system of *progressive* geography would be very useful. Are you acquainted with a work which Mr. Yates mentioned to me the other day, the *Historischer Atlas* published by Luderitz of Berlin? And if so, do you think its execution such as to warrant the confidence of the general student? But my great desideratum is to obtain within a moderate compass a view of what has of late years been done in the elucidation of mythology and the earliest periods of history, that one may form some conception of the relation in which they stand to each other, and may not be without some *feeling*, however vague, of the time when and the mode in which fable gradually assumes the steadiness and consistency of fact. Keightley's book I have, but it contains only an incidental application of mythology to history; Heyne's Introduction to his edition of Apollodorus, with some articles in his *Opuscula* I have read, and have looked through his volume of Notes to Apollo-

dorus, but the information is too much scattered for the general student, and the work seems better fitted for occasional reference than a regular perusal.—I have no time for, nor pretension to, original learning and enquiry on such subjects; but I am desirous of possessing myself at second-hand of the best lights that can be obtained; because though the subject may seem, at first view, remote from general interest and utility, yet upon reflection I am convinced it cannot be safely overlooked, because in the study of history much of our subsequent improvement must depend on the point of view in which we have accustomed ourselves to conceive of the earliest origin and development of human society: our estimate of manners, institutions, religions and arts, the most important subjects to which the young mind can be directed, must of necessity be modified by our conception of the ideas and circumstances in which they had their origin.

Through the earlier periods of history I feel the want of some general guide which might serve as a text-book on which to string one's own reflections, inferences and views. Herder's *Manual* is a mere skeleton, though the references are very valuable. Eichhorn and Herder occasionally refer to Galterer's *Weltgeschichte*—could you give me any information as to its nature or its merits? Two more questions, and I will intrude upon you no longer. Is there any work which gives a clear and succinct view of ancient Astronomy and of its connection both with the arts of life and with religious observances? I know that some

information may be obtained from Bailly's work ; but its object is more scientific than historical.—Is there, also, any work on the architecture of the ancients, and of its development and perfection among the Greeks, and of its adaptation to their modes of life and their public and sacred usages ?

I delight in these pursuits myself, and some experience has taught me they may be made very attractive and improving to young minds. Through the medium of history, the most valuable elementary ideas, as it strikes me, may be communicated on morals, government, social economy, and even on religion, by which t a more advanced period the mind will be better qualified for encountering those abstract enunciations of philosophical doctrine, too unqualified an adherence to which may perhaps be regarded as one of the chief dangers incident to our present condition of society. I am surprised that History, in this more enlarged sense, has not hitherto formed a more prominent feature in our course of education. I think it will be more attended to hereafter. I shall be happy in my limited sphere of exertion to do something to promote it.

TO HENRY McCONNEL.

Manchester, Nov. 24th, 1833.

DEAR HENRY,

I think your answer to Mr. Dugard a very reasonable one. It is hardly fair for one sect to

solicit assistance from another, without expressing a perfect willingness to reciprocate the kindness, when occasion should require. I wish with all my heart, this were the universal feeling among all sects; in which case, I should rejoice to contribute my humble mite to the support of all well-meant endeavours—by whomsoever conducted—to promote the virtue and happiness of mankind. But it is a very different thing to be requested to help a sect which has already the vantage ground above all other sects, and which might ultimately use the very power which we had assisted it to acquire, to keep things in their present grossly sectarianised state, and so prevent that perfect equalisation of all religious privileges, which I should hail as the greatest of blessings which could possibly be bestowed on the country.

I own, I greatly dislike and distrust the *Church*, as it is called, in its present privileged and exclusive form; but I have no hostility to clergymen as such. I rather deplore that circumstances should exist, which prevent me from sympathising and co-operating with them—as I should sincerely rejoice to do—as servants of the same Master, and brother ministers of that Gospel which ought to be a tidings of peace and good will to all men. If they would only lay aside pretensions, which I cannot but regard as unfounded either in reason or Scripture, and consent to meet their fellow-Christians of other denominations on an equal footing, I would contend for their rights and privileges, and be glad to promote the success of their institutions, as

zealously as my own: but they will not allow me, and therefore I do not place myself—but I am placed by them, against my own will and inclination—in an attitude of sectarian hostility towards them.

I have said thus much in explanation of my own views, that you may judge of their coincidence with yours. An universal education for the people is what we must all unite in striving for—there is no hope of salvation for us in anything but that.

TO HIS WIFE, at Birmingham.

Manchester, July 21st, 1834.

I feel exceedingly vexed that I let yesterday pass away without sending you a line. I do not know exactly how it is, but when the mind is in that uncomfortable and unsettled state in which mine has been lately, everything seems to occupy twice as much time as usual, for the mind acts as if under a load which impeded the freedom and quickness of its operations. Do not, however, my very dear wife, distress yourself in supposing that I am not well; I am a great deal better; and as I resume my regular work I shall continue to improve, and my mind will resume its natural and healthy tone, and all will seem bright and cheerful as it once did before my sensitive spirit was so painfully taken possession of by one particular set of ideas, and I shall seem to enjoy the same philosophical freedom and independence of thought as I was accustomed to do before I unhappily took any

share in the movements of party. I shall proceed forthwith to write out my ideas on the *one* subject with calmness and reflection; it will be a relief and disburdening of my oppressed brain, and I will put the MS. into the hands of judicious friends, and consult them as to the expediency of publishing it. So much then for this.*—I had a tolerably pleasant journey home; the weather, though hot, was tempered by a delightful breeze, and the country was in full beauty. I found William well and in good spirits, and the house very neat and comfortable. All your requests have been complied with; the cellars and back-yard whitewashed, and the door in the drawing-room reversed. The weeds and grass in the garden have sprung up with such rank luxuriance, that I have set the gardener to work at once; and I hope you will find everything quite trim on your return. The poor cat, I

* At this time Mr. Tayler, jaded by over-work, fell into serious ill-health. In this weakened condition he attended an aggregate meeting at Manchester in opposition to Established Churches, and committed himself, rashly as he afterwards thought, to immediate action against all support of Religion by the State. An overpowering feeling of the practical difficulties of a course, for which he seemed to himself to have incurred instant responsibility, harassed his conscientiousness; and the remonstrances, not always tenderly administered, of some close friends who distrusted the voluntary principle and the culture of Dissent, painfully wounded and depressed his then too sensitive spirit. To aid the recovery of his health, and to escape from wearying and most distasteful controversy, he obtained permission from his devoted people to spend a year in studious retirement on the Continent. The next Letter but one, to Dr. Joseph Hutton, written at a later date, is placed a little out of time, as fully explaining the circumstances and feelings which led to this course.

suppose, has been pining for our return, for she looks very thin and miserable, and Helen says she does not take her milk kindly.

And now, my dearest wife, with my tenderest love to you and yours, and with a thousand half-pleasing, half-painful associations with that dear spot where you are, and to which all the most delightful remembrances of my youth fondly cling, believe me most devotedly and affectionately, more so from the affliction and bereavement which we have shared together, your ever faithful friend and husband.

August 7, 1834.

I have only time to say that I feel better, stronger, and more cheerful than I have done for months past. My morbid feelings are almost gone; I give them no welcome when they offer themselves; and I am employed in my favourite pursuits with a zeal and an earnestness which, you know, are always productive of the greatest happiness to me. My classes are more numerous than they have been for some time, and in the way I best like, three or four together in a class. In fact, everything seems going on quite prosperously with me; and all our friends are, I think, kinder than ever. I only want to see you and my dear children once more happily assembled in our little home, and I shall be perfectly happy.

I think, however, with the greatest kindness and affection of the dear friends by whom you are now encircled; to them I shall ever cling with my whole heart, while there is one breath of life in it; and I

hope we shall never let a year pass without meeting somewhere. Give my kindest remembrances to Sturch and Caroline;* thank them for all their kindness to us during the summer; had I been as well then as I am now, I should have enjoyed it more, but could not have been more sensible of it. I trust that many more such meetings are in reserve for us, if life be spared, with the additional accompaniments of better health and spirits.

TO DR. JOSEPH HUTTON, *Leeds*.

Written at Bonn, 1835.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Why have you forgotten me? Am I so deeply fallen in your once kindly and affectionate remembrance of me, that you think me no longer worthy of a few lines from your pen? I will not and do not believe it. Yet again and again have I been hoping to hear from you, and again and again I have been disappointed. In truth, I am far from happy, and a few words of earnest, serious and friendly counsel from you would be a balm to my troubled and anxious mind. If you will forgive all this egotism, I will unfold to you, as fully as I can, the state of my feelings, and entreat you as a friend to send me soon, very soon, your frank and candid advice. My mind was first upset by my taking a share in the great Dissenters' meeting in Manchester; it was a task to which my strength was not equal, and my nervous

* Mrs. Tayler's sister and brother-in-law.

system, always too susceptible, has sunk under the weight of the responsibility which I then seemed to incur. That event happened so long ago, that by this time it is almost forgotten; but the effect produced on my own mind still, I am sorry to say, subsists, and has left behind it an oscillation and vacillating in my views, which I can hardly describe, but is productive to me of the greatest misery. I am overwhelmed with the consciousness of a want of firmness and consistency, which deprives me of all self-confidence, and makes the very remembrance of the great and good men who have lived to assert and defend the truth—and whom I always used to look up to, with the deepest reverence and the most earnest desire, at an humble distance, to imitate—insupportably painful and rebuking to me. My first step (itself a recession from a previous resolution, which I would to God I had adhered to) was taken rather precipitately and from the impulse of the moment; and when the excitement was over, I felt myself committed to the whole extent of the abstract principle—sweeping away all national funds for the support of religion under any circumstances—and allowing no consideration for the historical relations of the country, or the inability of certain districts in the present state of society, to provide for themselves by voluntary contributions. You know my mind is naturally anxious, and the very fact of feeling that I was committed, and could not with consistency admit any relaxation of the abstract principle, gave increased activity and force to all the difficulties which

presented themselves to my imagination, and many of which had certainly not occurred to me before. Then came the strong representations of various friends, pamphlets, and extracts from the most liberal writers, showing that even they were not prepared to embrace the whole extent of the voluntary principle, and conversations with American clergymen, who said they thought it would be a dangerous experiment in the present state of English manners universally to adopt it, and that it was not possible to argue from America to England: all these influences took the strongest possession of my mind—I bitterly repented the consequences of my rashness and precipitation—saw, as I thought, the distinction between the abolition of a political Church, used as an engine of state-policy, and the entire abrasion of all public endowments, which it seemed to me might be so popularised in their application as to put them on the footing of private endowments—conceived that the retention of some simple form of discipline and service might be disjoined from the imposition of any creed—feared the undoing of learned theology and rational religion from the ascendancy of enthusiasm—and, in fact, had my imagination so completely possessed with terrors and apprehensions, that I am quite aware I never reasoned with perfect calmness on the subject, and let the great broad principle, which should have been my sheet anchor amidst these troublous tossings of the mind, if not slip away—yet at least recede from its due prominence and distinctness in my mind. I can-

not charge myself with selfishness or ambition in any of the views which came before me ; but I am aware, I felt myself (so my disordered imagination represented it) allied on one side with the ignorant and fanatical, and opposed to moderation, intelligence and cultivation on the other, and I would have given anything to feel my relative position altered.— I am aware, what extreme weakness this shews—and that a masculine reason would soon have dispelled these imaginary evils, and made me feel peace in the simple consciousness of having advocated a principle, that in the abstract was right. The expression of my doubts and fears to the public—for I thought it right to state them as they occurred—and the suggestion that a case might be conceived, in which the nationality consisting in tithes might be so completely popularised in its application throughout the different parishes in the country—so completely withdrawn from the State, considered as a social element distinct from the people, and vested so immediately in the hands of the parishioners themselves, as to obviate all conscientious objection to the reception of it as a remuneration for services performed, if the parties having the disposal of it should couple it with no conditions which the minister declined to accept ;—the statement of these doubts and views, subjected me of course to a charge of inconsistency, and to escape the being dragged into controversy, which is peculiarly odious to me, I took the resolution of spending some time abroad, and with my mind in this state,

perplexed with difficulties, and placed by the position which it had last taken in an attitude rather to defend, than question, the necessity of some sort of provision over and above the voluntary principle—I have spent many months in Germany—reading, conversing, and examining—but still with a mind not free from the obtruding importance of this disagreeable subject; so that my improvement in general knowledge and literature has been much less than it would have been, had my mind been more free. My former delusions have in a great measure disappeared—my general impression, derived from what I have seen in Germany, is most strongly and decidedly against all sorts of religious establishments in any degree connected with the state, and a conviction that the adoption of the voluntary principle—decidedly the best mode when mankind are prepared for it—is purely a question of time and the state of society. In the prospect of speedily revisiting my dear native land, I feel deeply and painfully the consciousness of my past want of firmness; and, that in consequence of it, when my heart would as warmly and sincerely sympathize as ever in the cause of religious freedom, and take as deep an interest as ever in the struggles that must secure its triumph, I seem cast out as unworthy to partake in the efforts and endeavours of those truly good men, who are labouring for freedom and truth, and in whose train, I deliberately declare, I would prefer being the meanest and humblest labourer, to the most splendid situation which this world can offer. I cannot better

describe my painful feelings, than by saying, that in consequence of going, as I thought, too far at first, there was an unavoidable reaction in the other direction; and that I have never been quite able to see how in the present state of English society, we are to combine a suitable provision for the religious instruction of all ranks with that unrestricted religious freedom, which can only be founded on the universal adoption of the voluntary principle. Give me your affectionate counsel and encouragement. I know that I have wanted that firmness which is based on steadily adhering to a first principle, and have allowed collateral considerations to overpower it; but I have not, I trust, to charge myself with self-interest and ambition; the sure progressive civilisation of the whole human race has been constantly in my view, and this may have eclipsed for the time a due regard to the interests of truth—though if creeds were done away with, truth might prosper more, in the present state of society, under some permanent provision for religious teachers than in leaving them entirely to the bounty of their hearers. Often, in thinking how I have wanted firmness, and how I may thereby have done injury to my own means of usefulness, and the credit of that great cause with which I am professionally connected, have I thought of those words of our Lord to Peter—"Simon, I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." So, my dear friend and brother, pray for me!—My wife, and children, and sister are, thank God, quite well. They are

all blessings ; but I have not the heart to enjoy them, and the other mercies of God, as they deserve.

TO THE MOSLEY STREET CONGREGATION, *Manchester.*

Göttingen, Oct. 14, 1834.

* * * And now, my dear friends, allow me once more to thank you from my heart for the very kind manner in which you have acceded to my wish of spending a few months in study at a foreign university : my heart's proudest wish and hope is that you as well as myself may ultimately derive benefit from it. It was *mental*, far more than *bodily* health, which I wanted ; —my mind was agonised with the consciousness of wavering and vacillation in the application of a great principle. Yet to some recession from the position which in a moment of excitement I had assumed, I felt myself compelled by the course which things seemed to be taking. My final aim and my fundamental principles are precisely the same that they were ; I merely think that time and circumstances, and the actual position of parties, and the state of society of England must enter more largely as elements into any attempt to carry them into effect, than many truly upright men are willing to admit. My worst error was ever acting with the movement party on the great Dissenting question : with my habits of mind and feeling I was not capable of acting consistently with them. For having first joined, and afterwards abandoned them, I feel that an apology is due from

me to them, for they acted handsomely and candidly towards me; and for having done so, I take a large share of blame and humiliation to myself. All these circumstances have deeply affected my mind and depressed my spirits for many months past. Change of scene, and application to pursuits which I love and to which I am by nature fitted, will restore the peace and vigour of my mind. Indeed, I feel better already. The advancement of human civilisation, including in that word, all the great moral and social interests of man, is the cause of all others dearest to my heart. It was because I thought that cause might be delayed by too precipitate an enforcement even of principles which I still hold to be theoretically just, that I have been driven into these perplexities which have caused me deeper sorrow and uneasiness than I ever experienced before in the course of a life to the happiness of which my connection with you, my dearest friends, has so largely contributed. To renew that connection once more, and, in fulfilling its sacred duties, to consecrate my humble measure of knowledge and ability—a measure which it will be my unceasing object to increase during my present period of separation from you—to the promotion of the improvement and happiness of my fellow-creatures, is an object to which of all others I look forward with the greatest interest in futurity. I will write to you regularly once a month, but as the condition of my fulfilling that promise, I must beg that you will let me hear periodically in return (through my excellent friend, your

secretary, Mr. R. Nicholson) of your continued health and happiness. I shall not be happy without some tidings of your well-being, and of the changes which time makes in all human societies. Your kind expressions of regard are a source of the greatest comfort to me ; and I rely on them with the greatest confidence. Farewell, dear friends, for a season. You are never long absent from my thoughts, and the wish to promote your improvement and to return in any degree the kindness which I have constantly experienced from one and all of you, will be a motive with me to improve to the utmost every opportunity of knowledge and information which is here afforded me. That the blessing of God may rest on you and on your families, and strengthen your hearts with a better peace than this world can bestow, is the affectionate prayer, my dear friends, of your ever faithful and affectionate pastor.

TO MISS AGNES EWART.

Göttingen, Oct. 17, 1834.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

Among the circumstances which contributed to make my temporary removal from my dear English friends exceedingly painful to me, none, you will believe me, more deeply affected me than the prospect which I could not but entertain, of never more seeing in this world, one whom I loved and honoured so sincerely as your late dear and excellent mother.—If you ask me which of all the doctrines of Christianity I hold to be the most important, the root from which all the

others spring—that which is most clearly set forth in the teachings of our Lord, and furnishes the best criterion by which others less distinctly announced must be measured and judged, I say without hesitation the free mercy, and essential love of our Heavenly Father. Of this I consider the whole life and ministry of Jesus to be one unceasing expression; and the repentance to which he called his disciples, and the humility and faith which he inculcated, and the immortality which he promised, to be nothing more than the necessary requirements,—the natural, but at the same time undeserved, and most glorious consummation. Let your mind rest on the delightful assurance—that God is Love; and suffer it not to be perplexed with any doctrinal subtleties, which do not flow from, and cannot be made consistent with, that fundamental doctrine of the Gospel. In the purity and simplicity of that faith you will find light to your understanding amidst all the abstruseness and mystery of human creeds, and refreshment and strength to your heart, under the heaviest burdens which Providence may ever permit to rest upon it.—I have the prospect of spending a very agreeable and improving winter in Göttingen. My friends have kindly furnished me with introductions to several of the Professors. Amongst these I have been favoured with two to Blumenbach, known, as you are aware, all over the world as a physiologist. I have had the honour twice of spending some time with him in his study. He is a very old man, upwards of eighty, the patriarch of the University; but when he is well, which he was not the last time I saw him, full of

vivacity and humour, and fond of talking about England and English people. He has a very valuable little Museum adjoining his study, which he was kind enough to show us—containing indeed many remarkable things—but chiefly curious as exhibiting a great collection of skulls, scientifically arranged by himself to illustrate his division of the varieties of the human race. Between the profile of a Brazilian cannibal, which was hideously brutish with depressed forehead and projecting teeth and jaws, and that of an old Greek skull, which he supposed to be some two or three thousand years old—the disparity was indeed truly wonderful.—His daughter is a remarkably agreeable person, and has been very kind in her attentions to us. In his drawing room is an elegant China vase, with a classical Latin inscription, presented to him by the citizens of his native town of Gotha, on his celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship in this University. Notwithstanding his advanced age the old man still lectures, during the session, every morning at eight o'clock.

TO S. ROBINSON, ESQ.

Göttingen, November 2nd, 1834.

DEAR ROBINSON,

I little thought when I last parted with you in Manchester, that our next intercourse would be by letter and across the water, you in England and I in Germany. But so it is; and thinking you might like to hear some tidings of me, and wishing moreover to

give myself a claim to a letter from you, I have resolved, now that we are comfortably domesticated for the winter in this place, to make you one of my media of communication with my dear friends in England. We like Göttingen, as a place, much better than from the accounts we had previously received of it, we had reason to expect. The town is clean and tolerably well built, surrounded by a pleasant walk on the ancient ramparts, which commands an excellent view of the adjoining country, which, without being striking or romantic, is, still varied and pleasing; and the air is remarkably salubrious; contagious disease is scarcely known—the cholera has never been here; and many of the professors are men of very advanced age. One of these, Professor Blumenbach, we have the good fortune to know, and have paid him and his family three or four very agreeable visits. The mode of living is remarkably simple here, and there is very little gaiety; though a theatre has just been opened, which creates quite a sensation in this little place. The hours are very early; many lectures begin at eight o'clock, and the common dining hour is twelve. The habits of the professors in general are remarkably domestic and retired, but one or two evenings which we have spent with them and their families we found very pleasant, and we expect to enjoy some agreeable society during the winter. I must not, however, proceed in this desultory manner, or I shall fill my paper without giving you any regular and orderly account of the University and my connection with it. It is really surprising, how

very simple and inexpensive the whole apparatus of this eminently learned Institution is. No public edifice is connected with it, except the Library which fills a large building, and from its admirable arrangement, originally carried into effect by Heyne, is the pride of the place—and one Common Hall, under a wing of the library, where the prizes are distributed, and where the professors assemble on public occasions. There are between forty and fifty *ordinary* professors, distributed into the four families of theology, jurisprudence, medicine, and philosophy (which last comprehends everything that can be taught or lectured upon from Mathematics to Belles Lettres), besides *extraordinary* professors, and a great number of private teachers. Each of the ordinary professors receives a salary from the Government, varying from about £100 to £200, or between that and £300 per annum, and derives the remainder of his emoluments from the fees of the students, or from the profits of publications to which many of them devote a considerable portion of their time. There is nothing here of the pomp and display of an University ; no outward marks of discipline, no academic costume—none, I mean, that is required by the laws—though the students may always be recognized by their frock coats, their moustaches, which are an universal appendage, even the theologians wearing them, and their caps of various hue, scarlet, blue, green, or brown—according to the nation to which they belong—Hanoverian, or Brunswicker, or the Society to which they have attached themselves. The

full number of students has not yet arrived, but upon the whole, I am better pleased with their appearance than I expected. They are not for the most part what would be considered in England, very gentleman-like in their appearance, and nothing like a dandy have I yet seen ; but they are nevertheless a fine and intelligent looking set of young men, varying in their ages from about 18 to 23. I am told, they are very fond of duelling, though it is forbidden by the laws of the University. Their weapon is a long sword, and sounds very formidable ; but I believe, they do not often materially hurt themselves, though sometimes a small piece of the nose, or cheek, or eyebrow is sliced off.—I have attended one lecture, and found to my satisfaction, that I was able to understand it sufficiently well to write out a short analysis of it in the evening. The professors lecture generally in their own houses, in a room fitted up for the purpose, and called *Auditorium*, which is generally written in large characters on the door. Nothing can be plainer or homelier than these rooms—no vaulted roofs, antique pillars or storied windows ; those which I have seen, for neatness and embellishment, would be completely eclipsed by the accommodation in most of our larger Sunday-schools, and the Common Hall at York is quite a splendid piece of architecture in comparison with them. The *quid utile* they have attended to in them, but not the *quid pulchrum*. A common chamber, with a large stove in the middle, which makes it insufferably hot, filled with deal benches and deal

desks—just such as we use in our Sunday-schools—and cut, scrawled and scribbled all over with likenesses of the professor in every conceivable variety of attitude, and with every conceivable variety of expression, these constitute the Auditorium, in which from a plain desk, raised a little above the level of their hearers, men of the greatest learning and ability pour forth daily all the accumulated treasures of years of the severest study and most intense thought. The professor whom I heard lecture yesterday—Gieseler—appeared a few minutes after the appointed hour, from a door at the back of his pulpit—just as he came from his study—in a grey morning gown, and with his hair in a state of most admired disorder. The standard of learning here is very high. Gieseler is one of the most eminent ecclesiastical historians in Germany, inferior only to Neander of Berlin. I called on him a few days ago, to take a ticket for his course on the history of the first ages of Christianity; and though I had no letter of introduction to him, he received me very courteously, entered into conversation with me, and expressing much interest and curiosity about the religious state of England, requested me frequently to call on him. Our dialogue was of a very motley description, being carried on in German, in which I can only just express myself, and French, which he speaks not much better than I German, and when both failed, in Latin, which he speaks, as well as most of the theologians and philologists here, with great fluency. The facilities which are afforded to strangers for the use of the admirable

library are of the most liberal kind, and exhibit a mortifying contrast to the useless seclusion in which many of our great libraries in England are immured. Education, too, is very cheap. The regular *honorarium* or fee for the semester is one Louis d'or, 17s: for this small sum I have the privilege of attending for one hour five or six days in the week the lectures on Greek antiquities of Ottfried Müller, one of the first scholars and most learned historians in Europe, illustrated, too (though unfortunately not in his winter course), with a gallery of casts from the antique. The professors whose lectures I mean to attend, are Gieseler on Ecclesiastical History, every morning (except Sunday) at eight o'clock; then from nine to ten Ottfried Müller on Greek antiquities, and again from ten to eleven, his lectures on Pindar, which I believe are chiefly exegetical, and contain a great mass of historical and mythological matter; and then from two to three, Professor Ewald, who, I am told, is rising rapidly into reputation as one of the first Orientalists in Germany, on the Archæology of the Old Testament, and the history of the Jews. If I attend any other, it will be Heeren, though his lectures this semester are on a period of history about which I am not immediately interested. When the vessel can only hold a certain quantity, there is no use in turning a great number of cocks into it; those which I have already opened will be more than sufficient to fill my little urn; nor can I sufficiently express my gratitude to my friends for affording me the opportunity of devoting a few months to quiet

study and reflection, which I feel to be already bringing back health and cheerfulness to my mind,—and of profiting by the lectures of men of such distinguished eminence. I have experienced the greatest kindness and attention from the professors to whom I brought letters of introduction, and the others to whom they have introduced me. I have been much pleased with Müller, to whom I was introduced by Professor Benecke. He is a young man between thirty and forty apparently — of pleasing countenance and manners, simple and unaffected in his conversation. I have called on him twice; and the last time he very kindly requested me to consult him, at the close of his lecture, if ever I wished for further information or experienced any difficulties. There are about four or five English students here. I am acquainted with but one of them, an amiable young man, a protégé of the Duke of Sussex, who was introduced to me by Professor Blumenbach. We are all in good health, the air agrees perfectly well with all of us; and we like everything except the cooking, which is very bad; so that there is no temptation to excess, I can assure you, in that way.—We have been greatly pleased with Professor Hausmann, to whom Mr. Yates gave me a letter of introduction. He is Professor of Mineralogy, so that he is quite out of my beat. But I am told he is very distinguished in his particular department; and he is certainly one of the most amiable men both in manners and appearance I almost ever saw. He was very intimate both with Heyne and

Niebuhr, and I heard many interesting anecdotes from him relative to both of these eminent men, the other evening, which we spent most agreeably with him and his family. It is quite true that Niebuhr's death was accelerated, if not entirely produced, by the strong hold which the tidings of the Parisian and Belgian revolutions took of his very ardent and excitable imagination, which pictured to itself a long series of social calamities and the retrogradation of civilisation as the consequence of these events. Heyne appears to have been a most estimable and excellent man in all the private relations of life, of immense industry, and indefatigable in his exertions to promote the prosperity and raise the fame of Göttingen. So various were the departments of his labour that, at his death, the offices which he filled were divided among no fewer than six or seven different individuals.—Professor Hausmann is acquainted with many of my friends—the Taylors of London and others—and was in Manchester a year or two ago, when he called on Dr. Henry, but did not find him at home. The way I converse is this; I request my friends to speak to me wholly in German, which I can now almost entirely understand; I make my reply in French and sometimes in English (when the party understands it, which is mostly the case), and then introduce into this current of French or English as much German as my growing knowledge and experience enable me to master. It is unfortunate that we are so large a party constantly speaking English with one another. Had we been in a German

family, which is not the mode of accommodating strangers here, we should have learned to speak much more rapidly.—Pray write to me at your leisure, and tell me of your own health, your own views, undertakings and interests, and everything that is now going on in busy and agitated England, a scene so different from this quiet retreat of the Muses. Give our united kindest regard to all our dear English friends, and to all who may inquire concerning us.

TO THE MOSLEY STREET CONGREGATION.

Göttingen, November 16, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I promised to write to you once every month; and though I never was fond of letter writing, I can with perfect sincerity assure you that I feel the discharge of this periodical duty, anything but irksome and unpleasant. I am now completely settled for the winter, my time arranged—my studies entered on; and my life as regular and as peaceful as can well be conceived. I will give you first of all a short account of our situation and employments—of our acquaintance here, and of our opinion concerning what we have yet seen of German manners and society. Living here is a good deal cheaper than in England. We have taken a very clean and comfortable lodging, though rather small, consisting of two sitting-rooms, three small chambers, furnished, and with a bed in one of the sitting-rooms, and servant's attendance, for about £8

for six months. We are provided with dinner from an eating-house, which is the usual plan here at lodging-houses in Göttingen, and for the small sum of £1. 7s per month, the whole family is plentifully supplied with two or three kinds of meat and vegetables, and some sort of pudding and pastry every day, the charge amounting to about 3d per head daily. I mention these slight particulars to point out the very great difference in the expense of living between this country and England. The Session, or, as it is here called, the Semester, of the University, for the winter has commenced. I suppose there may be about seven or eight hundred students in the place; and the number of *ordinary*, i.e., regular and salaried professors amounts to nearly forty. Besides these there is a considerable number of *extraordinary* professors who have obtained permission from the Government to lecture on their own account; and a still greater number of private teachers in every department of knowledge. Owing to the great encouragement which all the German States give to their Universities, the rivalry between them, and the competition among men of letters and science to obtain situations in them (for a professorship of Germany is looked upon as one of the most honourable posts which a man can fill in society), the standard of exact learning is very high here, and every encouragement and facility is given to the pursuit and communication of knowledge. I cannot better describe this place than by saying that it is really a *working* University—there are no drones

in it, paid for doing nothing. The emoluments of the professors chiefly arise from their exertions, and every one seems to be engaged in good earnest in the pursuit of truth and improvement in his particular department. The library is of very great extent and admirably arranged. The catalogues alone (which are of three kinds, one for entering the recent purchases as they occur, a second alphabetical, and a third classified) occupy one side of a good sized room. The management and superintendence of it provides employment for eight or ten individuals for two or three hours every day. There is the greatest liberality with regard to letting out the books. The strictest form and regularity is observed in doing so, and very properly; an individual is permitted to have many works at a time at his lodgings; I have six or seven at present, and yet I believe the cases are very rare in which books are either lost or injured.—I was present last night at a sitting of the Royal Society of this University. A distinguished member had recently deceased—Tychsen, known as an Oriental scholar all over Europe—and a brief memoir of him was read in Latin by Professor Heeren; and afterwards by the same Professor in German, four short treatises on the earliest mention by ancient writers, and on the earliest introduction into ancient commerce of the following articles, the enumeration of which will amuse you: *Rhubarb, Betel, Opium, and Cashmere Shawls*.—The greater part of all this was lost on me. Heeren's voice is low and indistinct, and, to save time, he read with more than usual rapidity.

After this the Patriarch of the University, and *Vice-President* of the Society (for our King is President), old Professor Blumenbach—more than eighty years of age—gave an account in Latin, in a voice which is still almost stentorian, of the proceedings of the Society for the past year. One part of the business was rather amusing; a prize essay had been proposed in the course of the year; but neither of the attempts that had been made to execute it being deemed worthy of the prize, “*Hæc Vulcano tradamus,*” said the old man, taking hold of the sealed letters which contained the names of the unfortunate competitors, and in the presence of that august assembly they were consigned to the safe keeping of the Lemnian God.

TO REV. BENJAMIN CARPENTER.

Göttingen, December 8th, 1834.

MY DEAR CARPENTER,

Thank you most sincerely for your last kind letter, which came most acceptably, along with six others; after we had heard nothing for a long time and were beginning to feel uneasy. But all the communications from dear England were so kind, so friendly, in all respects so truly satisfactory, that we were all put into spirits by them, and have felt better ever since. You will like to know how I am employing my time. I am not idle; and now that I am beginning, I hope permanently and fixedly, to recover my spirits and the tone of my mind, I enjoy more than I can express this

quiet respite from active duty, and cannot be too grateful to my friends for allowing me to enjoy it, or too diligent to make the best use of it, while it is mine. The two subjects to which I chiefly confine my attention (excepting a little of the lighter literature of the Germans, by way of recreation) are Greek history and antiquities, and Ecclesiastical history, both with a practical view to some future plans of my own. I will tell you what lectures I attend, and give you some account, in connection with each, of the professor who delivers them. At eight o'clock every morning (except Sunday) I attend a lecture by Professor Gieseler on Ecclesiastical History. This subject is very much cultivated at the present day in Germany, and in a very learned and philosophical spirit. Neander, of Berlin, a pupil of the late Schleiermacher's, is perhaps the most eminent in this department; two volumes, if not more, of his Ecclesiastical History have been translated into English. I do not know whether you have seen them; if not, they are well worth reading. Some time ago, I read that part of the German work which relates to *Gnosticism*, and was much pleased with the clearness and precision, with which it treated of a very obscure and complicated subject. By the bye, I should tell you that this *Neander*, who is now a very eminent Christian theologian, is a converted Jew—a native of this place, and was here baptized. He took the name Neander on that occasion, in allusion to his change—*νεος ανηρ*—when he put off the *old* man and put on the *new*. He belongs to the new school of German the-

ology, of which Schleiermacher is usually considered the founder, and the distinguishing peculiarity of which is a reaction against the old *rationalist* school. I have not been able to understand exactly the precise characteristics of this new school; but I apprehend it is marked by a tendency towards what we should call orthodoxy. But *orthodoxy* here is not what it too often is with us. It is learned, tolerant, and comprehensive. But I have forgotten, in this digression, my own teacher, Dr. Gieseler. He stands next in eminence to Neander; and his lectures are very learned, instructive, and perspicuous, both in their arrangement and in their statement of facts. The Germans are exceedingly systematic in their mode of teaching, and proceed entirely by the *synthetic* method. It is this union of logical precision, with the depth and multifariousness of their reading, which gives them such advantage over the French and English in those profound philological and philosophical researches, which have procured them such merited distinction all over Europe. The same method is pursued very nearly by all the professors in handling their several subjects. As a sample, I will describe to you the way in which Gieseler distributed his materials. First, came the definition of the subject—the idea of a *Church* in *general*, and of the *Christian Church* in *particular*. Then followed a view of all the preparatory and accessory branches of knowledge, which are indispensable to the correct study of Ecclesiastical History; afterwards a very full account of what is called the *literature*—what we should

rather call the *bibliography*—of the subject, *i.e.* an account of the sources from which information is to be obtained, with critical notices of their nature and value ; and lastly, the whole course was distributed into general and subordinate heads, and minor divisions. The student has thus set before him a general view of the nature and extent of the field on which he is entering, and is prepared to encounter clearly and orderly the several divisions, as they successively occur. Gieseler has published the two first volumes of a very excellent introduction to Ecclesiastical History, which is more than usually valuable from its giving at length in the original language, in the notes, the various passages on which the conclusions in the text are founded ; and as these passages are drawn from sources to which many a private student has not access they are of great use to him, as enabling him in many cases to form an independent opinion of his own. In most works the result only is given in the text, and the passages merely referred to. I always write after the Professor during the lecture. I found this at first a difficult task ; but I am now able to do it pretty well. After every lecture I compare what I have written with the corresponding section of Gieseler's Introduction.—At eleven I always walk with Hannah and Elizabeth and the children, till dinner-time, which is at twelve ; and I have occasionally mounted a fierce-looking white long-tailed horse, which whisks round his tail when he is smitten, in the manner I once described to you—with a sort of rotatory motion on its own axis—and

away I scamper in a pace between a trot and a canter for a mile or two into the country ; but on the whole I prefer walking, and I think it does me more good. We have, moreover, the opportunity of hearing every day on the ramparts, between eleven and twelve, a most delightful military band. At half-past one I go to the news-room and get a cup of most excellent coffee for 1½*d*, and read Galignani's Messenger, which contains the pith of all the English papers, so that I know what you are doing in England, and shall be heartily glad when you are well-rid of his Grace.* At two I go to another lecture, on the Archæology of the Old Testament and the History of the Jews, by Professor Ewald. I am exceedingly pleased with Ewald and his lectures.—He was a favourite pupil of the late Eichhorn's, whose department he now fills ; and though he has written and done so much, he is not older than myself. Moreover, he is not a *mere* philologist, there is a spirit of philosophy in his lectures, which makes them very interesting—as he converges the various lights of his attainments to illustrate the origin and connection of the manners and institutions of the infancy of mankind. He is remarkably amiable and unaffected in his manners—in countenance a little resembling James Martineau ; but with a softer expression. I frequently call on him on a Sunday, when he is disengaged, and find him very kind and communicative. I should much like to have a few lectures *privatissimé* with him ; but he is very *chary* of his time. He did us the honour last

* The Duke of Wellington.

night to come and take tea with us. Hannah and Elizabeth were much pleased with him, though he speaks only German or Latin.—Hannah and I have a lesson in German from five to six, and that concludes the business of the day. The regularity, the peacefulness, and the gentle excitement of this kind of life has done me more good than anything else could have done. I am in my element ; I feel myself employed in laying up the means of future usefulness ; and this consideration is tranquillising, and fitted to make me happy. Pray let us hear very soon of my dear Mother's cough, which always attacks her in the winter. I have left myself very little room. We rely on seeing you and Emily on the Rhine in the summer.

TO THE MOSLEY STREET CONGREGATION.

Göttingen, January 18th, 1835.

* *—I am sometimes—looking from this quiet retreat upon the great changes that are in preparation among you in England—tempted to wish, if the wish did not seem to imply dissatisfaction with the particular order of events ordained by Providence, that the common mind of our beloved country had been training herself for them by the previous discipline and education of half a century. But nothing of this kind was to be expected from the dominant party ; their object was to preserve a monopoly of intellectual light and refinement, and we must be content therefore to

accept our social regeneration on the best terms we can. Our course, however, would have been plainer and smoother had more enlightenment, particularly on moral and religious subjects, been previously diffused through the mass of our population. I see clearly that in the present state of opinion, there will be almost invincible obstacles to many schemes of social improvement in the excessive spirit of sectarianism, prejudice and bigotry, which subsists among us. Germany, cut up into a number of small feudal states, and crushed by the weight of the two great powers of Prussia and Austria, wants the spirit and the confidence which a sense of national strength and unity inspires, and is at least a century behind England in the course of political freedom and improvement, but she is decidedly before us in the wide diffusion and great accessibility of her means of diffusing a higher education among the people—in the zeal and the pride with which she cherishes in her bosom, as a distinct and highly honoured class, a great number of active and laborious men, whose sole object is the pursuit of truth and the extension of knowledge in all the departments of intellectual exertion—and in that freedom from narrow prejudice, that impartial and truth seeking spirit which characterises her educated classes; and when the day of her political regeneration shall arrive—and arrive it must for her and for all the nations of the earth—it is my belief, that she will reap the benefit of all these things in finding herself furnished with the means of placing the moral and religious education of her popu-

lation on a solid and comprehensive basis, and in being able to effect the changes that may be required without risking the sacrifice of an *intellectual* to a purely *material* civilisation. The Universities are the centres of light and intelligence in Germany ; from them the spirit of liberality is diffused through the middle classes, and owing to the great freedom of teaching which up to this time they have generally enjoyed, as well as to the extraordinary zeal with which philosophical and historical studies have been pursued in them, they are well fitted to exert a most powerful influence on the state of public opinion. I have sometimes, when listening to a lecture in which the most important religious and historical questions have been handled with the greatest freedom and impartiality, and, as far as I could perceive, with the sincerest desire to arrive at a true result, almost unconsciously looked round upon the lecture room filled with intelligent young men all busily occupied in recording the facts or the reasonings delivered by the Professor, and secretly rejoiced in the thought that all this could not be without effect for futurity, and that seeds were here being scattered in the ripening minds of the present generation from which, diffused through the various walks of civil or religious life, wherever the German tongue is spoken, a fairer form of moral and intellectual civilisation may be expected to arise. The learned in Germany are very tenacious of that unlimited freedom of teaching which most of their Universities have hitherto pursued, though in some it has been abridged

by the jealousy of the Governments. Göttingen has always enjoyed a most honourable pre-eminence in this respect: a Professor is appointed to a particular department, and he has no other duty than to seek for the truth in it with all the zeal in his power. When the foundation of the University of Berlin was contemplated, the late Schleiermacher, one of the most distinguished men that Germany has produced, wrote a pamphlet on the German Universities, in which he laid particular stress on the perfect freedom of teaching, as the vital point in their constitution. The despotic powers, which are hostile to the political advancement of Germany, are well aware that their danger lies here, and measures for regulating the Universities are, I believe, at this moment under the consideration of the Germanic Diet. God grant that whatever is levelled at the free and unfettered development of the human mind in the pursuit of truth and good may utterly fail of effect, and that the approaching triumph of liberal principles in England—the natal soil of freedom—may aid the same struggling and righteous cause abroad. The same questions of religious liberty, the means of best providing for the moral and spiritual training of the people, and of the connection between Church and State which excite so much interest in England, are rife also here, and I perpetually hear them discussed; and the religious state of our country, the relative position of the Church and the Dissenters, excite no little attention and are frequent subjects of inquiry from me. The Germans embrace every topic

in the universality of their researches—nothing comes amiss or seems foreign to them. I read an Article in a periodical, published at Leipsic, the other day, on the reform of the Church of England, in which the course to be pursued was laid down with as much exactness and zeal as if the author had been a member of it and personally interested in the settlement of the question ; and I heard not long ago a really able and impartial lecture on the same subject by Professor Gieseler, in a course which he is now delivering on the Ecclesiastical history of Europe during the last twenty years. I have always stated that I am myself a Dissenter, belonging to the English Presbyterian communion and holding Unitarian opinions, but friendly to such a reform of the Church as would adjust it to the present wants and feelings of society and make it really serviceable in the instruction of the people. The Church of England is in no high repute among the learned theologians of Germany. It is literally true that the mention of “our Episcopal Church,” as they call it, almost universally raises a smile on the countenance of the speaker. Its excessive and ill-distributed wealth, its sinecures and pluralities, its rigid and immoveable orthodoxy, its obstinate resistance to the light that should break in upon it from the progress which knowledge and liberality are making in the world, its political character and its close involution with the aristocracy, are subjects of universal censure and astonishment, and not the less so from the remembrance which is here gratefully cherished of the services which it rendered in its

better days to the cause of theology and literature, and from the knowledge of the extraordinary resources which it possesses, if properly applied, for the promotion of the deepest learning. On the other hand, I have not yet met with a single individual, and I have talked with numbers of the purest and most liberal opinions on the subject, who goes the length of that party among the Dissenters in England who would throw the entire support of religion on what is called the voluntary principle. The state of things which exists in America is not in harmony with the feelings of the German mind on the subject of religion; the multiplicity of sects, their zeal about minor points, their contempt of form and authority, and their hostility to each other, are utterly distasteful to the love of repose and social unity, of inward devotion and contemplative seriousness which is so characteristic of the Germans; and although this multiplicity and diversity are a proof of great outward freedom, yet all the Germans with whom I have conversed seem to regard it as a state of things unfriendly to the unbiassed pursuit and candid reception of the truth. In a book of De Wette's which I was recently reading, there is a chapter devoted expressly to this subject. He considers the support of religion by voluntary contributions to be most in accordance with the spirit of religion, and to be the best and worthiest mode when mankind are sufficiently advanced in knowledge and the Christian spirit; but that in the preliminary stages of moral civilisation, facilities must be afforded by

means of endowments for the prosecution of perfectly free inquiry and the support of sound learning, as the basis of a truly comprehensive system of Christian education. The feeling here is that, except where the community is already cultivated and enlightened, the making of a religious teacher entirely dependent on the free contributions of his hearers is unfavourable to the perfect freedom and independence of his conduct, and, especially where sectarian differences exist in the community, may lead him to place undue force on dogmatic distinctions as a means of keeping up the interest and numbers of his own flock. As far as I can judge, what is desired by those who are most solicitous for ecclesiastical reform (and the call for it is strong and increasing and among the most learned men), is to separate religion completely from the State as a political engine (indeed, at present, the connection is much less close and pernicious than with us), to unite all Protestant Churches together by some simple bond of outward communion which may further serve as a tie of national unity, and to regulate the affairs of outward order and discipline, leaving freedom of teaching unrestricted, by district and provincial synods, composed of laymen and clergymen, who should thus represent the general feeling of the community and constitute one great spiritual republic. There are, no doubt, differences of opinion on the subject, but these I believe are the views of Schleiermacher, and these led him to promote with such earnestness the union of the Reformed and the Lutheran Churches ;

they are the views of Neander, the celebrated Church historian of Berlin; and they are the same which I have heard expressed by Professor Lücke of this place. The great object of these men is to bring about a national unity by freedom of inquiry and the promotion of sound theological knowledge; and when Schleiermacher towards the close of his life discouraged mootng the question of the removal of the Augsburg Confession in order to make way for some more comprehensive and Scriptural symbol, which he was very severely condemned for doing, I believe the reason of his conduct may be found in the fact that he believed the Theological world was not yet sufficiently advanced towards this national unity to afford any probability of immediate success to the attempt, and that in the meantime he was anxious to promote to the utmost the prosecution of Theological learning and inquiry as the only sure means of ultimately bringing it about. It is an advantage in visiting a foreign country that one is led to see subjects long familiar to the mind in new lights. I give the views which I have here described as faithfully as I can record the impressions which have at different times been made upon me; but you must recollect these are merely the impressions of an individual, within a comparatively narrow circle of observation and intercourse, and who may have misapprehended things which he has heard, and I give them, too, without pronouncing any opinion of my own on their justness. I know no surer way of falling into error than making up one's mind too

hastily and too peremptorily on every point, and on the whole compass and bearing, of a complicated question, especially in its relation to the moral wants of a foreign country. Our expressed opinions at every moment should be exactly proportioned to the extent of our knowledge and the strength of our convictions, and so advancing step by step, we must let the whole truth gradually break in upon the mind. One great distinction between the state of religious feeling in England and Germany is this—that in Germany, the tendency is to union in religion; with us, on the contrary, to ever-increasing *division* and *separation*. If I attempt to account for this difference, I know not whether it will be flattering to my own country;—in Germany the discussion of religious dogmas—of all that is here peculiarly called scientific theology—as opposed to the religion of life and feeling, is left almost wholly in the hands of learned and philosophical men, who know the difficulties which attend them, and learn charity and forbearance from that experience. In England every little sect has a dogma of its own, and is generally positive and intolerant in proportion to its ignorance. The liberal spirit prevalent on religious subjects in this country extends beyond the limits of the Protestant Church. Two Catholic clergymen are at this day among the most learned cultivators of Theology in Germany. I must mention another instance of this spirit which lately came to my knowledge. A book of practical religion called *Andachtstunden—Hours of Devotion* (I believe Mr. Robberds has

it), has had perhaps an unparalleled circulation among all classes of readers in Germany. It is written in the most Catholic spirit, adapted to Christians of every communion, by insisting only on those points which are common to all believers and which constitute the power and comfort of their common faith in Christ. The work was published in weekly numbers at Aarau in Switzerland, and for a long time the author was unknown, but it has since been found that he was a Roman Catholic clergyman who died lately in the Canton of Freyburg. What do our English Protestants mean when they assert that there is no Christianity in Catholicism? Not that I mean to assert that the difference between it and Protestantism is not important, or is to be overlooked either in controversy or in practice. It is to be remarked, that in the efforts which Schleiermacher and others have made to bring about a national unity in religion, they did not recognise any authority in Government to decree a religion for the people, but rather aided to produce it by first creating, through the diffusion of knowledge and the reception of first principles, a general agreement among the people themselves respecting essentials: the union was to be effected not by a compulsory force from *above* but by a voluntary consent from *below*, so that it should be the natural expression of the unity of the national mind. The view is original and deserves consideration.

TO REV. J. KENRICK.

Göttingen, Feb. 16th, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

I hope you have not considered me too slow in thanking you for the very valuable letters of introduction, which have opened to me a most agreeable and instructive intercourse with several of the Professors of Göttingen. Before I wrote to you, I wished to have seen enough of the University to be able to form some opinion of it, as also to furnish, if possible, any information as to what is now doing here, and elsewhere in Germany, in history and ancient literature that might be interesting to you. In the course of the fifteen years that have elapsed since you were here, Göttingen has lost some distinguished names.—Eichhorn, and in the course of the present semester, Tychsen, of whom I have heard Heeren read a Latin memoir in one of the meetings of the Royal Society, with a copy of which he has since presented me. Nevertheless, their place has been supplied by some men whose established, or rising, reputation fully sustains the ancient character of Göttingen for deep and accurate learning. I presume Ottfried Müller may be placed foremost amongst these. I attend two of his courses, on Greek Antiquities and on Pindar. At first, I was mortified to find that I had more difficulty in following him than any of the Professors, owing to the thickness of his utterance, and the fire and rapidity of his delivery; but that difficulty has now vanished, and I have great interest in listening to him. His prelections discover a most

extensive range of literature ; if any thing, they are rather too detailed for the general student. I have, however, derived a great deal of instruction and many new ideas from them. His view of Grecian history is very interesting. Considering Grecian civilization to have been purely of native growth, he regards its history as the most complete image which the world has yet seen of the progressive unfolding and perfection of a national existence within itself, and through the organic exercise, if I may so express myself, of its inherent powers—and therefore a noble and instructive subject of philosophical contemplation. Though the semester is now two-thirds over, we have not advanced further than the ninth Olympian Ode, and I fear we shall only just reach the Pythian. The time till Christmas was wholly occupied with an Introduction to Pindar, and the choral poetry of the Greeks. Heeren I do not hear, as he only reads on Statistics this semester. His reputation has a little declined, and Dahlmann, who reads on Politics and Modern History and succeeded Sartorius, has greatly diminished the number of his hearers. I have not heard of anything new in the department with which you are now more immediately engaged, Egyptian history and antiquities. I am not aware that it is a subject occupying the attention of any of the Professors here at present. You probably know that a new edition of Herodotus is now coming out at Leipsic, of which, I believe, three volumes have already appeared, under the care of Bachr of Heidelberg. The application was first made

to Creuzer, but not being willing to undertake the task himself he handed over the collections he had made illustrative of Herodotus to Baehr. I have seen the first volume of the work in the Library. The editor states in the preface, that it has been his object to employ the researches of modern travellers and antiquarians, in order to throw light on the text of his author,—in which respect I presume his object and yours are the same. In his notes on the second book, he frequently refers to Ritter's *Erdkunde*, of which I have heard Professor Hausmann speak, as the best work on Geography that has yet appeared. Ritter is Professor of Geography at Berlin, and only those parts of his work which treat of Africa and Asia have yet been published.—Ottfried Müller has just published a second edition of his *Handbuch der Archæologie der Kunst*, in which he has brought down the literature of Egyptian Art to the close of the year 1833, and in which he says, in his preface, that, up to that period, he has consulted and used every work on Archæology, the knowledge of which had reached Göttingen. Heeren still continues his favourite researches into ancient trade and commerce. He very kindly gave me to-day two Dissertations read before the Society, which have been printed—One, “*De Ceylone Insula per viginti fere secula communi terrarum mariumque australium emporio*,”—the other, “*Commercia urbis Palmyræ, etc. mon. et inscrip. illustrata*.”—One of the most rising men here in Oriental literature, and who fills the chair once occupied by Eichhorn, is Ewald. He is quite young,

but has already acquired a high reputation by what he has written on the Sanscrit, the Arabic, and the Hebrew. He has just published the second edition of his smaller Hebrew Grammar, which, I am told, decidedly surpasses that of Gesenius. A young Englishman here of the name of Nicholson, is about to translate it into English. I attend Ewald's lectures on the Archæology of the Old Testament. His matter is interesting and instructive,—but his voice and mode of delivery are very bad. A lecture of Gieseler's, who succeeded Planck, on Ecclesiastical History every morning,—and of Lücke's, who succeeded Staüdlinn, four afternoons in the week on the *Kritik* and *Herme-
neutik* of the New Testament, complete with those I have already mentioned, the circle of my academic engagements. Lücke is a follower and great admirer of Schleiermacher. He is a very amiable, gentleman-like man, but I do not particularly admire him as a lecturer. He is decidedly opposed to the old rationalist school of Eichhorn and Paulus; but what his own views are on the subject of supernaturalism I do not know. It is singular enough that Schleiermacher is claimed by both parties as their own. I suppose he belonged to neither. The idea has sometimes floated dimly across my mind, without being very distinctly defined—that the distinction between the *rationalists* and those who, without being *supernaturalists* in our English sense of the term, are yet *anti-rationalists*, is somewhat akin to that which separates the old *pragmatic* mythologists from such historical investigators as

Niebuhr. The intimate connection, the moral sympathy, if I may so say, which subsists between the common and the miraculous narratives of the Gospel, renders it a hopeless task to think of separating one from the other by a mere act of critical dissection, which was Eichhorn's method,—or by the equally fruitless and still less rational attempt of Paulus to explain away the miraculous into the natural. The two elements have grown up together,—they draw their vitality from a common root,—and must have had their origin in a common point of view ; the real difficulty of the case—the real question to be decided—is whether we must look for that origin in a simply *historical*, or in a deeper *psychological* source. I do not presume myself to form an opinion ; I have not the data on which to ground it ; and the hint itself, which I should not venture to express except to one who has thought long and deeply on these subjects, I throw out with extreme diffidence and caution. It is certainly remarkable to notice to what an extent in some Christian sects, the spirit of pure mythology has modified the historical groundwork of Christianity. In some of the Gnostic systems, for example, the historical reality of Christ's character is almost sublimed away into a mere abstraction. Could we not confront these systems with the pure Gospel, we should almost doubt whether such a being had ever really existed. Professor Thilo of Halle, has announced a work on the mythology of Christianity.—Before I return home I hope to be able to spend a little time at Bonn, and to hear Welcker and Brandis. We leave

Göttingen, and with sincere regret, at the end of the semester, and shall probably visit Leipsic and Dresden on our way back to the Rhine. Should you find time to write me a line, or to charge me with any commission here or at Bonn, it will be a great pleasure to me to hear from you, or to do anything for you. We are all quite well, my wife, sister, and children enjoying themselves; and for myself I cannot be too grateful for the privilege I have enjoyed of spending some time in Germany. We have found most agreeable society in the families of Blumenbach, Hausmann, and Rehberg, the well known political and philosophical writer who has come to close his career in Göttingen.

TO REV. J. KENRICK.

Göttingen, February 23rd, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,

I avail myself of a private communication with England to send you another line. My reason for troubling you again is, that on calling to mind the hasty suggestion which I threw out at the close of my last letter, I fear I may so have expressed myself, for the letter was written at the close of the day when I was tired, as to give you a false impression of my own opinion on the subject. I was struck with the fact, that there seemed to be now a party in Germany, opposed to the old Rationalist School, without however, adopting that form of Supernaturalism which is almost universally embraced by believers in England.

From intimations which I had noticed in the writings of Schleiermacher and De Wette, I had imagined I could perceive in the form of their objections to the attempts made by Paulus and Eichhorn, to explain away the miraculous in the Christian history—something analogous to the reasonings by which the modern investigator of the connection between history and mythology has demonstrated the absurdity of the old fashioned *pragmatismus*. I have fancied since I wrote, that I may have left on your mind an impression that the views of the former writers, De Wette, &c., if I conceive them right, are satisfactory to my own mind. But that is not the fact. Sometimes in the course of inquiry, and with the ever shifting views that present themselves to the mind, one throws out suggestions hastily, at least I am too conscious of doing it, without thinking that perhaps they will be taken for our own deliberate opinion. Without denying that I feel some *historical* difficulties in the subject of miracles, though *logically* I feel none, (as who that believes in the universality of the divine agency, can feel?) my own conviction founded upon such knowledge as I at present possess, decidedly leads me to embrace every part of the Gospel narrative, the miraculous as well as the common, as an authentic historical whole, which alone satisfactorily explains the origin of the existence, the form and the present agency of Christianity. There seems to me less difficulty in this supposition than in any attempt, which I have yet seen, to separate, or explain away, the miraculous. Perhaps, with the pro-

gress of knowledge and inquiry, the general agency of the miraculous in the earlier stages of the moral civilization of mankind will receive a more complete elucidation than it has yet done. For myself, I am willing to leave the miraculous of Christianity in the obscurity in which it lies, not venturing to reject it, but taking it with awe, from its connection with the unspeakably excellent and glorious doctrines with whose earliest development it is so mysteriously interwoven. It is hardly, however, at the present day a perfect and final proof of the truth of Christianity, which must rest, I am inclined to think, on our inward sense of its adaptation to our moral and spiritual wants.—In Gnosticism, we certainly do see a most extraordinary development of a purely mythological spirit out of the historical basis of primitive Christianity. The idea has sometimes struck me that a careful study of these Gnostic systems might throw light on the psychological laws of mythology—as showing by what process, in certain states of intellectual and moral culture, the human mind blends and modifies pure historical elements into the form of a Mythos. The process, from its commencement, is in this case laid open to view. In all other cases, we have only one part of the process,—we have the *Mythic* development without the *historic* germ,—and we try, if possible, to find our way back through the intricacies of the *former* to something like a faint revival of the *latter*. I think Müller in his *Prolegomena* compares *scientific* mythology to a bridge, connecting the *mythos* with a *fact*. Now, have

we not in the history of Gnosticism the entire structure before our eyes—the pure historical fact in the original records of the Evangelists, and the final mythic development expanded in the systems of Bardesanes, Valentinus, and others? And may not the course which the human mind has followed in these mythological workings, throw light on the tendencies in other cases, when the entire process is not equally revealed,—especially as it was a heathen impulse that gave occasion to this metamorphosis of Christianity? Such a fancy has occasionally crossed my mind, but perhaps this, like many similar fancies which occur to unlearned men, would vanish away when it came to be tested by the accurate historical knowledge and philology of Germany. It would have more chance of succeeding in France. I do not know whether assistance could be afforded to such an inquiry by Neander's *Genetische Entwicklung der Gnostischen Systeme*, which I know only by name.—Excuse my having troubled you a second time with such speculations, and believe me, with the sincerest respect and obligation, very faithfully yours.

TO THE MOSLEY STREET CONGREGATION.

Göttingen, April 3rd, 1835.

DEAR FRIENDS,

This is the last letter which I shall write to you from Göttingen: on Monday we set out on our circuitous journey to Bonn, in the course of which we hope to

pass through and see something of Leipsig, Dresden, Frankfort, and some other places of celebrity.—The semester at Bonn opens at the beginning of May. It will be a particular gratification and advantage to me to be able to hear some of the eminent Professors in that University, and the more so as from my now greatly improved health and spirits (which our returning journey will further improve), I shall be able to derive much greater pleasure and benefit from them than I could have done at an earlier period. Those of my friends are greatly mistaken who think that complete leisure and inaction is what I want: moderate and regular occupation, with the grateful excitement which arises from the consciousness of increasing knowledge, and the prospect of extended means of future usefulness, contributes more than anything else to fix a calm cheerfulness on my mind, and through my mind to act at once beneficially on my body. Should it be convenient to you, I will tell you at once that I should wish to spend the summer months in Bonn, and to return to you in the course of September. * * * One of the objects which I proposed to myself in visiting Germany was to have an opportunity of witnessing with my own eyes the actual working of the moral civilization of a people of whose enlightened and liberal views in speculative theology (notwithstanding my dissent from them in some particulars) I had previously formed a very favourable opinion. I had the means of partially gratifying this wish by taking an excursion with a friend a few Sundays ago into the country, in

order to visit a rural clergyman, who had been a fellow student of his in Göttingen, and to see what is meant by the proverbial expression here current of "God's word in the country." The village that we visited is five or six miles south of Göttingen, and is called *Gallichausen*, remarkable both for its picturesque situation at the foot of two parallel and similar hills, called from this circumstance the *Gleichen*, *i.e.* the like or the pair, each beautifully crowned with wood, and with the ruins of an ancient castle—and also as having been for some time the residence of the poet Bürger, who was *Amtmann* or district magistrate of the place. We were singularly fortunate in our day. It was the first of March, and almost the only clear and dry Sunday that we have had since our residence in Göttingen. We set out about half past six, the morning was beautifully fresh and bright, and the air so pure and sharp that we found exercise extremely agreeable, and our spirits lively and cheerful. Passing the Observatory, which is a handsome building just without the walls, we soon quitted the high road and struck across the fields. The aspect of the scenery was quite different from England. The eye wandered over an unbroken expanse of country, without either hedges or stone walls, diversified only by a difference of colour according as it was occupied by corn land or pasture; and at this time of the year it was generally of a dusky brown, except where the crops of wheat and rye, which had been sown in the autumn, were springing green from the soil. Here and there might be seen straying

over the unenclosed slopes, large flocks of sheep, or, less picturesque, large herds of swine, tended by a solitary keeper and his dog. The small stream of the Leine winds through the bottom of the wide vale in which Göttingen is situated, and gave a pleasing variety to the prospect. Behind us was the town itself, with its girdle of ramparts and trees, and its tall and antique towers, rising sharp and clear in the unclouded brightness of a morning sky; the nearer heights were clothed with wood; the remoter distance shut in by mountains on which the snows of winter were still lingering; and scattered over the extended surface were a number of compact villages (for you see few solitary farm houses) clustering close round the lowly spire, which rose with a sort of maternal air in the midst of them. The forests in this part of Germany form a very characteristic feature in the scenery. As the fuel is chiefly of wood, the care of them constitutes a very important part of social economy. The town of Göttingen possesses extensive forests within its jurisdiction, besides those which belong to the crown. These woods are placed under the superintendence of particular officers, who regulate the felling of the timber and the planting of fresh trees, and who follow this employment as a distinct profession, in the principles of which they are regularly educated. *Forstwissenschaft*, or Forest Science, forms in this University, and I suppose for a similar reason in others also, as regular a subject of academic instruction, with a distinct professorship attached to it, as mining and

mineralogy. A son of one of the professors here, with whom I am acquainted, is a forester in the sense I have explained, in the service of the Hanoverian Government, and wears a particular uniform to mark his profession. These are some of those slight circumstances which indicate a state of society distinct from our own. The first village we passed was *Geismar*, which chiefly deserves notice, as being the residence of many Jews, for not more than two Jewish families are permitted to reside in the town of Göttingen itself. This species of intolerance manifested by the Christian Germans to their Jewish brethren, is one of those strange anomalies in human character, which one is puzzled to explain, and can only be compared with the exclusive and tyrannical spirit which is evinced by democratical America towards her black population. Taken in general, I should say that the Germans are the most liberal and candid on subjects of religion, and have the least of bigotry and sectarianism of any people really caring for religion (which the Germans certainly do) that I ever conversed with. Even the orthodox, from whom I have never concealed my religious views, express themselves with a liberality, and with an allowance for the difficulties of the subject and for conscientious differences of opinion, which is not usual among the more sharply defined sectarian distinctions which prevail in England. And yet the most amiable and enlightened men seem incapable of bringing themselves to the admission of the right of the Jews to emancipation from civil disabilities. They do

not indeed put this on religious grounds, and perhaps the very men who are unwilling to recognize in the Jew an equal fellow-citizen, would have no doubt of his final salvation, if sincere and upright, from the mercies of the common Father. In Germany the Christians look upon the Jews, not as a particular religious persuasion, but as a distinct nation, having interests and tendencies opposed to those of the people in the bosom of which they are domesticated. It is *civil* jealousy, and not *religious* prejudice, which refuses to acknowledge the civil equality of the Jews. As is always the case, those habits of meanness and unfair dealing which are themselves the fruit of oppression and exclusion are quoted by a strange *non sequitur*, even by enlightened men, as a powerful reason for not changing the system by which they are produced. Still, it is remarkable that some very eminent men of the present day in Germany have been Jews. The first physician in Hanover at the present time was a Jew; so was Neander, the friend of Schleiermacher, and now professor of Ecclesiastical history in Berlin. So were Meier and Bernhardt, now professors in Halle, of whom the former has written very learnedly on the Athenian modes of Judicature, and the latter is distinguished as a very accurate Greek grammarian, and is superintending the reprint of Gaisford's edition of Suidas. Notwithstanding the civil disabilities under which the Jews labour in Germany, it is nevertheless true, that the general liberality and tolerance, and the wide diffusion of theological learning and enlightened

religious views which exists in this country, have done more for the conversion of the Jews, and have drawn a larger number of really respectable and intelligent men into the bosom of Christianity than our Societies for the same object, patronized as they are by the pious and the great, and recommended by annual reports and zealous harangues from the pulpit and the platform. The Germans have no notion of accomplishing such objects by speech-making;—that is a marked difference between their national character and our own; whatever they effect is by books and the quiet circulation of the enlightened influences of their Universities. But then they have not our political freedom, our social life and activity; so we must set one thing against another, and not look for *optimism* anywhere—the great lesson which an extended acquaintance with the world teaches us. But I have wandered from my subject, and forgotten we had just reached the summit of the hill which hid Göttingen and its broad valley from our view. A new and more varied prospect now opened upon us. To our right was an eminence with the ruins of a watch tower, that had been erected in the thirty years' war; and before us lay a wooded valley out of which issued the tinkling of the village bells for the early service of the church, towards which we saw a few parties slowly winding their way along the sides of the hill. We soon after passed an ancient patrimonial domain belonging to our own royal family; and after traversing a great variety of hill and dale and woodland, we at length

reached the place of our destination, and proceeded to the pastor's dwelling. He was in the porch to meet us, and to greet his old college companion whom he had not seen for two or three years. On meeting, the two friends kissed each other on both cheeks, and we then went into his study, where we partook of some refreshment before church. I found the clergyman a worthy and learned man. His own appearance, and that of his wife and children, were plain and almost rustic, though his conversation at once announced the man of education and taste; and the furniture of his room was of the plainest description. I was told he had done much good since he came to the parish, particularly by his attention to the catechetical instruction of the children, a part of their duty to which many of the Lutheran pastors pay very great attention. The church was well filled; the women seated below, the men in the gallery—and the attention marked and deep. The discourse was earnest and practical, addressed very much to the sentiment and heart, and many of its illustrations were drawn from natural objects and events, with which the audience from their usual habits might be supposed to be familiar. He told me a great part of his ordinary preaching consisted in the exposition of scripture. This is much attended to in many of the churches in this part of Germany. One of the most exemplary and respected clergymen in Göttingen always introduces the lesson from the Gospel and Epistle for the day by a short expository statement of its contents. My friend, the rural pastor, told me that in the examina-

tion of candidates for the church before the consistory, very little importance was attached to doctrine in comparison with the interpretation of the Scriptures and Ecclesiastical history, in which the candidates are very minutely examined. I was convinced, from conversation with him, that it is no slight advantage even for a country pastor to be a man of superior education, and not merely from the more refined influence which he is thus enabled to exert on the minds of his hearers, but also from the internal resources which such an education affords to the clergyman himself. On the shelves of this country clergyman, whose salary from all its various sources did not exceed £100 per annum, I saw the works of Plato and Demosthenes, and the most eminent productions of theology and philosophy. Plato and the New Testament, he told me, were the chief studies he pursued, and he also told me he had found his mind greatly improved and enlarged by the writings of Schleiermacher. I found his own opinions were decidedly anti-trinitarian and un-Calvinistic. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that Trinitarianism, so far at least as the distinct personality of the Holy Spirit is concerned, is very generally given up by the most learned divines in Germany.

TO REV. B. CARPENTER.

Bonn, May 4th, 1835.

* * I think this was all I had to say about business, except to thank you, my dear brother, for the trouble

you have had in the matter—for your affectionate interest in all our family concerns, and for the great kindness and sympathy I have experienced from you during the last melancholy twelve months, which I trust have now, with all their consequences, for ever passed away. I should not be honest if I did not acknowledge that I have been, and still am occasionally, depressed at the remembrance of all the vacillations and perplexities through which my mind has passed, and which my conduct has exhibited during the past year ; and not less so now, when the excitement has subsided, and I begin to see things in their natural and proper light. My weakness has arisen from an over susceptible and exaggerated imagination, and from that conflict of views and tendencies which springs out of the natural disposition of my mind (for which I claim no merit, but consider it to be rather an infirmity than an excellence) to see questions in every various point of view, and to admit without hesitation every collateral light which breaks in upon them. The consciousness of such a tendency ought to have restrained me from acting as I did, and I have paid the bitter penalty of a want of self-knowledge. No evil is, however, without its good ; pray for me, dear brother, as I often do for myself, that all which I have felt and suffered may work a salutary and chastening effect on my mind and character—that I may come out of it a calmer, wiser, and better man, and that the sincere desire, which I am conscious of entertaining as deeply and fervently as ever, to serve my fellow-creatures, according to my

measure of strength and ability, in the search after truth, and in the dissemination of right views and useful knowledge, may not be deprived of its effects by any errors and vacillations into which I may have been betrayed. But enough of this—let me turn to a more agreeable topic. Nothing affords me more heartfelt pleasure, than the prospect of seeing you and the dear girls, Emily and Margaret, in the course of a few months—we are truly glad that the latter is to be of your party. I rejoice that your release from your school at Midsummer will enable you to make your plans and ours exactly fit. I have asked permission of my flock to remain during the summer semester at Bonn. We have obtained apartments, two very comfortable sitting-rooms and two bedrooms, in the house of Professor Brandis, the brother-in-law of Professor Hausmann of Göttingen and the friend of Schleiermacher and Niebuhr. His house is very beautifully situated on a bank commanding the Rhine and the magnificent crag of Drachenfels. They will themselves quit their home on a visit to the Professor's father in Copenhagen at the beginning of August, so that when you come to us there will be room in the house for us to accommodate you, and I hope we may spend several days together there before we set out on our journey homewards. I wish to reach Manchester ten or twelve days before the end of September.

TO THE MOSLEY STREET CONGREGATION.

Bonn, July 28, 1835.

BELOVED FRIENDS,

The time is now rapidly drawing on when I hope to see you all again, and I can truly assure you that the lengthened period of my absence has only increased my attachment to you, and at times my spirit almost yearns to be once more in the peaceful scene of former duties, and to receive again the greeting of dear valued friends, not estranged from me I am persuaded any more than I am from them by our long separation from each other, and to resume those duties and pursuits in which I hope henceforth peacefully and usefully to wear out my days. I will briefly describe our present situation in Bonn, and then state as clearly and simply as I can the general impression left on my mind by what I have seen of the moral and religious institutions of Germany, and how far, or whether at all, this may have affected any opinion which I previously entertained. Bonn belongs to Prussia, and the University was founded as late as the year 1819. The former palace of the ancient Electors of Cologne, a noble and spacious building, has been applied to the uses of the University, and furnishes a great number of commodious lecture rooms, halls, galleries for casts, &c., and a long suite of rooms nearly filled by a continually accumulating library. About a quarter of a mile from this building, which was the winter residence of the Elector, is a small

edifice which was his summer abode, and which is connected with the former by a double avenue of chestnuts, affording a most agreeable walk, and a month ago clothed with a splendid profusion of blossoms. The summer palace is also applied to the purposes of the university; here are the collections of mineralogy and natural history; here some of the professors reside and have their lecture-rooms, and at the back, shut in by the ancient moat, is the botanical garden. There are some teachers of great eminence at Bonn, though for industry and learning I think it inferior to Göttingen. Schlegel, the celebrated translator of our *Shakspeare* into German, is here, and once a week I attend a lecture of his on the early Roman History. Like some other great men, he loses a little on a nearer approach,—being vain and coxcombical almost to the ludicrous, though he is now considerably advanced in years. He is distinguished by his knowledge of the Sanscrit, which is now very diligently studied in many of the German Universities, and has published, or is publishing, some important works in that language. One of the most amiable and excellent, and perhaps one of the most learned Professors in this University, is the gentleman in whose house we are residing—Professor Brandis. He lectures on Logic and moral Philosophy, and is particularly well versed in the history of ancient Philosophy, on which he is preparing a work, the first volume of which will shortly appear. He was the intimate friend of Schleiermacher and Niebuhr, two of the most eminent men that Germany

has produced, and to the latter when he was Ambassador at Rome from the Court of Berlin, was *Chargé-d'affaires*. His house is beautifully situated in the midst of gardens and vineyards, and commands a delightful view of the *Drachenfels* and the adjoining mountains. We are also acquainted in Bonn with a very agreeable person, the grandson of the celebrated Mendelsohn, the contemporary and friend of Lessing and Lavater, who you know was called the Jewish Socrates. His grandson is a person of some property and lives very genteelly (we spent yesterday evening with him), but being fond of literature and science, he employs himself as a private teacher, and lectures on ancient and modern geography in the university. Here is one of the many proofs which Germany affords of the love of knowledge for its own sake; we do not often hear in England of a gentleman of independent fortune taking up the occupation of a teacher from the pure love of acquiring and communicating knowledge. And now a word or two upon the moral and intellectual condition of Germany, so far as the means of forming a judgment upon it have been afforded me. There is an old proverb—"All is not gold that glitters," and from what I can here learn, in Prussia, though still entitled to great praise for the zeal with which she has promoted the cause of popular education, the course and the mode of instruction are too much directed to political ends: this remark applies to education, science, and religion. At the conclusion of the war, when the French were expelled

from Germany, a great enthusiasm was excited throughout the nation in favour of all that was liberal and enlightened and calculated to advance the great work of national regeneration, and particularly to encourage the love of truth and scientific inquiry for their own sake. The best men of Germany, —Schleiermacher, Niebuhr, the two Humboldts and others, joined with ardour in the great undertaking, and a brighter day was thought to be dawning on Germany. The University of Berlin was founded shortly before, and that of Bonn shortly after the time to which I have referred, and the whole system of national education was revised and re-organised, placed on a better footing, and committed to the charge of a superior class of men. In the Universities, philosophy, theology, and all branches of learning which have no distinct bearing on practical life, began to be cultivated with the greatest zeal,—and science for itself alone was thought a worthy object for the pursuit of a whole life. But by degrees, the Government began to entertain some fears from this unlimited freedom of inquiry, and to look with great suspicion on philosophy and this free unshackled theology,—and the close political union which was formed between Prussia, Austria, and Russia strengthened the first in these anti-liberal tendencies. A Professor told me the other day that this had had a very unfavourable influence on the pursuits of science, and on the character of the young men who frequent the Universities. All associations among the young men

which can be even suspected of having any political tendency are strictly forbidden, and the expression of a liberal and high minded opinion is sure to throw an obstacle in the way of future advancement; and in the same degree that such moral and intellectual reunions are discountenanced, dissipation and debauchery are not only connived at, but even viewed with some degree of favour as indicating a course of life, which is likely to break the force of a truly independent and liberal spirit. This is almost verbally what one of the most eminent men in this University, himself by no means an ultra-liberal, told me a few days ago. Philosophy and literature are looked on with less favour than those studies which have a directly practical tendency and prepare for some public employment, because the former are thought more likely to excite liberal modes of thought, while the latter keep the mind in one beaten and mechanical track. Perhaps it may be for this reason that the examinations for entering into any profession or any employment under Government, have been made of late additionally strict, so that a man's whole time and thoughts are occupied in preparing for them. This has certainly had an unfavourable influence on the pursuit of liberal studies, whatever may have been the intention of those who introduced the change; and the fact seems to be notorious and generally admitted, let the cause be what it may, that the taste for science and philosophy, as such and without any regard to ulterior objects, is rather declining in the Universities.

I heard complaints of this even at Göttingen, those Professors whose subject had no immediate practical bearing on life having fewer hearers than formerly. With the German character, in general, I am greatly pleased—the manners of the people are singularly amiable and domestic, their pleasures simple and their dispositions kind and affectionate. They have not the decision and energy of the English character; but are contemplative, quiet, averse to violent change and great cherishers of ancient and historical recollections. I also think there is a great deal of silent religious feeling and conviction in the depth of their characters. In regard to religion, the tendency is very different from what exists in England. Quite independent of any outward or practical influence which may be supposed to attach the people to one dominant Church, there is a great aversion among them to our sectarian divisions; they would rather, if it be possible, be united than separate. They wish to find in their religion a bond of national unity and peace—each individual having his own personal convictions, without therefore refusing to worship with those who may think differently. I think I may have mentioned in former letters that there is just now, especially in Prussia, a sort of re-action towards orthodoxy. This may be partly the effect of the extreme to which rationalist principles were carried in the last generation; but I believe fashion and politics have something to do with it. The King of Prussia, whether from conviction or because he thinks it politic, or from

both influences combined, chooses to profess, and to patronise orthodoxy; the surest way to rise and obtain Court favour is to make a display of this orthodoxy; hence church-going and evangelism, especially, I am told, in Berlin, are quite in vogue; and the last most popular school of philosophy—that of Hegel, seems to have enjoyed the favour of the court from its being thought well-fitted to promote the same views. The most respectable and enlightened divines and theologians thoroughly despise this prostitution of religion, and I think it is continually strengthening in their minds a conviction that religion ought to have nothing to do with government and politics, and that both are injured by the union. This opinion, which is sometimes thought peculiar to our English Nonconformists, is very widely diffused in Germany. The freedom and independence of the Church is a point on which the most excellent writers and many of the most eminent clergymen and professors lay the greatest stress. Neander of Berlin, Professors Nitzsch and Bleek of Bonn, are all of opinion (I have heard both the latter say so in conversation) that there should be no political connection whatever between Church and State. Indeed, I should not be honest if I did not say, that all which I have seen and all which I have heard in Germany, when I come now quietly to consider the general result of the various impressions made upon me, has decidedly confirmed and strengthened me in the conviction of the truth of the most extended principles of religious liberty, and that any direct interference

on the part of Government and legislature in such a concern as religion, however unavoidable it may seem for a time, is an evil which ought to be abolished as soon as ever society is ripe for the change. The difficulties which seem to offer themselves in regard to such a change in England, exist in a far less degree in Germany. In the first place, the Church has no great wealth, and what there is, is pretty equally distributed, and attached in moderate portions to the churches scattered over the country; secondly, there are Universities dispersed over the land, easily accessible to persons of all classes, which put the very best theological and philosophical instruction within ready reach, send out really learned divines and well furnished preachers at very little cost to disperse themselves among the different churches in the country; the professors are generally zealous and assiduous, and many of the students whom I have the pleasure of knowing, are intelligent, studious, and serious young men, who seem to follow their profession from the love of it. This remark applies to several Swiss with whom I happen to be acquainted. Thirdly, there are not in Germany the sectarian divisions that we have in England, but the Protestant Church forms one great whole, united in discipline and outward form, connected by a common bond of interest, and in which the richer districts and churches can easily aid the poorer and more distant. Thus the three great difficulties which are constantly started in England, and have certainly great practical weight, have compara-

tively little force here. The remoter and poorer districts are closely connected with the richer and more populous; the means of a learned education and theological instruction are universally provided, and the cultivation of theology as a science secured in the Universities, and there is none of that sectarian spirit which is such a hindrance to great national efforts with us. The present constitution of the Lutheran Church is for the most part consistorial,—the consistories forming the link which unites Church and State, and from which all regulations affecting the former proceed. The abolition of these consistories, and the substitution of a synodal constitution, or, in fact, Presbyterianism, in which the controlling power of the discipline of the Church should be placed in the hands of laymen and divines united, without any dependence on Government, would effect the separation of Church and State, and give the Church the independency which is desired, and this state of things is what the most liberal and excellent men wish to see introduced. All this is very well, but my own mind still clings to the Independent form of Church government, as what is most consistent with the principles of religious liberty, and best for religion when society is prepared to adopt it. Pray let me hear tidings of you all very soon, it is now very long since I have heard. The last twelvemonth has rolled over me like a dream. I feel that morning is approaching. O, may I awake in peace and happiness, and find myself where I once loved to be, in the midst of peaceful duties, and in the bosom

of beloved friends! We are all well. Ever believe me, dearest, kindest friends, your affectionate and devoted Pastor.

TO THE MOSLEY STREET CONGREGATION.

Bonn, August 25, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

This is the last letter which I shall write to you before seeing you all again. It must necessarily be short, and will chiefly consist in assuring you that I feel now in firmer health and better spirits than I have ever been since I left home, and that I return with the most cheerful and confident expectation of making myself more active and useful among you than ever. I will only say once for all, that whatever gloom and disquietude may for a time have rested on my mind has now completely passed away, and that my habitual feelings are quiet, cheerful and serene—what they ought to be, to pursue my studies with any chance of success, and what I firmly believe they will henceforth permanently continue to be. Accept my grateful acknowledgments, once more, for all your past and present kindness, and for those repeated expressions of your attachment and regard which have been such a source of comfort to me during our long period of separation, and be assured that I shall rejoice to evince my deep sense of what I have experienced from you, by exerting myself with renewed zeal and activity to promote your comfort, improvement and happiness.

—My great object will now be, to devote myself zealously to the duties of a Christian minister, and to join heartily with you in every effort to extend the usefulness and promote the interests of our society, in subserviency to the great ends for which Christian worshippers meet together. With this view I wish in the first place, to commence a more full and systematic course of religious instruction for the younger, and also for the more advanced members of the Congregation. The difficulty I have always felt has been that of a sufficiently exact classification, and of a proper distribution of the subject. I feel that something more is wanted than the mere catechetical instruction which is given to children, and those general views and practical exhortations; or occasionally doctrinal discussions, which form the usual subject-matter of sermons. In particular, the grounds and evidences of religion, the history and authority of our sacred books, and the nature and value of Christianity,—it appears to me of great importance, to set forth clearly and systematically before the members of a Congregation, and in a more methodical manner than is practicable within the limits of a sermon. Yet I have often thought that lectures on what are called the Evidences of Christianity are too generally dry and unsatisfactory,—since they pre-suppose in many cases knowledge which is not possessed, plunge the mind at once into questions for which it is wholly unprepared, mix history, metaphysics, criticism, and morals, most confusedly together, and thus oftentimes create doubts where none

previously existed, and excite more difficulties than they remove. The plan which I have long thought of, and which with your concurrence I wish to carry into execution during the ensuing winter and spring is this—first to form a class of quite young persons, say from eight to ten or twelve years of age, for instruction in the elements of religion before the morning service, in the method that I have been accustomed to pursue; and *then* after the service, to deliver a short lecture, not exceeding half an hour in length, to as many members of the Congregation as may wish to attend, on the *History of Revelation*. I have long thought that Christianity, and revealed Religion in general, may be most clearly and satisfactorily explained and vindicated—*historically*, and though the title or description of my course, which I have given above, does not quite please me, yet it conveys perhaps my general idea as correctly as any which I can just now think of. My idea is to give an historical view of the origin, progress, and development of the Religions which we are accustomed to regard as of Divine authority, together with a view of the successive changes and gradual modifications which they have undergone in their outward form and character during the course of human affairs, and in the evolution of the plans of Providence; beginning with some general views of the nature and essence of religion—what we must look for in the evidences of its truth and authority, and then tracing its historical development in the institutions of the Jews, as a preparation for Christianity; this would form the first

part of my course, and into this I should wish to introduce from time to time an account of the origin and authority of the Books of the Old Testament, the formation of the Canon, the explanation of some difficult passages in the history of the Jews, the relation of prophecy to the New Testament, and, in general, of the connection between the Old Dispensation and the New. I should, then, proceed to take a similar view of the origin and first planting of Christianity, and trace its subsequent history through successive periods, each of which might conveniently form separate portions of the entire course, and occupy a different winter. The advantage of this plan appears to me to be that it would enable me to introduce the discussion of various questions, which are attended with considerable difficulty when treated quite in the abstract, precisely at that period in the general history of Religion which would place them in the proper point of view for being correctly understood, and with all that accompanying illustration from history and the state of manners and opinions, the absence of which often renders it quite impossible to appreciate them properly;—such questions, for example, as the origin of many doctrines and usages in the Church, the cessation of miraculous gifts, the effect of Ecclesiastical establishments, the true nature of religious freedom, and the constitution of the Christian Church, &c. I am well aware that such a course would take several years to accomplish; but I do not shrink from the task, if I can interest others in its execution: it would continually unfold new views,

and present a constant variety of objects, and I believe it will be possible to communicate more knowledge and in a more satisfactory mode in this way than in any other. I can assure you I look forward to the successive execution of this plan with great delight: it will bring gradually before us some of the most important and interesting enquiries in the history and prospects of the human race; it will afford an opportunity of explaining many things in their proper place and order,—about which many of us go through life with the most confused and inadequate ideas, and as I have always found that I have gained my best knowledge in teaching others, so if I can but succeed in exciting and sustaining your interest, I know that I shall improve my own mind. My letter has been hastily written, but I have much to do before leaving Bonn, and have therefore only time to assure you all, once more, that I am your faithful and affectionate friend and pastor.

TO HIS SISTER ELIZABETH.

Manchester, 1835.

. . . You ask me, my dear Sister, about your share of the expenses of the journey. All you owe me is to let me know that you still continue to feel pleasure in the remembrance of your visit, and to derive benefit from the knowledge which you had then the means of acquiring. Nothing else, I can assure you, do you owe me. I am indebted to you and to

my dear wife, for your kind and affectionate forbearance during a period of great mental disquietude and unhappiness, which I know but too well, while it lasted, marred your pure and innocent happiness, and often made me insensible to all your goodness. This is a debt to you and to her, which I can never repay, and which will always be felt a heavy one by me; and I am only happy that, under all these circumstances, means did still occur of contributing in any way to your improvement and enjoyment—and of enabling you to form many valuable and interesting friendships. To whatever benefit and happiness you have derived, or may still derive, from these sources you are most heartily welcome; you may set it down as a *per contra* against what I have received from you; and it is my sincere and ardent prayer that you may long enjoy happiness in the remembrance of your twelvemonth in Germany,—and that in many future years we may find it a theme of grateful and instructive conversation. Our united love is ever with you.

FROM A JOURNAL.

Manchester, Saturday Evening, October 24, 1835.

HEAVENLY Father! Thou hast permitted me once more to resume my duties, amidst kind and sympathizing friends, and with brightening prospects of comfort and usefulness. O God! Thou art infinitely good and merciful, and I cannot speak forth, as I would, the deep gratitude which I owe Thee. Forgive me, that I cannot always feel cheerful and serene, and fling off from my mind the sad remembrance of the past. Teach me to see even in that past the evidence of Thy overruling providence, and to believe that it may have been designed to be the instrument of a good, that could not otherwise be accomplished.

Fill me with the profound humility and habitual seriousness of spirit which are the sole foundations of true virtue, and the only incentive to continual improvement. Give me self-discipline to exclude all unquiet and unprofitable thoughts, and to fix my mind calmly, steadfastly, and perseveringly on the discharge in its due place and season of every appointed duty; and grant that from this time forth, forgetting myself, and cheerfully improving the present hour, I may live entirely and devotedly to Thee, as a disciple of Jesus Christ.

January, 1836.

I ENTER to-morrow on the studies and duties which I have prescribed to myself for 1836. To accomplish well what I have now deliberately undertaken, I must, 1st, with prayer night and morning, cherish a calm, deep, and practical sense of the fatherly goodness and over-ruling providence of God, and leave the past and the future equally in His hands—feeling that the present alone—its improvement and innocent enjoyment are my concern.

2ndly, Resolutely keep my mind, as a matter of religion and conscience, from unavailing regret and the unprofitable speculations which have so greatly disturbed it, and feel that true repentance and a vital newness of heart must be evinced by stricter self-discipline, and a more faithful and zealous discharge of the duties of life.

3rdly, Hold myself closely, punctually, and perseveringly to the duties which I have imposed on myself, and go through them resolutely—whether for the present they afford me satisfaction or not—with a view to the final end—for the acquirement of self-confidence and the exertion of energy of will, and the restoring of my mind to the healthful tone which it has lost. To do this, I must do everything in its proper time and place and way—be resolute in early rising, and be temperate and moderate in all things.

O Father! I feel, that Thou hast made me to be useful to my fellow-men, and that I can taste no real happiness but by labouring disinterestedly and faithfully in their service. Thou knowest the sincere and earnest purpose with which I desire henceforth to devote myself to the work which Thou hast given me to do, and to repair by all the means in my power the consequences of past weakness, imperfection, and transgression. Sustain and comfort me with the feeling that Thou art my gracious and merciful Father in heaven, and strengthen me to exercise and cultivate from this time forth with the greatest diligence, and without one vain breath of unavailing and unprofitable regret, the affections and qualities of a devoted child!

*Under the consciousness of having spoken hardly and uncandidly
of my fellow-creatures.**

November 10, 1836.

O GOD ! Thou compassionate Father of the children of men ! Thou judgest us in mercy, and rememberest that we are but dust. O may we judge each other, as Thou judgest us—in the spirit of mercy, forbearance, and charity ! I am penitently conscious, O Thou heart-seeing God ! that I have not so judged and spoken, and that I have allowed excited feelings and an exaggerated imagination to cause me to sin against the law of Christian meekness and love ; and to draw me into uncharitableness. I have forgotten who and what I am, that I should thus harshly judge a fellow creature ; and while I have seen the mote in my brother's eye, I have not remembered that there was a beam in my own eye. Gracious Father ! forgive me this my sin ; forgive me, as I do now henceforth utterly renounce and forsake it, and as I from my heart do forgive all them who may at any time have transgressed against me. May the spirit of forbearance and kindness henceforth reign in my heart. May I think more of a fellow creature's good qualities and less of his faults, and desire ever to dwell upon the brightest side of every human character ! May the remembrance of kindnesses received never be effaced from my mind ! May I ever cherish a grateful sense of them ; and while I modestly and meekly maintain my own independence of opinion and action, may I ever be ready to shew respect for years and experience, and long service to mankind, and henceforth strive by redoubled kindness, courtesy, and attention, to efface the effects of any past misunderstanding,—and of all with whom I am connected, whatever be the relation I sustain towards them,—simply as fellow-being, or fellow-Christian, or Minister of Religion—henceforth with perfect singleness and disinterestedness of mind, with love, sincerity, and earnestness, to promote the highest well-being and happiness both in time and in eternity ! Amen.

* This prayer shows the watch kept over his spirit by one of the tenderest and least censorious of men ; and perhaps also something of the difficulties of a ministerial life passed amid a conflict of individual opinions and wills where all are on an equality, with only wisdom, tact, love, and power of character to allay necessary differences.

TO HIS WIFE.

Glassnevin, near Dublin, April 7, 1837.

I write a few lines just to inform you that I arrived at my place of destination quite well and safely, after a very good passage. My first impressions of Ireland are very favourable. The morning is beautifully fresh and clear, quite without a cloud. I passed through Dublin on my way hither. It is indeed a splendid city. I heartily wish you were with me. Mr. Hutton* has such a comfortable residence here: an old-fashioned family mansion, quite to my taste, and a large garden in the same style, with straight walks, and fine old yew trees. They are a most hospitable, friendly family, and remind one of the good old Presbyterian times of our forefathers.

TO HIS WIFE, at *Blackpool*.*London, July 2nd, 1838.*

Along with this letter you will receive a copy of Friday's Chronicle, giving a very full account of all the proceedings of the Coronation. This day week I hope to be with you all in health and peace and happiness, at Blackpool, when I can fill up orally from my own observation any deficiency in the accounts derived from other sources of this ceremony. Meantime, I will give you a brief chronicle of what I have seen and done since I last wrote. Sunday week (June 23rd) I went in the morning to Carter Lane, to hear our

* Rev. Joseph Hutton, Presbyterian Minister of Eustace Street Meeting House, Dublin, and father of Dr. Joseph Hutton.

friend Mr. Gannett,* who has been producing a great sensation in the London pulpits. Carter Lane was crowded—galleries and all. Lady Byron with a brother of Lord King's was there. The former, we are told, follows the preacher from place to place and takes notes of all the sermons. My own impression of Mr. Gannett from once hearing him is, that he is an excellent preacher, his manner and delivery, though perhaps for some tastes rather too ornate and oratorical, being remarkably good. With regard to the matter of his sermons, it is judicious and well-treated, but not distinguished, I think, by any striking indications of power or originality. He will do us, however, a great deal of good ; we sadly want rousing. Our preaching is deficient in force, animation and earnestness, and I hope these visitations from our Transatlantic brethren will inoculate us with a little more fervour and life. Deep convictions, lively faith, and quick religious sensibilities, are the sources from which we must draw our inspiration.—On Monday, I dined at Mr. Pett's at Clapton ; there I met Mr. Sharpe, the author of some works on Egyptian history and hieroglyphics, who very courteously invited me to call on him, which I hope to do before I leave town. On Wednesday I spent the morning most delightfully in going through the Phigaleian and Elgin marbles, which are now admirably arranged—and the bas-reliefs of the interior frieze of the Parthenon, in the order of their original position. Previous to this inspection, I had

* The Colleague and Successor of Dr. Channing.

supposed, there must be some affectation in the admiration, which *general* unscientific spectators expressed at these remains of ancient art. But I am now of a very different opinion. The longer and the more connectedly you survey these wonderful relics, the more your wonder increases at the animation and variety of attitude which the artist has introduced into the successive groups. The equestrian procession from the Parthenon is most wonderful in this respect; amongst the multitude of groups represented not one attitude is repeated a second time, and yet in all, the grace and vivacity are equal.—I then dined with the Trustees of Dr. Williams' Fund, at the Library in Redcross Street. The room where we dined is hung round with the portraits of celebrated Nonconformist divines, from the time of Baxter to that of Dr. Rees. This sort of scenery is much to my antiquarian taste. In the evening, I went to Covent Garden Theatre, now under the management of Macready, who did not, however, act himself that evening: "Woman's Wit," a play of Sheridan Knowles' was performed. I was not intensely interested. In fact, I think I have almost outlived the taste for the theatre. At all events, the acting must be very good, to afford me any pleasure.—Thursday was the Coronation day. We had secured seats in front of a house at the corner of Parliament Street and Great George Street, which commanded an admirable view of the procession both in going to and returning from the Abbey. We left home at six o'clock in the morning, and the procession did not reach our position

till eleven. The time did not, however, pass heavily, the whole scene even from an early hour was so full of life and brilliancy. A more gorgeous spectacle I never witnessed. Foreigners must have been deeply impressed with the evidences of the boundless wealth and luxury of England,—in the gay equipages, beautiful horses, and elegant attire,—particularly of the women, which on every side met the view! Constantly the feeling was in my mind, and again and again escaped from my lips—what would I have given to have had you and the dear children with me. But for yourself I am persuaded, you could not have borne the fatigue and excitement. We did not reach home till past seven. In the evening I went out to see the illuminations, but I was so thoroughly fatigued, and the crowd and heat were so great, that I was glad to get home and go to bed. We had an admirable view of the Queen. Her carriage was detained, in consequence of some stoppage, almost five minutes in front of our balcony. The feeling uppermost in my mind, when I looked upon her, was a profound sympathy, almost approaching to compassion. I declare to you, I could not keep the tears from my eyes. Her extreme youth, the apparent innocence and artlessness of her demeanour, the simplicity of her dress—pure and unadorned white—especially as she returned from the Abbey, bearing the crown and sceptre, presented to my mind one of the most affecting combinations I ever beheld; for the mind at that moment could not help anticipating the long futurity of care, anxiety, perhaps of

wretchedness, which might possibly await the maturity and the evening of a day, which arose apparently with so bright and cloudless a promise. Her mother looked very happy, and has a most sweet and gracious expression. Friday, I dined at Mrs. Reid's. Saturday, I was present at the distribution of prizes in University College. Yesterday morning I preached again in Essex Street. Though I have not long been absent, I have already a sort of yearning for *home*. Give my best love to my dear mother: thank her in my name for her great kindness in taking care of you. I hope most fervently she is not the worse for Blackpool air. Ever thine, love.

Manchester, July 18th, 1838.

I have been rather out of spirits since I returned home, and cannot get into my regular train of employments as I could wish. I have a sort of nervous feeling, that I shall not be equal to the claims and responsibilities of the future. As the new Chapel* approaches to its completion, a new period of my professional life seems to open before me. More will be expected from

* The site of the Chapel in Mosley Street, having become very valuable for commercial purposes, was sold in 1836. For three years the Congregation assembled in the large School Room of Lower Mosley Street, and in 1839, took possession of their new Chapel in Upper Brook Street, a Gothic hall designed by Sir Charles Barry. There Mr. Tayler exercised a most honoured ministry, especially attaching to him in strong religious friendship many cultivated German families then residing in Manchester until 1853, when he removed to London with Manchester New College, as Principal and Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and of Doctrinal and Practical Theology.

me; more will depend upon me. The new Society must depend mainly for its future success, numbers and vitality, on my exertions. I shall be surrounded to a certain degree with new connections, and shall have to build up new and heterogeneous elements into a coherent and enduring life. Patience, perseverance, real interest, devout and true religion, and calm trust in God to crown all well-intended efforts with their due measure of success, these are the feelings and principles on which I wish firmly and fearlessly to throw myself; but this, in every state of spirits, in solitude and silence, it is not always so easy to do. If I have health, I think I may reckon upon twenty more years good service in the Church and the world. It will be then time for me to give way to younger and more active men. That I may do so comfortably, and that you and I, should both our lives be spared, which God in His mercy grant! when our dear children are honourably settled in life, and usefully maintaining themselves, may go down the vale of life, in some quiet, modest retreat, peacefully and affectionately together, we must in the meantime save and accumulate. This is the pleasing futurity which sometimes gilds my day dreams of approaching age. Till you are away from me, I never know how much I lean upon your kind, faithful, and affectionate mind for the best part of the comfort and support of my existence. Kiss the dear baby,* and the children for me.

* A third child, a daughter, born at Blackpool, July 8th, 1838, died March 22nd, 1839.

TO REV. J. H. THOM, *Liverpool.*

Manchester, September 14th, 1838.

In reply to your enquiries about Mr. Rathbone's son, I should say that the spending of a *Semester* (Session we call it) at some German University might prove of great service to the development of his mind. Of the German Universities I am personally acquainted only with two, Göttingen and Bonn. The former, in the present state of affairs,* I presume you would consider out of the question; indeed, it has lost its best men. Bonn has considerable recommendations. There is—or at least there was in my time—an eminent Professor of history there—Hüllmann, author of a work on the Middle Ages. The men, however, of whom I know anything at Bonn, are either theologians, philosophers or philologers, none of whose lectures would be particularly suited to the wants of your young friend. In the departments to which you are of opinion that his attention should be chiefly directed, I conceive Heidelberg would furnish him with some distinguished instructors. For example, Schlosser lectures there; Zachariæ and Thibaut have great reputation in political philosophy; and I believe there are eminent teachers in the different branches of natural science. When I was in Germany, Heidelberg was very unpopular in the Prussian States, in consequence of the free spirit of which it was regarded as the great centre, and which the Duke of Baden tolerated in his

* The restriction on free teaching by the Government.

States. The subjects of the Prussian Government were therefore forbidden to study there; and this circumstance had occasioned a falling off in the number of students. I also heard complaints of the want of discipline at Heidelberg. Since then, however, some eminent men have removed to Heidelberg, *e.g.*, Ullmann, a theologian, from Halle, one of the conductors of the *Theologische Studien und Kritiken*. I suppose therefore it still keeps up its reputation. If I were going to send a son to Germany, I should certainly prefer placing him with some Professor. A youth is besieged with strong temptations in these Universities, unless he has an extraordinary love of study and a great share of firmness and self-control. Should Mr. Rathbone think of Bonn, I shall be very happy to give his son a letter of introduction to a friend of mine there—Professor Klausen—who receives pupils into his family, whose wife is a very pleasing and well-informed woman, daughter of a clergyman from the neighbourhood of Hamburgh, and, as well as her husband, speaks English, which is an advantage on first settling in a foreign country. He is a philologist; but would be able to afford very good directions for general study. Bonn, too, possesses some advantages for prosecuting the study of the German, in Professor Lassen, who is a very eminent linguist.

Mr. Robberds and myself were speaking about our Quarterly Meetings, only yesterday: I am very desirous they should be kept up with spirit; some of my pleasantest hours of intercourse have been with you and

Martineau at these meetings. We must strengthen each others hearts and hands for pursuing the high service of truth, freedom and Christian righteousness, amidst the obloquy and opposition to which it is exposed, even from some from whom better things might have been expected. You ask about translations. A few works—or rather well chosen extracts from them—have occurred to me :—Herder's Letters on the Study of Theology, his Spirit of Hebrew Poetry, and parts of his great Work—On the Philosophy of the History of Mankind. Herder is not an accurate writer, but his works breathe the most elevated and comprehensive spirit of humanity, and abound with pregnant suggestions and teeming germs of thought. There is a beautiful work of Fichte's *Bestimmung des Menschen*, part of which, particularly towards the close, might not be unacceptable to our English readers ; also another work, *Ueber das Wesen des Gelehrten*, by the same writer, and one on a similar subject by Schelling, *Ueber die Methode des Akademischen Studiums*. These works would chiefly have reference, I admit, to the wants of students ; but this is a class of readers—especially among our younger ministers—which I think we ought not to leave out of view. The worst is, these works are hardly intelligible in their full extent, without some previous knowledge of the distinctions and controversies of German philosophy, with which German theology is intimately inwoven. I doubt whether translations from a dry compendium, like that of Tennemann, would remove the difficulty. There is a work, in the shape of a novel,

by De Wette, entitled *Theodor*,* giving the history of the doubts and difficulties of a young German theologian, which would place before the reader a tolerably clear and comprehensive statement of the principal questions agitated in Germany, surveyed under the rationalist point of view. But I am utterly incompetent to give any opinion about German philosophy, having never studied it systematically, and knowing what I do of it only by a few passing hints and side-glances. History and criticism are the departments to which I have almost wholly confined myself. I shall be glad to help you occasionally with these translations; but having chosen my own walk of study, and being determined to pursue it, I must confine myself to those topics which spring out of it. I am projecting for your Christmas Number,† a review of Villars—*Essai sur l'Esprit et l'Influence de la Réformation de Luther*—using the work itself as an occasion of embodying a number of thoughts that I have had floating in my mind on the subject. Will this subject suit you? Give me your free thoughts. It strikes me, that with all our sects and our *outward* freedom in England, there is very little *truthfulness* anywhere. All our partisans—whether in the Church or out of it—are grossly *one-sided*.

* Translated in "Ripley's Specimens of Foreign Literature," Boston, U.S.

† The Christian Teacher, a Quarterly Theological Review I was then editing.—J. H. T.

TO W. J. STURCH.

Manchester, Sept. 19th, 1838.

We were apprised by Henry Smith of the death of your excellent father. I suppose few men have taken a more pure and simple heart and a more unspotted life out of this tempting and trying world, or have carried with them to the grave a higher reputation for a sincere and ardent love of truth, for unswerving rectitude in all their transactions with mankind, and for the zealous devotion of their time and thoughts to what they conceived to be the best interests of the public and the country. The respect and admiration which we feel for such qualities is not, at least ought not to be, at all weakened by the reflection that agreeing with him cordially in the great ends pursued of human virtue and happiness, we might have differed with him, in some few points, as to the best means of attaining them. Your father's opinions were formed, and his views of life were set, under the influence of that reasoning and analytical spirit, which so remarkably characterized the inquiring and free-thinking men of the close of the last century, and which rendered such immense service to society by exposing the hollowness of consecrated errors, and bringing great fundamental principles into view. It has sometimes appeared to me that the errors of these excellent men, the pioneers in the great and sacred cause of truth and liberty, consisted in their taking into view only one side of human nature—the argumentative and intellectual—without

making due provision in their theories of society, government, and education, for another which as essentially belongs to it—the sentimental and imaginative. But the error, if it be one, as I think it is, was forced upon them by the necessities and tendencies of the times in which they lived. They followed the lights which lay before them fearlessly and conscientiously, and in so doing they developed truths and principles which would never else have been known. It is no dishonour to them, that they only did the proper work of their day and generation; and that others, coming after them and profiting by their inquiries and instructions, have been able to perceive that they left out, or did not develope with sufficient prominence, some considerations which experience has shown to be of immense importance to the well-being of mankind,—and who with the example of the last half-century before them can clearly discern, that some things are incapable of a logical demonstration which have yet a deep foundation in our nature, and are essential to the virtue and happiness of the great mass of human beings. This is the view I delight to take of the connection and mutual dependence of human generations. Each contributes its quota of good in the great scheme of Providence. No generation, as no individual, is in itself all-sufficient or furnishes all the elements of perfect wisdom. We make up by our union what we cannot singly supply. For my part, instead of being displeased with those who take different views of important questions from myself, I rejoice that there are selected

instruments for accomplishing all the great functions of Providence. I love and honour all who work out with sincerity and earnestness their own deep convictions of what they believe to be right and true. Nay, when I think of the truthfulness, the moral courage, the single mindedness, the pursuit of truth and knowledge under the greatest difficulties which distinguished so many of the worthies of the generation which has so nearly passed away, I feel respect, gratitude, and veneration absorb every other emotion, and can only pray that we who survive them may as faithfully sustain the responsibilities of our generation, as they did of theirs.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

Manchester, October 17th, 1838.

I much wish that in the forthcoming number of the *Christian Teacher* you would devote a page or two to the subject of the *internal organisation* of our several Churches, as the only condition of a sound and healthful state in the Congregational discipline which has now universally taken root in the Presbyterian body of England, taking if you choose for your text the Propositions* to which I referred you. I have addressed a letter on this subject to the *Christian Reformer*, thinking it might excite attention among a

* Propositions towards realizing a plan of religious Association. By John James Tayler; *Christian Teacher*, 1837, page 544, Monthly Series.

different class of readers. We are passing through a crisis. Time only can shew whether a system so simple, so unfettered by creed and traditional authority as ours is really suited to the spiritual wants of mankind, and is fitted to become an important element in their future civilisation. For myself, I believe it is; my faith is yet unshaken; a voice within tells me not to despair. But then we of the present generation must not be wanting in exertion and self-sacrifice. We must not disguise our wants and our imperfections; we must call the attention of the public to them, and invite them to unite heartily in the adoption of the necessary methods for correcting and supplying them. Let us pray for an undying spirit of faith in God and love towards man; and amidst the mass of indifference and worldliness which prevails, we shall work out our appointed measure of good, and at least scatter the seed which others may reap in distant harvests.

From a Journal.

August 31, 1839.

Our new Chapel* is opened for public worship to-morrow. My deepest subject of regret respecting it is, that it does not make ampler provision for those who cannot afford to pay high pew rents. But I shall still continue to preach in the same spirit that I have ever done; and when I see how the Congregation finally settles down, my object will be to infuse into

* See p. 181.

them the determined purpose to supply by future zeal and exertions those deficiencies which accompany our present arrangements. Any little sacrifice on my own part I should consider a cheap price for the attainment of so desirable an end.*

Almighty God! placed by Thee amidst new circumstances, and called to exercise my ministry under a form and an aspect which it has never before assumed, my humble and earnest prayer to Thee is, that in all my future preaching I may cleave steadfastly to the pure gospel of Jesus Christ, inculcating the essential equality and common responsibilities, and mutual rights and duties of all human beings, and taking every opportunity, by a wise and prudent exercise of whatever influence I may possess, to turn to the highest advantage all my present means of usefulness, and to induce my people to extend their moral and spiritual advantages to a continually increasing circle of their fellow-men. Give me grace to promote these objects steadily, quietly, and perseveringly,—and disregarding all remark and observation of the world, to keep constantly before me the great object of my ministry—and through trust in Thee, modest self-reliance, simplicity and godly sincerity, to walk as in Thy sight, and to act with a sole reference to Thy divine approval! Amen.

* This object was afterwards partially attained by the addition of a gallery, to the strange disgust of the distinguished Architect, who consented to furnish a plan for it only that, as he told them, if they would commit such an abomination, they might know the least injurious way of doing it: such is the artistic sacrifice of ends to means.

THIRD PERIOD.

FROM HIS PROFESSORSHIP IN
MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE, TO HIS REMOVAL WITH
THE COLLEGE TO LONDON.

1840—1853.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

Manchester, January 28th, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It was quite a pleasure to me to see your well-known handwriting again. Since our College debates,* I have almost lost sight of you. I have not forgotten my promise about the Christian Teacher; of the success of which I rejoice to hear. I hope before Midsummer to send you a short paper founded on Georgi's little work on *Mythen*: in the meantime, if you think they would at all serve your purpose, I will send you,

* On the question of seating Manchester New College at Manchester or at London, when removed from York. The decision was in favour of its original seat, where, affiliated to the University of London, it remained for the next thirteen years. Mr. Tayler was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and delivered his inaugural Lecture in October, 1840. His colleagues were Francis W. Newman, Professor of Classical Literature; R. Finlay, of Mathematical Science; M. L. Phillips, of Physical Science and Natural History; Rev. John Kenrick, of History; Rev. James Martineau, of Mental and Moral Philosophy; Rev. Robert Wallace, of Critical and Exegetical Theology; and the Rev. J. G. Robberds, of Pastoral Theology, and the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac Languages.

after their delivery each month, the lectures,* on which I am now engaged. My object is—to exhibit the result of a careful and impartial analysis of the several contents of the New Testament—without any reference to doctrinal conclusions whatever—attempting, in the first instance, to explain nothing and reconcile nothing—but to let facts stand, as they simply present themselves. This seems to me the only true mode of proceeding—in order to ascertain the nature and design of a religious system, transmitted in books; and when this result is fairly deduced, then, by comparing it with the other facts of history, with the permanent relations of the Universe, and with the laws of the human mind, to proceed to determine its true character, and the nature and extent of the authority which it carries with it. I am aware, it will be said, Unitarians have always acted on this principle. I confess, I don't think they always have. Too often, it seems to me, the necessity has been implied in their modes of interpretation of reconciling every statement in the New Testament with a standard already existing in their own mind of what was rational. This mode of proceeding, which is inherent in our traditional Protestantism, is the fruitful cause of sects. The Oxford party perceive this tendency—and they set about rectifying it in their own way. We admit with them the existence of the evil and the absurdity, but we must get rid of it by a different process. I agree with you,

* “Nature and Design of Christianity investigated from an Analysis of its Primitive Records, contained in the New Testament.” *Christian Teacher*, 1840.

that the contest must ultimately lie between them and those who carry out the rights of conscience to their utmost extent. I rejoice, that it does so; they are learned, well-bred, respectable and consequential men: I trust they will provoke similar qualities in their opponents. I am sure there is no middle course. With regard to our friend Hort.* I had originally thought of him for the Classical department, and even spoke to Mr. Merz and wrote to Mr. Kenrick on the subject. What compelled me to relinquish the expectations I had been willing to entertain, was the evidence I received of his great—and I fear increasing—eccentricities, of which I hear almost daily accounts from my own boy, who is under him, and which, I am afraid, would altogether interfere with his usefulness among young men, who are always only too much disposed to take advantage of them. Of his excellent spirit and high principles, and of the very great superiority both of his talents and his acquirements, there cannot be a doubt. I think of him with profound sorrow, and do not see what is to be done for him. If anything further occurs to you respecting him, give me your thoughts freely.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

Manchester, February, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

*** It seems to me impossible to over-estimate the services of Paul to Christianity. But for him, it

* The Rev. Charles Danvers Hort, minister of Gorton Chapel, a man of universal attainments and childlike simplicity, who shortly afterwards sank into incurable mental disease, and died in 1867.

might have remained a Jewish sect. Yet I cannot persuade myself that his theology, fairly interpreted, is identical with the religious philosophy preached and taught by Unitarians, *e. g.* Dr. Channing. Where are we to draw the line between what is, and what is not, essential to Christianity? Every sect does virtually determine this question by its own dogmatic views; but this is a most arbitrary and unsatisfactory mode of proceeding; and till some nearer approach has been made to the establishment of fundamental principles of interpretation—to which all must recur for a final decision, I see no possible limit to theological controversy. How can any branch of enquiry advance, in which the data and fundamental axioms are left so perfectly vague and uncertain! The difficulty lies deeper than the precepts of Hermeneutic works ever reach. If Christianity be a development of great principles under Providence—may we not consider all those views to be comprehended in the original design of it, which flow by natural evolution, with the growth of the human mind, and by fair deduction from those principles—and reject, as the mere form in which they were originally clothed, to fit them to the actual state of the world, some articles even of the Apostle's own sincere belief, for which his divine authority is often quoted? At the same time, when we consider the nature of some of the Apostle's views—some of those which produced the strongest impression on the infant Churches—it must be admitted to be very difficult to say, what are and what

are not fundamentals—what is the spirit and what is the mere form. Using the Scriptures, as is common even with Unitarians, I do not say *Church Orthodoxy* would be fairly deduced from them, but neither do I think would Unitarianism.—To return to the Teacher. I send you the MSS. of a few of the Lectures which I delivered on Early Civilization some time ago, to look over. They are far too long and heavy for insertion in their present form in your Periodical. But it has occurred to me, that extracts from them, given avowedly as fragments, might be useful to some of your readers. They might be entitled “Fragments of the Early History of Asiatic Civilization :”* or perhaps you can suggest something better. The difficulty is in getting extracts made from them. I could easily mark the passages that I should think it desirable to print, but I really cannot spend the time to make the extracts myself. Neither should I like to send the MS. in its present state to the printer, for besides other objections, the papers, after having once passed through the Devil’s fingers, would never be fit to be used by a Christian again ; and these MSS. though of no great use to any one else contain a mass of materials and references, which I sometimes make use of, and which I should not like therefore to lose.

* Christian Teacher, 1841 : Fragmentary Notices of Chinese Civilization.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

Manchester, March 1, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

—I find that the preparation for my College lectures takes up so much of my time, that I cannot sit down as formerly for the preparation of an express article—and that if I do anything of this kind, it must be during the vacation. I have this winter gone through a short course of lectures on the writings of Paul—just completed—in which I have attempted to work out my ideas into a greater clearness and consistency on the subject. How far I have succeeded others are better judges than myself.*—I send you a copy of my Introductory Lecture,† which you will accept as a small mark of personal regard and attachment. How much the state of the times and the uncertainty that seems to hang over some of the dearest interests of men—makes us value and cherish the few true hearted and truth seeking friends whom we are permitted to hold intercourse with on earth. My heart flows out at my pen, when I tell you, that I place you, dear friend, among the few such that I possess.—I have ventured to send a copy to Mr. White.‡ It is hardly worth his acceptance—but he will perhaps take it as it is meant—as an expres-

* On the Value of the Life and Writings of St. Paul : Christian Teacher, 1841.

† At Manchester New College, introductory to the Course on the History of Christianity.

‡ Joseph Blanco White, then residing in Liverpool.

sion of respect for his character and his disinterested love of truth, and of my grateful remembrance of the very few instructive hours which I have occasionally had the happiness of spending with him. It would be a great privilege to be able to consult him, when I wished, on a subject with which he is so profoundly acquainted as the History of Christianity. I hardly get on so fast as I could wish, from the number of questions that present themselves at every step of the progress. Altogether, I think the whole period from Alexander to Constantine one of the most interesting and instructive in the history of the human species.—My wife and I are quite delighted with a work which we first saw noticed in the Christian Teacher, *L'Espagne sous Ferdinand VII.*, par le Marquis De Custine. It is full of the most vivid and picturesque descriptions, and the most piquant and original remarks—a complete *antithesis* to the fashionable democracy of the day. Amidst an abundance of glorious absurdity great and unheeded truths often peep forth. I am sorry to say it has once or twice tempted me away from drier pursuits.

TO HIS WIFE, at Birmingham.

Manchester, August 15th; 1842.

You will long before this have received the letter which I wrote to Hannah in reply to her's, and also the Saturday's Guardian containing a full account of the disturbances in this neighbourhood.

There seems no doubt whatever now, that these disturbances form part of a great premeditated Chartist movement. The question of wages is merely a pretext, and has been used by the leaders to act on the feelings of the masses; political objects are really aimed at. To carry such objects by force and a violent interference with the free labour of others, is in the highest degree illegal, and amounts to insurrection, as the *Guardian*, you will perceive, has not hesitated to call it. A great number—perhaps a majority—of the workpeople, who only want bread for themselves and their children, would be willing enough to go to work again, and secretly regret this state of things; but again there are numbers who live in a vague expectation of some unknown change that is to benefit them; and indeed it is difficult to convince a starving miserable being that he will not be bettered by any change whatever. Unless they can be weaned from these delusions, and made to see the selfishness and ambition by which some of their leaders are actuated, who trade in their wretchedness, I fear force will have to be resorted to, and blood may be spilt. The true friends of the people should point out to them the folly and hopelessness of a portion of the lowest class setting themselves against the law and constituted authorities of the country,—backed by all the middle and upper ranks and a powerful military force. The deficiency in this respect is now repaired: numbers of troops with field-pieces have come into the

town, and will no doubt by inspiring terror, tend to preserve the peace. But what a state of things is this for a civilized and Christian country! There must be something rotten in society, when such disorders are constantly occurring. Happily, Col. Wemyss, the Commandant of the District, is a mild and humane man, popular with the people, who will not unnecessarily have recourse to arms.—I hope the papering will be completely finished to-day, and that when you come, you will be satisfied with my judgment in the choice of papers. I wish you could find a housemaid before you return. My own advice is, get a really active and clever woman, who understands her work, even if you pay her a trifle more. I am sure it is the best economy in the end. With a stupid and thriftless servant you lose more in destruction and injury of furniture, and in every sort of discomfort, than you save in wages.—I have been solacing my solitude with Carlyle's *Hero Worship*; and have read the first and part of the second lecture. Bating the extravagances of his style, I think it a very interesting book, marked by just and noble sentiment, and containing some very eloquent passages. He will do good in England. James Heywood has sent me a copy of Mr. Hunter's *Memoir of his ancestor, Oliver Heywood*, which I am also reading. It contains a most graphic and interesting picture of the old Puritan life in the North of England.

TO REV. CHARLES WICKSTEED.*

Manchester, October 8th, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,

I believe you have had some experience in social meetings of your congregation. I should be glad to benefit by your knowledge. A subject has been proposed for discussion at the next meeting of Ministers of the Manchester District, which I am to introduce, "On the basis of an Annual Reunion of the Unitarian Congregations of Manchester and its neighbourhood." The want of some such tie is felt.—Without at all interfering with the independent constitution of each separate congregation, there are some advantages derivable from mutual countenance and acknowledgment, and from exchange of sentiment and feeling under the exhilarating influence of assembled numbers. Some great principles are confided to our trust, liberty and charity among the chief; and when the opposition to them is so firm and so constant, we ought to strengthen ourselves by union and sympathy for firmly maintaining them. Nevertheless my own opinion is, that without in the least disguising the *fact* of our Unitarian sentiments, the basis of our union should under present circumstances be *practical* not *doctrinal*. I should like to see an union cemented solely by the *spirit* of Christ, without placing among its essentials either the dogmas of theologians or the institutions of priests, consisting of such as

* Then Minister of Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds.

simply recognise each other as brethren,—acknowledging one Supreme Father, one moral guide and exemplar Christ—and combining for the sole purpose of giving increased activity to principles which secure the freest discussion of speculative truth, and the extension of education especially among the poor,—which recognise the sole value of Christianity to be its influence on the heart and life of individuals, and which tend to establish the feeling of brotherhood among all sects, parties and classes of men. I have sometimes thought our existing Ministry to the Poor might furnish a living nucleus of the very kind we want, around which such a Society might cluster, and that upon this all subordinate and collateral objects might be conveniently fastened. Our meeting would thus be an annual celebration of all the Institutions devoted to practical and spiritual Christianity in connection with our different Societies: so that while other sects and churches are united by their attachment to creeds or forms of church government, our's might be associated by the sole bond of a practical Christianity, aiming to spread virtue, peace, education, and the spirit of human brotherhood through the earth. You will probably understand from this rough sketch what are the general objects which I consider as desirable in such an union. We have always found a difficulty in uniting persons of all classes in any such meetings; the most educated and influential class often keep away. I believe you have been more fortunate; you have been able to persuade the rich and the genteel,—

that without effacing those social distinctions which for wise and good purposes are permitted to exist, there are occasions when it is good for all, instructive to the high and elevating and refining to the low, to meet on the common ground of men and brethren, and to exchange those sentiments of human sympathy and of interest in human welfare, which send them all back into the world wiser, better, and happier. Any suggestions on this subject which your experience may furnish, I shall feel really obliged by your giving me as early as you find it convenient :—how you have contrived to bring rich and poor together,—what topics you have found most generally interesting to them,—and what you have found the most convenient mode of arranging and conducting your social meetings.

TO HIS WIFE, *at Nottingham.*

Manchester, Jan. 1, 1843.

MY DEAREST WIFE,

I wish to send you, and my beloved children and my dear mother, sisters and brother, my most affectionate good wishes on the opening of the year. Thank you all for the very happy week I have passed with you. May we all live to witness many happy returns of the day! I drank tea last night at the Wallaces, but came home about eight, to read to the servants. After that I took up the Bishop of St. David's charge, which I bought at Nottingham, and was so much interested with it, that I did not lay it

down till I had finished it; which is the reason why my letter was not written last night. The speculations of such a man on the present condition and prospects of the Church must always possess a high interest. The charge contains *some* very excellent things; but to express plainly what I felt, after reading it—there is a want of explicitness in its general tone, a cautious balancing of opposite views without coming to any positive result—which, as it cannot be referred in a man like Dr. Thirlwall to intellectual feebleness, leaves on the mind the unpleasing impression of a person straitened by an assumed system, who does not utter unreservedly all that he thinks and feels, and has not confidence in human nature to trust it with the whole truth. Some people commend him for his honesty in rebuking the Puseyites; yet his language is really very cautious respecting them; I suspect he has—as all men of sense belonging to the establishment must have—no little sympathy with their general tendencies; it is only where their language points to a direct reunion with Rome, that he is compelled to use the language of censure. The whole performance is distinguished by great dialectic subtlety, and a high intellectual character, and constantly reminded me of Schleiermacher, with whose mind that of Thirlwall seems to have considerable affinity. But it is wanting in moral fervour, and presents a great contrast to the simple fervid flow of pious and humane sentiment which we find in the pages of Channing. The two men have naturally very different minds, and

this difference is increased by the fact that one is an English Bishop, and the other an American Congregationalist.

TO REV. W. JAMES, *of Bristol.*

Manchester, August 10th, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,

In answer to your communication of the 1st inst., I will give you without reserve such thoughts as have occurred to me on the interesting subject to which it relates. The question is—the propriety of addressing our Unitarian brethren in America, “On the importance of bearing their firm and public protest against the sin of holding men in slavery.” You say—“you have reason to believe that such an Address would be gladly welcomed by many faithful friends of truth and freedom in the Western World, and would be productive of great good in quickening and aiding where stimulus and sympathy are much needed.”**—I will state one two considerations which have rendered it doubtful to my own mind, whether an Address *directly admonitory* on the subject of Slavery, from men in England to men in America, would advance the cause of Abolition, or could proceed with perfect propriety from persons in our situation. First, we are very remote from the scene of action, far away from the strife and the martyrdom in which it involves the fearless assertors of human rights; and therefore—with the Atlantic between us, and the generous sympathies of English-

men all on our side—it would look like a very safe piece of valour to exhort our less fortunate brethren to manliness and courage in a cause whose perils and sacrifices we cannot share, and the appalling extent of whose social bearings we are perhaps wholly unable to appreciate. I reverence profoundly the martyrs to the Abolition cause in America; the course they have taken is the right course—the only course by which slavery will be finally extinguished; but it is because I feel the real greatness of their work, and what self-sacrifice and self-devotion it demands—that I shrink from addressing them, or exhorting others, on the subject; at all events, I could wish to have tested, in some way, my own strength of purpose and fortitude of spirit, before I undertook such a task.—Again, I cannot deny I have some distrust in the tendency so prevalent now, to look abroad for objects of philanthropic interest and activity, while questions of the deepest moment are asking all our attention and solicitude at home. Slavery is so great an evil, and its pernicious effects through the constant intercourse between all civilized communities are so widely spread, that it is natural the friends of humanity throughout the world should employ all their efforts to procure its abolition. But are there not some evils in England which, though I will not put them in the same category with slavery, are still productive of an immense mass of suffering and crime, operating most hurtfully through the wide-spread influence of England, on the general civilisation of the earth, and redounding more

particularly with injurious effect on America, in the multitudes of degraded and pauperised beings yearly cast on her shores? If we proceed to address our American friends on their duty to labour for the extinction of slavery, might not they reply by bidding us look at the state of Ireland, at the want of popular instruction in England, at the wretched, demoralized and pining condition of vast classes of our own ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ignorant poor?—might they not, with some show of reason, remonstrate with us on our pusillanimous acquiescence under such crying ills?—As in the relations of private life, the happiness of society is most surely promoted by each individual bestowing his first and principal attention on the good education and pure morals of his own family and neighbourhood, so each country has its specific task of internal reform—of social regeneration, which it is well that each should confine itself to, without too direct an interference in that of another. Exchange of sympathy and encouragement between philanthropists of different countries engaged in kindred labours—is indeed natural and becoming; but when the inhabitants of one country expressly exhort those of another to a particular course of action, involving vast social changes, however intrinsically right and just that course may be—I cannot feel quite sure, that they are not overstepping the limits which Providence has drawn between the intercourse of different nations; and that the principle on which they act, once generally adopted, by tending to produce national reerimi-

nations, and to awaken the suspicions of Governments, might not really check and embarrass, instead of advancing, the work of a progressive civilisation in each separate community.**—At the same time, I do not absolutely object to an Address to our American brethren, expressing a strong sympathy with those who have made such heroic efforts for the abolition of slavery—if it can be conceived in such a form, as not to exceed the simple, unassuming character of a brotherly reciprocation of generous and truthful feeling, without forcing us into the somewhat obtrusive position of admonishing our brethren in a very distant country about duties in which we cannot participate, and which many of the sincerest friends to the cause of Emancipation may regard as not forming a proper object for our direct interference. The propriety of such an Address appears to me to depend wholly on the form it assumes. I have every wish to strengthen the bonds of sympathy and mutual interest between us and our Transatlantic friends on all the great questions of human improvement and happiness—and in particular, that we should honestly encourage and animate each other in those cases where worldly fear, prejudice and pride may tend to hold us back from acting out the full requirements of Christian duty. Any Address fitted to promote such an open-hearted and inspiring intercourse between fellow-labourers in the cause of humanity, I could not but approve.

TO HIS WIFE.

Birmingham, May 6th, 1844.

* *— Henry [Smith] arrived here from London about the same time with myself. He was in the House of Lords the preceding evening, and heard the discussion in Committee on the Dissenters' Chapel Bill.* He says the report in the Chronicle gives an imperfect idea of the deep interest and almost breathless silence with which the discussion was listened to. The House was very full both of Peers and of strangers. He says nothing could be more respectful than the terms in which the present occupants of the chapels were spoken of by the supporters of the Bill, and nothing more complete than the discomfiture of their opponents; that the effect was even ludicrous, when, after the Bishop of London's declaration of the uselessness of a division, and an indignant explosion from the Bishop of Exeter, the whole bench gathered up their garments and bustled out of the House. I am glad for the credit of our country, and for the sounder spirit which it manifests in our legislators, that such a result has been obtained. What will be the effect on ourselves, time must show. We want rousing, and a little misfortune would be no injury to us—though that sounds very much like a bull.

* Introduced and carried by the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel to secure Dissenters in the possession of Chapel property, founded by their ancestors in intolerant times, in all cases where no Doctrinal condition of the Trust Deeds was violated. This legislation was necessitated by an attempt on the part of Orthodox Dissenters to obtain for themselves Places of Worship built before Anti-Trinitarianism was a legal profession.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Manchester, July 17th, 1844.

MY DEAR HANNAH,

We arrived at home three or four hours ago, but I am unwilling to go to bed, till I have added a few more particulars respecting our pleasant visit at Farley, to what Mama sent you on Monday morning. The afternoon of that day we devoted to the magnificent house and gardens of Alton Towers, the Seat of Lord Shrewsbury, a Catholic nobleman and the Premier Earl of England.* * —You know I am an admirer of sacred art, and particularly of many of our English Churches and Cathedrals; but there is a chaste and severe character, suitable to the feelings of religion, which should be strictly preserved. I never felt so strongly before how unsuitable the appendages of Catholic worship are to the simplicity of Christianity. The chapel with all its riches is dark and gloomy, and there is—as in all Catholic churches—a lingering smell of incense, which I found almost stifling. Impressed with these feelings, I happened to glance through one of the side windows, and I was at once struck with the fresh and radiant beauty of the scene without. The eye ranged over an expanse of noble woods, bright with sunshine and a recent shower, out of which rose the green and swelling hills of Weaver chequered with the sleeping shadows of the clouds. I do not believe any one could have compared, as I did in that moment, the vain profusion of human art with the grand simplicity of nature, and not have confessed that the sub-

limest of all temples is that which God has built for himself among the woods and everlasting hills. After all, though Alton is a very magnificent place, I cannot say that it altogether yields the feeling of gratified taste. There is a want of simplicity and good sense about it. It is too melodramatic. There is too visible an effort to preserve the forms and the usages, and to revive the associations, of an age long passed away,—which it is very amusing to read of in poetry and fiction and history, and all very well to represent now and then upon the stage,—but which seem almost like a mockery, when we attempt to render them permanent among the living realities of the present.* *—The entire neighbourhood of Farley is very picturesque, and abounds with retired and beautiful walks. The district lies remote from any great road, in the secluded north-east corner of Staffordshire; the population is thinly scattered, and in point of intelligence is said to be far behind the rest of the county; but they seem a well-mannered, simple people. There is an extensive rabbit-warren adjoining Farley, occupying an open heath and wooded glen, which affords a most charming ramble. I was so taken with it, that I went over it three times. Last night Mama and I with Mrs. and Miss Humphrys, went there to watch the sun set. The subterranean people were all alive among the fern, and scudded away on our approach, to hide themselves in their burrows. There is nothing to me so delightful for a ramble as a wild heath. One has a sense of freedom and independence there, which is

felt nowhere else. To lie on the turf, and breathe the fresh sweet air is of itself a luxury. One pleasing feature in the scenery about Farley is, that the Red Sandstone juts out in wild fantastic masses here and there from the soil, often crowned with a picturesque clump of aged firs. We visited Wooton Lodge, where Mr. Geo. Humphrys lately resided. It is a fine old mansion,—the principal façade erected by Inigo Jones; and the style resembles that of Hardwick Hall in Derbyshire, and Wollaton near Nottingham. The gardens are laid out in the old-fashioned style with terraces and steps and dark yew hedges—which I am very fond of, and the adjacent scenery is delightful. It is said, that Fleetwood, who married Oliver Cromwell's daughter, once lived here. I think the place must be described in some of W. Howitt's works.

TO REV. JOHN KENRICK.

Manchester, Feb. 5th, 1845.

You may recollect, that I have often expressed a wish, you would give the public the fruit of your knowledge and long study on the subject of Mythology, and its relation to history, as the earliest form of human reflection on the past. I do think this a very important question—one that must force itself sooner or later on public attention; and I should be very glad to see it learnedly and honestly discussed in its general principles, apart from any direct bearing on the Sacred Records. When principles can once be shown to have

a necessary foundation in human nature, and it appears that their operation is as certain, under given circumstance, as that of any physical law—prejudice is taken by surprise and disarmed—and we may then leave the application of principles to the candour and good sense of all thoughtful readers. I am aware, that you have thrown out much valuable light on this subject in former communications to the Classical Museum, and in the Appendix to your Herodotus. But what I now wish to see is something in a more popular, comprehensive, and accessible form for the general reader. If we wish to save the credit of ancient learning in this land of Poor Laws and Anti-Corn Leagues and Protection Societies—we must popularise its results, and bring them out in a tangible shape before the public. Perhaps you suspect already what I am driving at, and scent the Editor afar off; and therefore without further preface I will confess, that I am a petitioner to you for an Article for the next number of the Periodical* with which I am now partially connected. A translation has recently appeared of Müller's *Prolegomena to a Scientific View of Mythology*, which I and some of my colleagues have thought might furnish the subject of a very instructive article, if you would have the kindness to furnish it.—I hope the public do not think there was any manifestation of ill-timed rivalry in commencing a New Series just at the time

* In 1845, *The Christian Teacher* changed its Title, and appeared as *The Prospective Review*, under the editorship of John James Tayler, James Martineau, Charles Wicksteed, and John Hamilton Thom.

when Brook Aspland* was doing the same for the Reformer. It was not like setting on foot a new publication, which would have been unseemly and uncourteous. It was merely taking up with a stronger force ground already in occupation. Some regret there should be two Periodicals in our body; but it seems to me, there are two elements working amongst us, each of which demands an expression—to subserve the cause of universal truth. For myself I can sympathise with conservatism, as well as with progress; and sometimes fancy my own views are an odd jumble of both. But I do not see why, in the present state of things, the organs of both may not work on in their different spheres, with perfect good will towards each, and with mutual sympathy and respect.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.†

Manchester, February 9th, 1845.

MY DEAR HANNAH,

I cannot fancy that one week has not yet completely elapsed, since I bid you good-bye; to look back on, it seems a month—so much do we miss at first those whom we tenderly love. I can hardly tell you, my beloved child, what pain it has cost me, to part with you even for so short a time. I had a constant sadness upon me for some days after you left. We all

* Rev. Robert Brook Aspland, Editor of *The Christian Reformer*, deceased in 1869.

† At School in Liverpool, on leaving home for the first time.

miss your bright looks and cheery voice every hour in the day, and feel something is wanting to make our after-dinner group round the fire, and our tea-table, as sprightly and cheerful as it ought to be. When your old companions came at the usual hour on Wednesday morning, it seemed so strange to me not to see you as usual in the midst of them, that the tears were quite ready to come into my eyes. I shall dismiss them at the end of this quarter. I told them, that if any liked to take up the history, after Midsummer, I should be ready to pursue it with them; and that when you returned next Christmas, it was my intention to continue to read with you a few hours in every week—no longer as a pupil, but as an intelligent friend and companion—on the higher subjects of taste and criticism, and philosophy, which you might then feel a disposition to pursue; and that if any of your old friends wished to join you in these pursuits, I should be most happy to see them. * * * You will acquire by patience and perseverance all the intellectual qualities that constitute true wisdom, and are necessary to the true enjoyment of life and the efficient discharge of all its duties; and every day I see reason to value *less* mere cleverness, and to esteem *more* gentle and consistent goodness. Though you leave home older than is usual—yet I am reconciled to this, by the conviction that your principles are now fixed, and that you will feel, more than you could at an earlier age, the importance of making the best possible use of your present advantages.—You left us, a pure, simple-hearted, and affectionate

child ; I do not think it possible you can come back to us otherwise. My dearest Hannah, cherish in secret the *religion of the heart*—faith in an ever-present and most benignant Father, our Father and thine.—This faith is the source of all true wisdom and true peace. The best qualities, even of the *head*, grow out of it. In this faith we may be *one* and *near*, though separated. If at any time you are tired or harassed, the retirement of your own room will afford you the best relief and strength. I rejoice on this account that you have a room to yourself. I could write much more for my heart is full. You are generally the last thing of which your mother and I talk at night before going to sleep. I miss your affectionate good night in my study. I will say to you now, what I have often said then,—Good night, *my darling bab !*

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Manchester, March 16th, 1845.

MY DEAR HANNAH,

**—I have had melancholy duties to perform on two successive Sundays. Last Sunday I preached on the death of my good old friend, Mrs. McConnel ; and to-day I have had to render the same tribute to the memory of poor Mrs. J. Shawcross. You will, no doubt, have been shocked to hear of her death, which I believe Mama has already mentioned to you. It was a melancholy sight yesterday morning, at the funeral, to see the widowed father sitting sad with his

nine children around him, all weeping their mother's sudden removal from them.—But I must turn to you, my dear child. I am glad that John and Mama will have three days quiet enjoyment of your company at the end of this week. Few things would give me more happiness than to join them; but I have to preach on Good Friday, and must prepare on Saturday for my lecture next day: so that if there were no other reason, I could not leave home; but I have a little work on hand,* which I am resolved to despatch before summer, and nothing shall tempt me forth till that is accomplished. My happiness in seeing you at Midsummer will be all the greater for my self-denial now.—I observe, my dear Hannah, you say in your last letter, you sometimes feel discouraged, and think you will never get over certain difficulties. Do not give way to that feeling; there is no occasion for it.—There is nothing which I admire more in the character of the late Dr. Arnold than his preference of *moral* earnestness and simplicity to mere *intellectual* cleverness. It was only to-day, that I met with the following beautiful remark, from—I believe—one of his letters:—“If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom—blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated.” I do not know that I have ever fully expressed to you my sentiments respecting the education of women. I by no means undervalue

* A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England: or, The Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry. 1845.

accomplishments ; I delight to see the fairest of God's works made still more beautiful by elegant culture.— But I have observed, that accomplishments are often pursued at too great and exclusive a cost—that they are often merely technical—an outward possession, not growing out of the heart and imbued with sentiment and feeling—in one word, wholly disjoined from what I call *character*. This, I think, is often the case with the daughters of those who have themselves had few advantages of education. They like to see some visible fruits of culture speedily produced, and to be able to say, “ my girl is a complete musician—‘ draws beautifully’—‘ is perfect mistress of French, German, Italian,’ and so forth, etc.” Now, it would be great affectation to deny that these attainments are in themselves very valuable, and to depreciate them because we are not so fortunate as to possess them. But still they are not the *end*—the *whole* of education. There are some things far more precious, without which they are useless, and which without them will render any woman a blessing to her family and her kind. These then are the first things to be attended to ; add to them as much of the former as you can. The most valuable influence of a woman in the world is to cherish the affections, to keep alive the spirit of religion, to give strength and purity to the sense of right. I would even say, it is her peculiar prerogative, to be the *guardian of the moral interests of humanity*. Now this object suggests the proper rule and measure of her education. Moral and religious principle must

be its *basis*—and a pure, simple, truthful heart—a calm and thoughtful understanding, its *instrument*; useful, well-digested knowledge—history, the elements of natural science, of mathematics and of mental philosophy, poetry and polite literature, and the languages which most abundantly supply this knowledge—are its *materials*; and the accomplishments, which refine the taste, perfect the senses, and form the manners—are its *embellishments*. This seems to me the order in which the objects of education should be pursued, and the rank according to which they should be appreciated. The basis being well laid, every subsequent addition confers fresh grace and value on the character. But this can only be, when what we learn has been learned thoroughly and conscientiously, has been reflected on and digested, and wrought into the permanent furniture of the mind—and in life, is applied wisely and judiciously. Mere accomplishment must not be confounded with refinement of mind, which is its proper fruit; nor mere book-knowledge with wisdom, which is the only thing of real value. To be able to *live* wisely and well—to exercise our affections properly—to judge correctly on questions of duty and conduct—and to acquire a firm, calm will, which can adhere to what is right amidst the evil influences of the world—this is *character*; and if education does not produce this—though it may have taught a dozen languages and all the sciences, and conferred the most exquisite accomplishments—it will have done nothing. Do not then misunderstand me.

I would have you pursue music, drawing, dancing, French, etc., with the utmost assiduity, and strive to overcome all your difficulties, and even to excel in them; for whatever confers grace and refinement, and enables a woman to diffuse additional pleasure through the social circle, promotes the peculiar end of her existence: but if you find you can never shine or be distinguished in them, do not let that disconcert you; secure the substantial, and be content; profit by the *discipline* which they afford to your mind; and if they bring nothing else to you, let them teach you *wisdom*. That which has brought the fruits of modesty, gentleness, and self-discipline is worth all the labour that has been bestowed on it; and if you can only cheer your father's or your mother's old age with one of our dear old English airs played simply and expressively—or can bring back in your sketch-book some slight image of the beautiful scenes I hope we may often see together hereafter—you will have made them additionally happy, and I am sure your affectionate heart will find in that an abundant recompense.

Manchester, April 6th, 1845.

This has been such a busy week that it seems like a month since I last wrote to you. On Monday, our friend, Mr. Longueville Jones, read a Paper at a *Conversazione* at the Royal Institution, on the Dutch Critics of the 16th and 17th Centuries, when I was in the Chair, and made a short introduction to the subject. —On Tuesday night, I set out by the Mail train for

London.—I made my arrangements very satisfactorily with the printer and publisher, and in the shop of the latter, I met our friend Dr. Hutton. There is an old Dissenting Library in Red Cross Street,* founded by Dr. Williams, a Presbyterian Minister, more than a century ago, which contains some books which I wished to see. Dr. Hutton accompanied me thither, and introduced me to the Librarian; and there I sat reading and copying till about four or five in the afternoon. To one who like myself has been reading much about the old Puritans and early Nonconformists, Dr. Williams's Library is really a very interesting place. The walls are hung with original portraits of these old worthies, with their successors of eminence in the Dissenting ministry in London and its neighbourhood down to the present day—and it is curious to mark not only the change of costume, but the gradual softening of the features and expression—as the harshness of the old Calvinistic systems gave way to milder and more cheerful views of religion. Among the rest is a portrait of Sir John Oldcastle, an old Lollard chief, the reputed companion of Henry V., when Prince of Wales, and the original historical personage out of which Shakespeare is said to have elaborated his Falstaff. This can hardly, I should think, be an original picture; but the sternness of feature it exhibits better comports with the character of a religious reformer than with that of a boon companion of a wild and

* A new building for this Library is now in course of erection in Grafton Street, Gower Street.

headstrong prince. But there is another picture in the same collection, which is extremely interesting and beautiful—the portrait of Baxter. The head is wonderfully characteristic, full of a thoughtful earnestness, tempered with benignity, and the painting is rich with that mellowed darkness of tone which we sometimes see in old paintings. But I am got away from my travels. I drank tea at Mr. Chapman's the publisher's, where I met Dr. Hutton again, and before eight the same evening I returned to the Hotel to prepare for my journey homeward.—In travelling all night one has an opportunity of seeing some things which our artificial habits and late hours usually conceal from us. What exquisite beauties there are in this Universe of which we know nothing! Nothing could be more lovely than the breaking of the dawn in long flakes of quiet light all along the eastern horizon—beneath which the hills exhibited the softest, richest purple—and this effect was heightened by the beautiful apparition of the crescent moon, looking as one may say, unearthly pale amidst the kindling glow of the morning.

TO F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

York Place, Manchester, April 29th, 1845.

I have seen so little of you lately, that it is quite a pleasure to converse with you even on paper. By the end of May, I trust I shall be rather more at leisure, and have more of your society. The notes of

your Lecture on the Priestly Kingdoms,* I have read over with much interest. In your general view of the gradual evolution of one stage of society out of another—and of things, originally well meant and beneficial, becoming corrupt and mischievous—only by being kept too long—I entirely agree. On one or two insulated points a question or two has occurred to me to ask you.—According to your idea—if I rightly apprehend it—the *sacred* or *sacerdotal* character grows out of the importance attached to the *civil* character of a judge and mediator. I am not arguing for the priority of the *civil* or the *sacerdotal* element in society—but it seems to me, that with a rude people the *religious* influence would be more direct, constant, and all-embracing than you represent it. Among such a people, every perception and every consciousness of superior wisdom and intellect, capable of guiding and directing, inspires deep religious feeling—veneration approaching to homage;—the civil and sacerdotal elements lie folded up, as it were, in one character, and only separate themselves into distinct functions, as society advances. In the order of development, do not the *religious* precede the *moral* sentiments? Perhaps, however, the difference between us is more verbal than real.—I can hardly admit that the love of Truth for its own sake is altogether and in every case so late a product of humanity. I doubt too, whether *conscious* falsehood,—even if it tends apparently to a good practical result, is ever felt to be praiseworthy.

* Published in a Volume of Miscellanies, 1869 : Trübner and Co.

The moment *that* consciousness arises, the innocence of *childhood* is gone, and craft and selfishness, which so early insinuate themselves into priesthoods, take its place.—What you say of the institution of castes originating in the monopolising spirit of different occupations—like our trades-unions—is very ingenious, and to me a new thought—it never occurred to me before. At the same time, may we not more simply account for this origin by supposing them to be nothing more than the natural development of society in the division of human labour, arrested at a certain period of its growth by the interposing hand of the priesthood, controlling and directing all things? We have an instance of the way in which the priesthood took the *whole* management of society into their hands, in the account given us of the Incas of Peru, who superintended to the minutest particulars the cultivating and reaping of the entire lands of the community. Is not the institution of castes invariably connected with a priesthood? Where one occurs may we not certainly infer the co-existence of the other. The case of China is an exception more of *form* than of *reality*; as we see there the true *sacerdotal* power placed in the hands of a *literary* class—and *classical* books substituted for the *sacred* books of other nations. The earliest constitution of castes seems, as you observe, to embrace the natural fourfold division of human occupations. We find it in our own Anglo-Saxon times—without the compulsion of caste—*priests, thanes* (warriors), *merchants and free cultivators, slaves*. But when the

institution was once set on foot, and the priesthood had established its ascendancy, nothing was more natural than that every fresh subdivision should be brought under its control—as in the case of the new caste of interpreters among the Egyptians, after the commencement of their close intercourse with the Greeks. The difference between us seems to lie in this—you regard the system of castes as having its impulse *within*, in the self-interest and jealousy of different employments—I have been accustomed to view it as the constraint of a despotic force imposed from *without*. But, as I said, the idea is new to me, and I will well consider it. Your theory seems to me more in accordance with the origin of our modern society—in the formation of *guilds and companies*, which I take it were at first nothing more than incorporations for mutual defence and advantage; at first against the warrior force of the feudal baron, but afterwards against rivals in trade.—Towards the close of your paper—are you quite correct historically—in speaking of “the *hereditary Counts or military officers*” as “off sets” from the original warrior caste? My impression was, that the *Counts*, dispersed over the vast extent of the Frankish empire, who laid the first foundations of the feudal system, were at first mere *beneficiaries*—the creatures of the sovereign—without *inherent* nobility, and that only by degrees they acquired hereditary title, and rose into the class of proper nobles. That is the idea which Hallam’s book has left on my mind. But I speak under cor-

rection.—Thank you sincerely for the interest of this discussion, and believe me ever truly and affectionately yours.

TO SAMUEL ROBINSON, ESQ.

York Place, June 20th, 1845.

* * You know there is going to be a meeting of old Yorkists at York, in the first week of July, and a public dinner, at which the valued friends and instructors of our youth will be present. Such meetings, so full of sentiment and interest, cannot often occur; and I quite take it for granted you will be there. But that is not the point. After the dinner it is proposed, there should be a short Address, expressing the sentiments naturally excited by the occasion. I am quite of opinion, this should be; the meeting will be aimless and want character, without some such accompaniment. But who should undertake the office of preparing and delivering it? Perhaps you will say, some of the older Divines. Well! some of them have been applied to, and all, for some reason or another, have been found utterly impracticable. The matter was mooted in a reunion of some of us, connected with the meeting, yesterday; and your name, as by a sort of spontaneous suggestion, was at once mentioned by several of us, with an earnest wish that we could possibly induce you to comply with our request, to deliver the address. As an old friend, who, it was thought, might have some influence over you, I was commissioned to apply to you, which I do, I assure

you, with the most cordial approval of the suggestion. In some respects, I am deliberately of opinion, that a layman is much better suited to the office than a divine. A parson, let him try all he can, has his hand so in for sermon making, that he can produce after all nothing but a sermon disguised—and a poor made dish at last. Now we do not want anything long or elaborate; but good and generous feeling, kind recollections of past days, respect and gratitude for our venerated instructors, cheerful anticipations of brighter days of truth, liberty and human progress. All this I know you *can* do, if you *will*, and why you should not *will*, I confess I cannot see the shadow of a reason. I mentioned what I was going to do to Mr. Kenrick to-day, but begged him not to speak of it, till it was settled. He thoroughly approved of the proposal, said he was sure you would do it well, and seemed rather rejoiced at the prospect of escape from parsonic infliction.

TO HIS WIFE.

York Place, July 4th, 1845.

* * Our meeting at York was a very pleasant and satisfactory one. We mustered about twenty-seven students, Beard [Dr. J. R.], Aspland, Howorth, S. Wood, were there with their wives. Eyre Lee made a very good chairman. He and Mr. Robberds [Rev. John Gooch], who were fellow-students exchanged a good deal of merriment in their speeches. Mr. Robberds opened a complete battery on his old friend,

so that the company were in roars, and the tears ran down Mr. Wellbeloved's cheeks with merriment. We (I mean the students, including S. Robinson and R. Philips who were both with us) adopted and carried unanimously a resolution to request Mr. Kenrick to sit for his portrait, to be presented to Mrs. Kenrick, and to have an engraving taken from it for his pupils. Mr. Lee, R. Philips and myself were appointed a deputation to convey the resolution to him. He was quite taken by surprise ; but after a little demur very kindly gave his consent. I think Mrs. Kenrick was much pleased, as well as Mr. Wellbeloved.*

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Manchester, Sept. 7th, 1845.

It is one of the advantages of the penny post, that it offers no obstacle to writing short letters, when one has no matter or no time to produce a long one. I dare say it is pleasant to you, to have only a few words from those you love, every week ; it is just like asking you how you do, and sending you word we are all very well, through the long tube (for to this we may compare our conveyance by Railroads) which I have seen, in some shops and warehouses, connecting one floor with another. You will ask, what can possibly be the meaning of such a strange introduction. The fact is, I have at this moment actually nothing to say ; and yet I cannot let another week pass away, without

* Mrs. Kenrick's father.

assuring you, my very dear child, that you are not out of my thoughts, and that not a day comes round, in which you are not often present to my mind. It has been such a happiness to your dear Mother and myself to have you and your brother constantly with us, busy with your childish studies and your childish amusements, making our house pleasant with the sound of your merry voices—that I am sometimes half inclined to be sad, that your season of childhood is past. It is gone like a pleasant vision; and whatever the future may be (God grant it a happy and an honourable one for you and dear John!) I shall always look back on that happy past with gratitude and delight as one of the brightest periods of my earthly existence, treasuring up the memory of the hours I have spent in reading with you and him, and in endeavouring to open and direct your minds, as among the few things in this life on which I can look back with almost unmingled satisfaction. With you, dear Hannah, I hope to renew some of the pleasant hours of instruction once more, and I have no doubt Mama has the same expectation too; and even with John, I cannot forego the hope that I may still, in his long vacations, occasionally work out in joint study and reading some interesting subject. But I cannot disguise from myself the feeling, that when he goes from us in another month, it will be a step for him into the great and uncertain theatre of life, and that home, much as I hope and believe he will ever love and cherish it—can never again be for him, what it has hitherto been.

But you and I and Mama must try to find a new source of interest in him, which will strengthen our affection for him, in tracing what I hope will be his honourable and successful progress in life, and the unfolding of the many valuable qualities both of mind and of character, which I believe he possesses. But the last quarter before Christmas will be a pensive one. Never before shall we have been without both our children. Dear Mama and I, as we sit over the fire after dinner, shall often talk of you, and look forward with delight to our meeting at Christmas, which separation will have rendered more delightful.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastised by sabler tints of woe ;
And blended form with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

Mama's and John's letters will be fuller of news than mine : but you know my business is to make Sermons, and my letters are often, I fear, very like one.

To HIS SON, *at University College, London.*

Manchester, Oct. 29th, 1845.

I hope next week to commence my regular correspondence with you. For among the compensations, for the loss of your society, and the daily interest which now for three years I have had in reading with you—I reckon that of freely imparting my thoughts to you by letter, and of receiving your's in return. When such intercourse is carried on with

perfect freedom and ingenuousness, and at the same time, with some care and thoughtfulness, I believe it to be a great means of opening and strengthening the mind, of forming the taste and sentiments, and of defining and fixing the opinions, both morally and intellectually. Your dear mother and sister will give you all the domestic intelligence which, even to the smallest particulars, is so valuable and interesting when we are at a distance from home. I remember well, how my letters from England used to affect me when I was a student in Glasgow, a place by the bye in which my heart never took root, as it did in old York. But *I* had better take another department, for I should not equally well succeed in theirs; and if I still seem to take a deep interest and even share in your education, and beg you to write to me fully and unreservedly your judgments and feelings on the books you read, the lectures you hear, the friends you converse with, or the questions whether literary or general on which your mind is exercised—remember, my dear boy, I do this no longer with the authority of an instructor, but simply as a father and a friend. I hope you will not find my letters dull. I shall write from my heart: and if, at times, to a younger mind, I may appear over-anxious and particular, you must recollect it is a part of the infirmity of natural temperament, and that at all events it arises from the strength of my affection for you. This is a long preface, you will say, about nothing. It is simply to tell you, you must not consider this as a letter; it is merely the

preparation for one. I did not finish my article for the Prospective till last night, and so I have passed the proper time for writing to you. But to-morrow is your birthday; and I should not like it to pass over, without some expression of congratulation and good wishes from your mother and myself. You are now getting on towards manhood. Take into it with you all the good principle, the right feeling, and the virtuous habits, which I believe have accompanied you from your childhood, and I am sure you will do well. I cannot form for you a better wish.

Nov. 3, 1845.

* * Continue to write to your mother and myself as openly and unreservedly as you have hitherto done. Give us in your letters all your thoughts, feelings, impressions and opinions. Discharge your whole heart into them. Such revelations, as indicating the growth of your mind and character, will be unspeakably valuable to us. I do not say much directly on the subject of religious principle and conviction, for themes so grand and solemn as these lose their freshness and impressiveness by being talked about. I would only say, in a few words—Try by a systematic course of reading to make yourself thoroughly well acquainted with the Greek Testament, and imbue your whole mind with its spirit; and unite with this as much reading of our best divines and moralists, as you can find time for in your leisure hours on Sunday and Saturday evening. I am sure you will find great benefit to your mind from carefully studying Barrow. He is full of thought,

tersely and weightily expressed, although in the exposition of a sentiment or idea he is minute and detailed almost to exhaustion. I do not think you would find him dry. I am almost sure you would like him. When you have time and inclination, I should like to hear your judgments on any books, old or new, that you may read. When you find what leisure remains over from the thorough preparation for your College lectures, which you can without injury to your health devote to private study, my advice would be, that you should begin to enter on a course of reading with a view to taking your degree. I look on Classics in your case merely as a preparation and introduction for higher studies connected with your professional career. Before you come up to these, adorn and strengthen your mind by an accurate and thoughtful study of the great master-spirits of antiquity. That will form your taste and be a lasting benefit to you through life. The writers I should particularly recommend you to study (but of course, I only recommend, I do not dictate) are Homer, Æschylus, Pindar, Thucydides, Demosthenes and parts of Plato—in Latin—besides the current authors whom everyone knows—Lucretius, Plautus (parts of him), Terence, Cicero, Livy, Tacitus especially—if you have time and it is required for your degree, parts of Quintilian. You must no more read like a mere schoolboy, to get a certain portion done, but with taste, discrimination and thoughtfulness, for instruction, and the gratification of refined and elegant sentiment. Till you are a graduate,

exercise yourself weekly in composing in both languages, if this be not required in the College classes. Blend with the Ancients a pretty constant reading of our great English classics, poets and prose writers.—I think I would not attempt more than *one* modern language this Session, but I would take an opportunity of perfecting myself by *writing* as well as by *reading*, in either German or French, paying at the same time particular attention to the pronounciation. I would study under a *native*. If you wish to have the benefit of private instruction in any other department, I am willing to be at the expense of a tutor; but I do not urge it, if you do not think it necessary. I must leave much—very much now to your own judgment and good taste. Only do not so construe my anxiety about your mental improvement, as to work too hard and neglect your health.

Manchester, Nov. 17th, 1845.

* * If it would not be taxing you too much, I should be much obliged by your giving me once a fortnight—or less frequently if more convenient, a short summary of the views of general and comparative philology, put forth in Key's course. It is a subject in which I take great interest, but I am wholly unable to keep pace with the present progress of knowledge respecting it; and yet I want to know what is doing. You will well conceive, that with the duties of a Minister, and the many collateral calls on time involved in them—and the great mass of reading

required for such a subject as the history of Christianity—in which I have not yet accomplished more than half my course, I cannot have leisure for engaging in any other connected line of study. I must be content at present therefore to know *results*, and if you can help me to these, you will oblige me.

I am glad to hear that Long is about to lecture on the Roman Constitution. I think this will be capital exercise for thought. He is, I am told, much opposed to the theories of Niebuhr. If you have time, I should earnestly recommend you to get Niebuhr's book (which must of course, German or English, be in the College Library) and compare him with Long's criticisms. Whatever may be thought of many of his conclusions, Niebuhr was unquestionably a great historical genius, whose profound divinations, keen searching glance, and felicitous combination of the most scattered and fragmentary notices in ancient authors, must be admitted to have created a new era of historical inquiry, the benefits of which it would be unjust to lose sight of, amidst errors or even occasional absurdities of detail. No person pretending to a liberal education should fail to acquaint himself with the very remarkable and original work of Niebuhr. I remember to have read it when it first made its appearance in English many years ago, and I have several times since looked into particular parts of the German; but I should now much enjoy being able to give the whole a close connected study. While I am thus urging you to extend your reading in various direc-

tions—mind you avoid the *cramming* system, turning all knowledge into simple memory—making your brain a mere dictionary, or table of contents. This is not learning in any sense. Digest what you read, without hurry or confusion. Make it your own by reflection and personal conviction. You will not get on quite so fast in this way, or make so much show at first; but you will be a more *solid* man, and you will at length leave quacks and pretenders far behind you. Perhaps you will now and then let me into Long's views on the Roman Constitution, and the points of his disagreement with Niebuhr. Occasionally to give summaries of the instructions of your teacher—subjecting them to your own judgment and criticism in letters to a friend, will be a very useful exercise for yourself.

Manchester, Feb. 1, 1846.

—In buying books, remember what I have often told you, do not fill your shelves with old stale rubbish, picked up with no reference to your present tastes and studies, but wait till you really want a book, and then get a good and correct edition that will be permanently valuable.—I remember reading the *Agamemnon* many years ago, and thinking the choral parts exceedingly wild and obscure—drunkenly dithyrambic, as one may say. But the picturesque opening—the warder pacing up and down on the palace at Argos—and the description of the kindling beacon fires from hill to hill announcing the return of the chief from Troy, have left an impression on my mind

to this day.—The plan of reading an author, or a piece, through cursorily first, and then going over the same matter more attentively afterwards, I quite approve: it is the plan recommended by Ruhnken, and it was followed by himself.—For myself I have now begun to read again for my regular College course, and I am busy in Schlosser's History (German) of the Iconoclast Emperors. No part of history is more repulsive and even disgusting than this period of the Greek empire. It is a tissue of crimes and barbarities, unredeemed by even the greatness of ferocity—a sad picture of the decrepitude and corruption of a mind once so active and powerful as that of Greece, retaining of its ancient character nothing but its restlessness and its subtlety. Gibbon's picturesque narrative and piquant reflections give an interest to this as to every other portion of his history; but Schlosser's style is heavy and *trainant*, and his observations—so far as I have yet proceeded, neither original nor profound. I am reading his work in a copy that was once Blanco White's (lent me by Mr. Thom); it is scored with his pencil marks, and bears traces of his hatred of priests and dogmatic theology on almost every page, and there is an ampler mass of observations on the whole work, written in ink on a number of blank pages bound up at the end of the volume. This circumstance adds some interest and variety to a task otherwise rather dull. Indeed I can assure you, my duty imposes on me a good deal of dull heavy reading, a discipline, I sometimes fear,

not very improving for a preacher. However I get in this way larger views of a very important subject. In the course of three or four years, I hope now to complete my course, bringing it down to the French Revolution, and then if I live and have health and can command sufficient leisure, I intend in the latter years of my life, to work out more fully and thoughtfully from the original authorities, the most critical periods in the religious and spiritual history of mankind. Believe me, dear John, it is always good to live for an object, to be in pursuit of some great idea, even if we cannot wholly realise it. It gives worth and dignity to the most ordinary life.—Will you give my kindest regards to our excellent friend Dr. Hutton, and say I should esteem it a great favour, if he would procure me a *proof* impression of the engraving of his likeness. My study is already half-surrounded with the likenesses of the friends of my youth; I wish to add to them as many more as I can, that so I may live and die in the circle of my friends. .

Manchester, May 3rd, 1846.

* * Grote's History of Greece is now passing with other of the Greenhey's Society's books, through our house.—I have read the preface and two very interesting chapters in the first volume on the Myths of early Greek literature, their relation to the subsequent life of the people, and the modifications of the conception and interpretation of them with the progress of the National intelligence. I am most agreeably dis-

appointed in the book. I had associated with Mr. Grote the idea of a dry, utilitarian, ballot-believing follower of Jeremy Bentham—Mr. — in a somewhat milder and more gentlemanly form. But Grote is evidently a man of taste and sensibility, as well as of philosophical discrimination and comprehensiveness of mind—of vast reading in all departments of literature, well versed in the original Greek authors, whom he quotes readily, copiously and appositely without any appearance of effort or display. His margin, in the richness of its learned allusions, reminds one of the works of his great namesake, Hugo Grotius, from whom he is said to be descended. His style is clear, natural and animated, and free from the affectations of Carlyle's school. The chief fault of his book seems to me, a want of compression and arrangement. His mind is full of the subject; but he sometimes repeats himself and so spreads out his matter unnecessarily. I have not looked into a more telling book for some time, and would gladly sit down to read it, taking Herodotus and Thucydides along with it. But this must not be. I must stick to the History of Christianity, and not embark in any new inquiry till my College Course is completed. But Greek history has now all the charm of novelty for me. I have not read it for years. It is otherwise with Mr. Newman and Mr. Kenrick; they seem nearly sated with the subject, and do not enter into my enthusiastic feeling on opening Grote's book.—To turn to another subject;

my own book* has procured me a small present from a gentleman of Boston, U.S., personally unknown to me, in the shape of a pamphlet, very curious and instructive and shewing much research among early records in Holland on the social condition of the Independents under the ministry of Mr. Robinson, while they were exiles in that country, and before the majority of them set sail as Pilgrim Fathers for the New World. It shews very clearly that in Robinson's time, quite in the beginning of the 17th century, their condition in Holland was one of hardship and poverty, and makes one aware how necessary it is, to test carefully the broad and sweeping assertions that are made by historians.

TO REV. W. H. HERFORD.

Manchester, January 18th, 1847.

In the experience I have had in instructing young children in religion, I have always found the simple, graphic narrative of Scripture by far the most attractive and the most intelligible which I could use;—and for this reason, that they lay hold of the imagination, and present the young mind with pictures of persons and things which they can conceive, and serve to awaken that interest in the different features of the good and the bad under the disposal of a wise and merciful Father, in which, as it seems to me, the earliest sentiments of vital religion have their source.

* The Retrospect of the Religious Life of England.

Whereas almost all systematic teaching from a Catechism, as it addresses itself exclusively to the understanding, repels by its very coldness and dryness, even when the abstract form of enunciation does not altogether exceed the comprehension of a child.—My own feeling is, to begin with the New Testament, with the history and teachings of Jesus Christ, so simple, so beautiful, so generally intelligible, with a very little explanation, to the youngest. I would take care, however, to impress on the child's mind, that there are not a few things in Scripture, as in Creation and Providence, which he cannot at present comprehend, but must be content to leave in obscurity, till the light of future years, or perhaps of remoter heaven, shall come to us. This is a salutary lesson of reverence and trust, and if associated with the earnest fixing of the mind on the clear and positive points of duty and devout affection, as alone of vital concern for us, will not foster any superstitious feebleness or timidity of mind, but will tend rather to form a manly power of separating the essential from the unessential. I should apply this principle to the miraculous narratives of the Scripture. With a child all attempt at explanation here is worse than useless, and dissipates at once that halo of poetical beauty, in which it is so desirable for the development of our future religious feeling, that our earliest impressions of religious truth should be enveloped. Reason will sufficiently do its work on this subject in after life. I should say to the child in general—whenever the miraculous occurs—that it is

an evidence of divine power and blessing accompanying the life of Jesus, which cannot be explained, and which young people will be better able to comprehend when they grow older. I do not think we sufficiently estimate the power of poetry in impressing the first truths of religion indelibly on the young mind. There is much in the Scripture, which, to produce its proper effect on the mind, must be treated as a divine poetry. The spirit and character of Christ as a heavenly teacher, his acts of beneficence and love, his healing and consolatory miracles, his beautiful parables, his condensed maxims of religious wisdom, should be strongly impressed on the young mind, and their hidden force and manifold application be called out by the teacher—and, when possible, the young should be incited by suitable hints and questions to work out their meaning for themselves. I would take one of the Gospels—Mark (which is short and singularly picturesque) or Luke (which has the advantage of joining on well with the Acts), and read it through consecutively—not too much at a time—with occasional reviews of what has been gone over—and especial care that the *moral* value of the narrative has been felt—the geography of the land of Palestine, with illustrations of manners, customs, natural history, aided by maps and drawings, serving to give additional interest and attractiveness to the *Bible Lessons*. For, whatever you do, take care, that this lesson is not felt irksome and oppressive, but rather as something that is looked to with delight and interest in the

general course of instruction. Much will depend on the temper and mind of the pupil—whether he be imaginative and endowed with sensibility, or reflective and inclined to reason. A deep religious sentiment may be associated with either cast of mind; but the tutor must vary his instruction accordingly. In fact, the best and most vital part of his instruction must be oral and occasional,—the overflowing, if I may so express myself, of his fulness into the yet unfilled but expectant heart and mind of the child. The silent influence of his own spirit, and the general tenour of his language and sentiment even on other topics, will do much, far more than positive instruction, to unfold a pure and elevated religious seriousness, without cant or formalism or fanaticism in the mind of his young charge. With the Gospel, I have found the Book of Acts may be very well associated. It may be made exceedingly interesting to children.—Of books on the evidences of Christianity I have a decidedly bad opinion, and think that, as usually treated, they are much more fitted to instil doubts than to produce faith. Far more useful, I think, would be a history of the Hebrew people and literature—showing how both served to perpetuate a pure monotheistic religion in the world—how, and when, and by whom, and on what occasion, the several books of the Old Testament were written; then to go on and give a similar account of the New Testament—of the institutions of the early Church—and of the principal epochs of Christian history to the present day. This view

includes a course of many years, and for pupils up to the age of 14 or 15. Along with this course of didactic discipline, accustom your pupils to commit to memory the most beautiful pieces of religious poetry, both from modern writers and from the Psalms and the Prophets, and when they are musical, to associate them with the finest music. The effect of this on the devotional sentiment is incalculable.

TO HIS SON.

Manchester, Jan. 31st, 1847.

MY DEAR JOHN,

** I was interested by the letter of your friend. It shows good feeling and right purpose, but indicated I thought a little want of judgment and balance of mind. The idea of an English lawyer, as he is to become, devoting the number of years he speaks of to the speculative metaphysics of Germany is quite preposterous. When *you* go to Germany I should strongly dissuade you from plunging into the dark mysticism of the Hegelian School, but recommend you rather to give the whole force of your mind to Roman Law, History, some Classical Literature, the History of Philosophy, and the more rational system of Kant and perhaps of Fichte. This would be the utmost you could manage, to bring away anything like clear ideas and useful results. I fear there is a danger among some of our young men of German philosophy, in return for the ignorant abuse it once suffered, becoming itself a folly

and a cant. I have a very high opinion of the learning and research of the Germans ; but what very little I know of their later philosophy seems to me to want a basis in reality. Indeed, generally, I think their learning and literature has reached the limit it can attain to, till they have more room for action under their despotic governments—more freedom, political and religious. It is a remarkable fact, that Germany has now no great original author. Her mind has sunk into mere learning. Her great men, her Schillers, Richters and Goethes, seem to have completely passed away. It is not so with us. How is this ? I believe the cause must be found in the greater freedom and independence of our popular life.—I was pleased with the account in your letter to your Mother, of your conversation with Cousin Richard. How you may have expressed yourself, I cannot tell, but I think you took decidedly the right view of the miracle question, and placed the evidence and authority of Christianity on the proper ground. Miracle is a vague, obscure, solemn question, which is at present probably imperfectly understood, investing the whole life of Christ with a halo of strange and wondrous beauty—the true poetry of religion—which I would not, in the present state of our knowledge, have rudely and irreverently dispelled—which we should always, I think, approach with caution and a kind of awe, but which it is equally absurd, and very dangerous to the interests of religious truth for the dogmatists on the positive side of the question, to erect into an absolute standard of Chris-

tian belief. The true state of mind seems to me—that appropriation, as it were, of the *spiritual* claims of the religion, which at present lies equally remote from the *positive* and the *negative* poles of dogmatism on the miraculous part of the question.

TO F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.*

Manchester, March 17th, 1847.

We have sometimes talked of the probable antiquity of the books of the Old Testament—particularly of the Pentateuch—in their actual form. The right use of these books, as sources of historical truth, and a just estimate of earlier Hebrew history, must depend on our making our way towards a proximate conclusion on this point. On reading Ewald's very interesting introduction to his translation of the Prophets some time since, the following suggestions occurred to me. You can tell me, when you have a few minutes to spare, whether you think there is any weight in them.—In reference to this subject, it must be very important to notice the first indications of the general use of *prose* composition, and what we may perhaps assume as contemporaneous with it, the general use of *writing* in place of the merely *oral* record, or the *monumental* inscription, such as Joshua is said to have employed for preserving a knowledge of the blessings and curses of the law, or Moses in the two tables of the Decalogue.

* Then Professor of Latin. University College, London.

Now Ewald has a peculiar theory about the *prophetic* style. He distinguishes it from the poetic, as occupying a sort of middle region between poetry and prose—sometimes dropping into simple historical narrative—sometimes rising into genuine lyrical enthusiasm—but, on the whole, characterized by its fitness to act on practical life, and stir men to action—partaking in fact of the character of a highly impassioned and figurative oratory. It has occurred to me, whether we do not see in this prophetic style the transition-process of an ancient language from poetry to prose, as the *ordinary* vehicle of meditated and connected discourse. The early addresses of the Hebrew prophets accompanied by impassioned gesture and symbolism, remind one of the animated harangues of a North American Indian. The oldest prophets, Joel, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, are the most purely poetic in their style and their contents; as we proceed, the prose element increases; in Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, it becomes actually predominant. Does this gradual increase of prose indicate a growing command over the materials and implements of writing, and such facility in the use of them, as we must pre-suppose before the composition of a long work, of very various materials, like the Pentateuch, becomes even conceivable? But without laying any very particular stress on Ewald's theory of the prophetic style, which from his extreme love of differing from all his predecessors, he has perhaps pushed to the utmost (he has made his translation into prose, merely indicating a sort of rhythmus by marks), it is

certainly remarkable, when we consider the influence of the prophets on Hebrew history, that none of their oracles should have been collected and reduced to writing before the time of Joel, in the latter part of the ninth century before Christ; that of Samuel and Elijah and Elisha, whose personal agency was so strong and decisive, and whose names were held in such veneration—nothing should have been preserved but the legendary fragments that have been incorporated with the national history—although upon the received theory, writing had been practised by the Levitical order for centuries, and a large body of written law was habitually studied and expounded by them. Do these circumstances point to the probability, that writing was beginning to be more common about the time that the most ancient oracles preserved to us were collected, and put into a permanent form; and that the still older remains of primeval song and legend and law had up to that time been transmitted orally—what we yet have of David and Solomon being preserved in this way? You can tell me whether scholars do not now generally suppose, that the reduction of the Homeric poems to their present form was coincident with the more general use of written characters among the Greeks, and that with the increase of this practice, prose began by degrees to encroach on the more ancient poetry, and the *ἑποποιοι* to be succeeded by the *λογοποιοι*. Was this a parallel crisis in the development of the Greek mind, to that which I have supposed to be indicated among the Hebrews? The

alleged discovery of the Law in the reign of Josiah would occur nearly 200 years later than the date assigned to Joel.—I write, I assure you, more to get your ideas, than under the belief that I can suggest anything of much value in my own.—I have left no time and room for other matters. I have read your article on Ireland* twice. I am convinced you have indicated the *quarter* whence relief and reformation must come. Two facts which the papers daily witness, substantially confirm your general view of the utter oppression of the peasantry—the apathy of some, and their unwillingness to take any trouble, even to put seed into the ground—and the efforts making by those who have any energy left, to scrape together what they can and emigrate.—Thank you for your kind notice of my son.

TO REV. J. KENRICK.

Nottingham, August 5th, 1847.

—You will recollect we had some conversation at the close of the Session, on the extension of the Theological Course to three years. Your suggestions on the subject in a note to the Board, met with unanimous approval.—I think each professor should be satisfied with three entire years, for at the utmost he cannot expect to do more than introduce his pupils to the subject, and induce them to read for themselves, according to the indications afforded them by him.—I

* Prospective Review, 1847.

heard, as you may suppose, a good deal about the New Hall* while I was in London, and one morning met Mr. John Wood, Mr. Edwin Field and Mr. Davison at Mr. H. C. Robinson's at breakfast, on purpose to talk over the subject. They are quite resolved to proceed with the Institution so far as the education of our laity is concerned, and would be very glad, I plainly perceive, to effect an union with our Theological Institution, if that could be brought about. They disclaim, and I am certain honestly, everything like rivalry and opposition. Mr. John Wood, who spoke with clear, calm judgment, and without any excitement on the subject,—and who seemed to me the best man of business in the party,—especially expressed his regret that this union could not be effected, and said, that his *beau ideal* of what the Institution in London should be, was founded on its assumption,—but that this seeming at present impracticable, they must try the next best thing. Field and Davison have a notion, how far it may be founded on a sober estimate of facts I cannot tell, that there are funds applicable to the purposes of Academical education, dispersed through our body and now divided in their objects, which if combined in one central Institution, connected with University College, might not only found an efficient and really noble seat of theological and philosophical learning, but would form a point of union and sym-

* University Hall, Gordon Square, a Hall of residence and tuition in connection with University College, and since 1853 the seat of Manchester New College, London.

pathy for all liberal Christians and religionists, and a nucleus around which successive benefactions, some of which Mr. Field said he knew to be in prospect, would be certain to cluster.—I believe you differ from me in your expectations from the Owen's College that is to be founded in Manchester. My own impression is, that it will be, and that it ought to be, a higher kind of *Real-schule* for the education of men designed for the pursuits of commerce and manufactures. I do not by that mean to express any thing contemptuous or disrespectful; for I have the highest opinion of that class, and of its spirit and capabilities, and think that the highest advantages of education should be conferred on it. But then the studies of such an Institution, if it is to become useful, should have a special reference to the wants of the parties that will chiefly resort to it—and these cannot embrace in due proportions, such as are universally understood to be requisite for completing the education of a professional man, the ancient languages and the higher parts of mental and ethical philosophy.—I have no expectation, therefore, that if the plan of the Owen's Institute be carried out as it ought to be, that any large number of professional men will resort to it for their higher education.—During the three weeks we were in town—though the season was at its close, I saw and heard much that interested me. Two mornings I spent in the British Museum in company with Sir C. Fellows, who was uncommonly obliging in giving information about the Lycian Marbles.—I dare say you have attended to the

point in controversy between him and the late Mr. Daniel respecting their origin and antiquity. I am very incompetent to offer an opinion on the subject; but from the data furnished by Sir Charles himself, I could see no evidence of any of the monuments being anterior to the occupation of the country by Harpagus. Fellows thinks there was a native Lycian art before that time, which subsisted through the period of the Persian dominion, and was gradually superseded by the pure Grecian.—Is that your opinion? I also looked over with Mr. Scharf the illustrations which he is preparing for the projected edition of Horace. The work will hardly be ready before next Spring. I think it is a pity that the Odes are not published separately—the Satires and Epistles affording so much less opportunity for illustration from gems and coins and bas-reliefs. Some of the illustrations are very beautiful, but they appeared to me of unequal merit. I wish he had limited himself to subjects known to be not *posterior* to the age of Horace. They might then have served as a commentary on the text, by exhibiting artistic forms and combinations with which the eye of the poet himself, or of his Greek prototype, might possibly have been familiar. As it is, he has come down to the age of Constantine, and in one or two cases has adopted figures from a MS. of Virgil of the 11th century. Thus the principle of illustration does not seem to be quite self-consistent. He complained, however, of not having his own way in all things. Murray, Milman, and Scharf are jointly concerned in the work.

—We saw and heard Jenny Lind and Rachel. With the voice of the former I was somewhat disappointed; but her acting is beautiful.—But what shall I say of Rachel? We saw her in Virginie. Under all the disadvantage of receiving my impressions through the medium of a foreign language, I never witnessed any female tragic acting that approaches hers. It was in the highest style of chaste and severe beauty—the very ideal of Roman virginity.

TO F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

Manchester, Sept. 17th, 1847.

We accept with many thanks your offer of an article on the Berber language.*—I have been now at work for the last four or five weeks in collecting materials for the completion of my course on the History of Christianity; and I mean to stick to this object, and take up no other principal pursuit—till I have brought down my course to a century or two subsequent to the Reformation, and am pretty clearly possessed of the principles which have resulted in the present religious condition of the world.—I take as a basis Gieseler's Handbuch, which is almost made up of copious extracts from contemporary writers in the original. All these I carefully read, and for the most part abstract. The work is sometimes not a little tedious; but one gets in this way at the *heart* of the

* Prospective Review, 1847.

time, and almost everything, when pursued with an object and with reference to large pervading principles, becomes interesting. If I get through this preliminary task in reasonable time, I hope to re-descend as it were on the *critical* periods, and examine them more particularly from the original sources, and my own individual point of view. I am however more and more convinced, that any attempts to penetrate into the *philosophy* of Christianity, must be preceded by a thoughtful and connected study of its *history*.—Upon the whole, the more I know of the mediæval hierarchy, and especially of the papacy, the worse I think of it—the more selfish, calculating and worldly does it seem to me. On the other hand, it is rather remarkable, that some of the most earnest and disinterested men—such as Bernard of Clairvaux—should have been such staunch papists. I am inclined to think we must account for it by their desire to effect a more entire separation of the spiritual and secular powers, and by their regarding the papal system, idealised in their enthusiastic minds, as the only agency that could check the corruption resulting from the secularisation of the Church. It is curious to observe how the reverence attached to Bernard's severe and holy life, created the general belief in his power miraculously to heal disease, and how he appears himself to have shared in that belief. Neander says, that the cases in which he is recorded to have effected a cure—were nervous diseases, fevers, and insanity, then usually ascribed to demoniacal possession. Abelard, the rationalist of the

day, mocked at these pretensions. There are many curious questions yet unsolved in the history of Religion, and perhaps deeply connected with the psychological laws of humanity, which the narrow way of handling these subjects has kept us from approaching at once with freedom and with reverence.

TO REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

Manchester, Oct. 14th, 1847.

I read over Mr. Bagehot's MS. last night with much interest. It is thoughtful, and well written—evidently the production of a mind diligently cultured and disciplined. Its high toned morality I think both just and seasonable. The tendency of advancing science and civilisation to direct the efforts of literature rather to the expression of general types of humanity than to the delineation of individual characters—a distinction which strikes us on comparing our own age with that of Shakespeare—is exceedingly well put and illustrated. We cannot mistake in putting such an Article into our Review. We shall be serving the cause, which we have in view, by attaching to us as *collaborateurs*—young men of this description, earnest, reverential, pure minded, and highly cultivated. It is precisely the union of qualities which I wish to see operative in that section of the religious world to which we belong. I do not object—in a young and ardent mind—to the strong and unqualified assertion

of a particular philosophical system which marks this paper. For myself, I must confess I am unable to feel very passionately dogmatic on the side either of Free-will or of Necessity. The question seems to me one of those which are insoluble, and must be so, from their involving the relation of the finite to the Infinite. Even in future stages of being, therefore, I can conceive we shall only proximately advance to the solution of them, as our own minds in comprehensiveness become more like the Divine Mind. I have had little time to go deep into the philosophical questions of the present day—those more especially of the Hegelian and pantheistic schools; but from the hasty glimpses I have caught of them—I cannot but think their fundamental error consists in presumptuously attempting to construct their theorems from the *absolute*—the *infinite*—point of view—competent, as I conceive, to God alone—instead of being satisfied with a simply *relative* aspect of the eternal verities of the Universe. I am therefore for clinging close to the intuitions of our moral sense and the instinctive promptings of our affections. Nature is never wrong in her great general suggestions. She only needs reason to interpret and apply them. It is true, that after all there will still remain apparent contradictions between the inferences that we are capable of drawing from data of various kinds, which we cannot but admit as unquestionable facts in the constitution of our moral being; but, as I see these questions, before such apparent contradictions we must reverentially

pause, as mysteries which mark the fitting limit of our present inquiries. What I most object to in the old Necessarian school is their attempting to bring out the deep and subtle considerations that lie hidden in the very depths of our spiritual being to exercise the meditative faculty of the metaphysician—as grounds for popular thought and popular action. These must lie nearer the surface of humanity, and be in more immediate sympathy with our instinctive feelings.—I really must ask your forgiveness, dear friend, for thus encroaching on your time with this rambling digression; but it is a pleasure to confer with one whose mind is habitually exercised on these high subjects. The light you can give in return, whether in private communication, or through your published thoughts, is, I can assure you, at all times gratefully appreciated. I have not lost my taste for metaphysical speculation. At present, I am working my way laboriously through the long labyrinth of Christian history. When I have mastered that great fact, I live in hope of bringing to bear on the most important parts of it the broader lights of psychology and general philosophy. One thing let me say. You are about to visit Germany. I hope you will make yourself familiar with its philosophical mind, at once in its contrasts and in its affinities with our own. Any one who should do this, and give the result of his inquiries and reflections to the world, as I know you could—might render immense service to the cause of religion and Christianity. No one from our region has lately visited Germany with

philosophical views; most of us have gone for philosophical, historical, antiquarian, or narrow theological, objects. An almost untrodden field lies open to you.

TO F. W. NEWMAN.

Manchester, Jan. 5th, 1848.

Your letter reached me when I was from home, during our short Christmas vacation. I should, however, have replied to you before now, had I not thought it right previously to consult Thom. The fact is this. He had obtained previously a promise from another friend, Mr. H. Romilly, of an article on the Currency; and our hesitation was whether we could sufficiently rely on its fulfilment, to compel us to decline your valuable offer.—Some time ago a German friend put into my hands a work on ‘Communism’—treated apparently, after the usual German fashion, in a scientific manner. You have exercised your mind much on social questions; and this from the few glimpses I can get of it, seems one of the most startling and novel of the present day. Would you find it too great a task on your time, to look through it; and if you think the subject worth handling, to give us an article on it for May? As I understand Communism, it would revolutionise property and annihilate religion. It seems to differ from our vulgar Socialism by engaging thoughtful, learned and earnest men in its belief. But I speak not from having read the book, but from what I have

been told. The existence of such views among learned men in the heart of the most highly educated country in Europe, is a phenomenon well worth considering. I will send you the book by my son.—Thank you, my dear friend, for your kind and gratifying note about my son. There are few testimonies that I value more than yours. I have much reason to be happy in my boy. He is well principled and exceedingly industrious; and whatever he undertakes tries, I do believe, to execute thoroughly and faithfully, without any false appearance. Should his life be spared, I have great hope that he will pursue an honourable and useful course. I have no other ambition for him.

Manchester, Feb. 17th, 1848.

The Quaternion of the Prospective, that met in solemn conclave last night, agreed in the expression of an earnest wish, that you would give us for our May number, a notice of such parts of Humboldt's *Cosmos* as have yet appeared. You will perhaps plead a want of time to examine with sufficient care, the scientific details on which the work is founded. May I anticipate any such objection by observing, that what seems to me wanted for the due appreciation of such a work as the *Cosmos*, is a philosophical spirit, based on general scientific culture, and capable of embracing the universal relations of the different branches of human knowledge, rather than a minute acquaintance with all the recent discoveries in any particular department! I have sometimes felt vexed, when I have heard men of mere science, whose views were limited to one field

of observation, looking at what they called the deficiencies of Cosmos—as if utterly insensible of the value of the work, as a philosophic whole—of the grandeur of the mental effort which it displays, or the greatness of the want in the higher mental culture of the age, which it attempts to supply. May we not look on the Cosmos, as the first of a series of efforts that may be expected from this time forth to arise—not founded on arbitrary theory, but combining the positive results of actual knowledge—striving by successive approximations to embrace the idea of the Universe as a whole, and so tending to the restoration of that union between physical science and the deeper laws of psychology, which has so long been dissolved. I feel I am rather going out of my way in making these remarks ; but as the subject was before me, I could not help indicating the point of view, from which, if you can find time, you might give us a very instructive article, quite in harmony with the objects which our Periodical has specially in view. You must forgive me, if I have at all touched on points, which should be left to your own personal feeling. My object has been—with true Editorial eagerness—if possible, to secure the Article.—To turn to another topic. The announcement of your acceptance of the Headship of University Hall took many of your friends here quite by surprise. I was aware what the friends and promoters of the Institution were aiming at ; but I had great fears whether they would be able to secure an appointment in every way so advantageous and honourable to themselves. *Them*

I most heartily congratulate on their success : I trust the ensuing arrangements and final result may be such as to enable us equally to congratulate *you*. I am full of hope that it will be so. The appointment of a *Lay* Head to any Academic Institution is a new thing in the history of that class of persons who will, in the first instance at least, principally avail themselves of the opportunities of University Hall. Such a change is, in many respects, in harmony with the altered spirit of the times, and will work, I am inclined to think, beneficially on the minds and characters of youth. Exercised with high moral aims and a reverential spirit, *Lay* Presidency must, in the present state of opinion in this country, be necessarily less sectarian, more catholic, and therefore, in every sense of the word, more *religious*, though less *theological*, than *clerical* could well be. The influence of such a Head, for religious and moral purposes, on the minds of *Lay*-Students must be greater than any which even the wisest and most judicious Minister of Religion could directly exercise. I cannot but feel that a crisis of some importance is at hand. The first step is taken ; I hope and believe, everything will work out a happy result.

Manchester, May 7th, 1848.

I waited to reply to your letter, till I had heard from Dr. Hutton. I enclose his letter.—I transcribed all that part of your letter which bore on the subject of the Book of Prayers ;* but begged him to consider my

* A proposed collection of Prayers for the Morning Worship of Students of University Hall.

communication as in some degree confidential. I think he misunderstands your proposed division of the several parts of prayer—especially the conclusions. He evidently attaches much importance to a somewhat strict definition of ‘Divine Mission.’ That is one of the technical phrases of theology which tends to separate men who are agreed in spirit. All who cherish the spirit of Christ are to me Christians; and I think I could shew that some of the early Fathers were of the same opinion. Christ’s life and preaching—and their lasting effects on the moral condition of the world—even taking into view all the corruptions which Christian institutions have indirectly occasioned—prove to my mind, that Christ was a true Prophet of God—the purest and best that ever lived: and therefore, however freely I may feel myself compelled to interpret some of the historical documents of Christianity—I think myself entitled to the name of Christian, and I rejoice in the many devout and benevolent sympathies which it opens to me. But many of my friends think such a faith vague and unsatisfactory.—I shall be glad to contribute what I can to your design—if you persevere in it, and if you will allow me a little time, for I shall be much occupied till the end of the Session.—The notice of Sterling’s Remains in the Prospective is by Mr. M. Milnes.* Judging from the extracts which he has himself made, I think he hardly does justice to the depth and tenderness of Sterling’s

* Lord Houghton.

religious character. What was critical in his mind seems to have had no affinity with hardness and irreverence, but to have sprung from his pure love of goodness and truth. At present I know the book only from reviews.—I have read with much interest your pamphlet on Financial and Organic Reform. It is very suggestive. Perhaps practical men will say, you have started too many objects at once, and that the changes you propose to introduce into our institutions are too rapid and multifarious, and too much at variance with the existing analogies of the Constitution. Could such changes be carried? Have we not all a little overrated the importance of the Chartists? Perhaps I want boldness and decision; but I would rather seize on actual grievances, financial and electoral, and get public opinion powerfully to bear on them for their removal, than open a door to wide organic change. Have you seen Charles Knight's *Voice of the People*? The three first Nos. contain some very good things. His remedies he has yet to propound.

Manchester, July 3rd, 1848.

Have you yet found time to read the two vols. which Mr. J. S. Mill has just put forth on the '*Principles of Political Economy*?' If you have not, I really think you have a great pleasure to come,—the more so, as in many of his views, especially respecting the size of landed properties and the prospects of the labouring classes, you will find much coincidence with those which you have yourself repeatedly expressed.

The author forwarded a copy to the Editors of the Prospective; and I have hence enjoyed the opportunity of looking through, and reading a part of, his volumes.—We think we have secured a very able young writer to give us a notice of the work for November.—Delightful is rather a strange epithet to apply to a Treatise on Political Economy; yet this is the very term by which I should most naturally express the impression left on my mind by those parts of it which I have read. What charms me in the book is the spirit of calm and wise philanthropy with which it is imbued—its luminous statement of general views, sustained and illustrated by such an admirable selection of facts from history and observation—and the unaffected simplicity and quiet earnestness of its style, so worthy of a philosophical mind. I really feel better and happier for the perusal of some of its chapters. His defence of what he calls the *stationary* condition of society, so opposed to the doctrine of most Economists, quite enraptured me—not the less for its contrast with the tendencies which are most powerfully in operation in this neighbourhood. You will see that he attaches immense importance, in all his views of social regeneration, to the *moral check* on population. With him it is the *sine qua non* of progress. What think you? I do not see how he can be answered. But then what need is there of higher refinement of mind and manners, and of stronger convictions of duty? And this must be a slow process.

This vacation I am going to throw my mind into a new channel, by reading through the same writer's 'Ratiocinative and Inductive Logic.' One becomes tired and deadened by constant application to studies of one kind. In History particularly one is overwhelmed with small facts; and the recurrence to principles is very refreshing. Moreover, before I attack the period of the Reformation, I want carefully to review the grounds and principles of *all* religious belief, and of the spiritual authority of Christianity for minds of the present day. I want something fixed and positive in my own mind, to which to refer the phenomena of History, which from this point of my Course—the centuries immediately preceding the Reformation—are constantly becoming more significant and important. I mean to take the next twelve months for this purpose. I shall perhaps trouble you every now and then with a few queries and observations.—You have heard of the legal decision about our College. We cannot move without Act of Parliament. I have been, and still am, decidedly in favour of removal on general grounds: but there is so much prejudice, and such conflict of opinion, that I do not see the possibility of effecting any desirable junction under present circumstances. The result therefore is perhaps the best that could have happened for the present. In the course of the next decennium, opinion will probably undergo considerable modification; and continued experience of the mischiefs of divided operation in so small a body as ours, may bring the Trus-

tees to unanimity. Then will be the time to apply for an Act. Meanwhile, Manchester College and University Hall must work apart. I deplore the necessity, but fear it is inevitable.—Upon Wicksteed and myself will devolve the necessity of providing for the Nov. No. of the Prospective; as Martineau and Thom will be out of the country, or the latter only just returned. Do not forget us, dear friend, in our destitution. You know how acceptable your contributions are. I would express our gratitude more strongly, did I not know that you hate even a semblance of the language of flattery.—We hear very good accounts of John. He is studying the Roman Law with diligence. This is of course only for the exercise and instruction of his mind. If all be well, we talk of going to see him at Bonn in September.

Manchester, Nov. 2nd, 1848.

I was preparing to reply to you, when your last letter with the accompanying MS. arrived. The subject is so interesting and so important, that I wished to consider it well in all its bearings, before I gave you my thoughts upon it. I have read your preface twice with attention; and am quite prepared to give my assent to the principle which it asserts, and even to assist, as far as I am able, in carrying the principle into practice. University Hall professedly opens its doors as a domestic establishment to persons of different religious creeds. The question is—is it possible to adopt some form of devotion expressive of

the common religious sentiment which it is presumed they all more or less possess, and which it is so desirable they should all strengthen and cherish. The plan is merely carrying out—in reference to the peculiar object and constitution of University Hall—a principle which must always to some extent be acted on in National Churches and in the smaller associations of particular sects. In our public formularies we never think of providing for the *idiosyncracies* of individuals, however to themselves interesting or even vital. All *social* worship involves—I will not say, *compromise*—for I dislike the word in reference to religion—but a consent to rest for the time on the common and the central. By joining in such prayers as you propose for University Hall—with our brethren of divers faiths—we imply, not that there may not be other views, which we individually feel to be important, and on other occasions might think it right to express, but that we do not feel them *so exclusively* important, as to prevent us at times from joining with all our fellow-beings in a more comprehensive spiritual communion. I believe I interpret your views correctly. If so, they have my entire sympathy. Nothing but good *can* result from strengthening and elevating the spiritual sympathies of men. If, as some of us think, there be something *special* in the origin and perpetuation of Christianity, this great truth—if such it be—must come out with increased evidence, by the abatement of prejudice and theological antipathy, and in the calm, free intercourse of pure and devout minds. If,

as others think, Christianity itself is but an introductory discipline—a παιδαγωγία—to something higher and more spiritual—it is only by this free exchange of thought and feeling among good men on the highest themes, that we can make the transition happily—without a break, of spiritual deadness and irreligion—and so embrace, when we are prepared for it, the greater truth which the Universal Father may have in reserve for us. Efforts like yours are in every way most desirable; and will, I am persuaded, be increasingly attempted. I am not sanguine of immediate success; there is so much narrow dogmatism still lurking in the faith of generally liberal men. But the attempt ought to be made; and though it may fail in the first instance, it will not be without effect.—Between this and Christmas, I will send you one or two forms of morning prayer. Perhaps that will be soon enough. I find I cannot *write* prayers at any time or in any mood.—To turn now to another subject. We did not think you had at all treated us ill about the Prospective; but I must add, that we shall accept most gratefully any future contributions. You know we largely admit literature; and your present studies leading to so many interesting views of society, language, government, etc., must furnish you with many a topic which we should rejoice to have discussed in our pages. We often unreasonably feel most interest in that from which for the time we are ourselves excluded. Tied down by circumstances to one particular course of reading, I almost envy you your excursions

in the delightful fields of ancient literature and history and comparative philology. What a new light seems destined to be thrown on the early connection and mutual influence of races by the comparison of languages! I read the other evening for the first time, Dr. Prichard's valuable communication to the British Association at Oxford on the studies of Ethnology. I am anticipating even more pleasure and instruction from another by Bunsen read on the same occasion.—Will you allow me to ask what was the precise relation to the great landed proprietors of the last days of the Republic, of the *Clientes* described by Horace (Carm. II. 18. 26) as driven with their wives and children from their little farms, to make room for the *latifundia* of their lords? Were they what we should call *tenants*? The same word—not used in its strict and proper sense—occurs in v. 8 of the Ode—‘*Trahunt honestæ purpuras clientæ.*’ Has not Horace, in the curt and dry way of the Romans, described in this Ode the same state of things, which Goldsmith has wrought into so beautiful a picture in a well-known passage of his *Deserted Village*—and which the Hebrew prophets evidently allude to with increasing distinctness, as the states of Israel and Judah verged towards their end? In reading history, one wants details of this sort to fill up the vague outline of general narrative.—Before I conclude, it occurs to me to ask whether you have thought of turning to the dedication prayer offered up by the present Bishop of Durham* on laying the founda-

* Dr. Maltby.

tion-stone of University College—then the University of London. There must be many records of it. If I remember right, in its abstinence from all doctrinal allusion, and in the spirit of simple theism pervading it, it would afford you precedent and authority for the course you are taking in regard to University Hall. I speak, however, from general impression, since I have never seen the prayer since the time it was uttered.

TO REV. C. WICKSTEED.

Manchester, Nov. 10th, 1848.

I have read with much pleasure, and have forwarded to Newman for his perusal, your very interesting observations on the principle set forth in the preface to his intended compilation. I still however retain my own views. The principle is dictated by a moral necessity resulting from the very object and constitution of University Hall. That Institution proposes to open its doors to students of every description, without any reference to their creeds, and such men it proposes to unite in a domestic society. The question is, would it be desirable, if practicable, for such men, dwellers under one roof, and engaged in the same high pursuits of knowledge and intellectual culture, to sanctify and ennoble their common duties and engagements by a joint offering up of their wills and affections at the opening of every day, to the one great and glorious Being, the Source of all Mind—to the knowledge and worship of whom, all the par-

ticular faiths, at all likely or even possible to meet under such circumstances, must be considered (some imperfectly—Christianity the most perfectly that we can conceive in relation to our wants) as different modes of access and processes of introductory discipline. Jesus always spoke of himself as the *way* to the Father. If the Father in the *spirit* of Christ himself, were daily reverentially adored, could the influence so exerted have any other effect than to quicken the minds of the worshippers to a clearer perception of the *purest* of the ways by which the Father might be approached, and open them to a readier apprehension of the spiritual superiority of Christianity? My belief is, that such a course carried out, as I believe it was intended to be carried out, would have issued in anything but religious indifference. The mere spectacle of the possibility of a higher occasional sympathy (suggested and rendered necessary by the circumstances of the case) would have softened and refined the more concentrated faith and precisely defined opinion operating in the bosom of separate religious communities. That it would have weakened the zeal of sectarianism—thrown into comparative shade some distinctions now much insisted on, and have contributed to introduce a more spiritual conception of the whole design and purpose of Christianity—I do not doubt; but that with my views would have been an advantage rather than a loss—a sign of progress rather than of retrocession. Whether in the present state of opinion such a plan would have been practi-

cable, or even expedient to suggest, I think more questionable. It was for the promoters of the scheme to decide on that: but had they deliberately chosen to attempt it, I should not have at all felt myself precluded by my distinct retention of Christianity as a gift from the Father of Lights, from assisting to put it in practice; but should really have rejoiced in the occasion, and believed that I was only carrying out in its application to new circumstances, the original spirit of Jesus Christ. However, I observe, that many excellent men whom I truly esteem and love (and among them, dear friend, I place yourself) differ with me on this subject; and I am therefore induced to hold my own views—not unfirmly or indifferently, but with some self-distrust, and I hope a larger toleration of heart for all the earnest and sincere who either stop short of, or go beyond, the particular line where my convictions rest.—But our friendly differences have no chance now of leading to any practical result. Newman has ceased to be Principal of University Hall in prospect! He communicated the intelligence to me yesterday. He lays the blame not at all on the Council, but on the Architect, who has built a residence for the Principal with no private entrance for his family. He says he cannot think of asking Mrs. Newman to reside in such a house.

* *Manchester, Nov. 27th, 1848.*

I return to you ——'s *disgraceful* letter. I use

* This Letter will indicate the kind of antagonism *then* sometimes exhibited by the more dogmatic members of his own persuasion.

the word deliberately. I am really sorry for his own sake, that he has written it. I did not suppose him capable of so much folly and presumption. With all his conceit and superficiality, I always thought him till now a kind-hearted and liberal-minded man. I wish to think so still, and am quite willing to believe, that some pique or other has for the moment got the mastery of his really good qualities. His note is so vague and inaccurate in its statements that it is not worth a serious notice. I think, however, seriously that Thom ought to see it, and that as the managing Editor of the Prospective he will have some ground to complain, if he is kept in ignorance of the feeling that is rankling, it appears, in the minds of some of the London Ministers. As you request me not, I do not of course forward it to him; but I earnestly request you to *do so*.—Either —— has not read the article* which he condemns, or he does not understand it. Since I got your note this morning, I have looked over the article again, and every one of his charges might be repelled from the article itself, which after all only professes to give a condensed summary of results furnished by materials accumulated in several volumes of another's work. The literature of the subject was not to be expected from the writer. On what ground does —— assert that 'he shews an utter ignorance of what we already have in English respecting Philo and the Essenes.' In p. 451,† the writer distinctly admits that 'the connection of the early Chris-

* Gfrörer's Origin of Christianity. † Prospective Review, 1848.

tian Church with the Essenes has been frequently urged.' The analysis which he gives of Philo's system, and which forms the substance of his article—agrees, so far as I recollect, in almost every particular, with a similar analysis by Norton in the Appendix to his Reasons,* though I have not the book to refer to at this moment. I am astonished at the cool assurance with which — speaks of the assertions respecting the Gospels as made "directly in the teeth of what *I conceive* to be the facts (*ascertained* and *proved* over and over again) of ecclesiastical history." Is he, then, really ignorant, that men of learning, piety and integrity—at least equal to his own—are by no means convinced of the fact, which he says has been ascertained and proved over and over again? A man may very reasonably incline to one view of the case rather than another, but every one who has *studied* it and *comprehends* it (neither of which has — done), must, if he has any candour, admit, that it must be considered '*adhuc sub judice*.' Mr. Norton is a most learned, accurate and estimable writer; I never pronounce his name without the deepest respect. But he is only one among many as learned and as honest as himself. He represents a certain *school* of theological thought, and therefore has *his* bias too. I remember reading the first edition of his work on the Genuineness with as much attention and candour as I was capable of—and, as I believe, with as sincere a

* Reasons for not believing the Doctrine of the Trinitarians on the Person of Christ. By Andrews Norton.

desire to adopt the truth as Mr. —— himself: but the impression left on my mind at the conclusion was—that I did not feel myself fully satisfied to the *extent* to which Mr. Norton would have carried me, and which I did not think his premises warranted. Almost all Christian apologists seem to me to attempt to prove too much; and so the argument breaks down under the weight they put on it. Yet I have never had any doubt, that the N. T. as a whole was an authentic representation of primitive Christianity, but always believed with the writer of the article (see bottom of p. 454 and top of 455) that we had in it a true and faithful image of the mind and life of the real historical Christ. I am sure, that Mr. —— with all his *fanfaronnade* cannot rest his own faith on a firmer basis. He says with grave simplicity, ‘Can we not take down Philo and other ancient authors for ourselves?’ Yes, of course he can: but it is very evident to me, that he never has done it, or he would write in a different strain. I suspect all his ideas on these subjects are taken up second-hand on the warrant of some favourite authority, who is constituted infallible. Unitarians have always talked loudly—and no one more than Mr. ——, of the rights of the intellect and the breadth and liberality of their principles. Are these mere words, then, which mean nothing? I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I read the passage with the words ‘circulating fallacies and follies’—‘idle, ignorant and unprincipled’ (who are these?)—‘dark valley of death’—‘foul fiend Apollyon’!!—and thought

I must have stumbled on some record of an Evangelical Alliance meeting at Exeter Hall. Seriously, this part of the letter excited in me deep disgust, and more painful feelings still. Where can we look for the *real spirit of Christ*—the spirit of unshrinking faith and boundless love—in any *one* of the sects of this country? The longer I live, the more thoroughly sick I become of *all* sects—the *Unitarian sect* included. Allow me to say, that the author of the article so shamefully attacked, is a Chancery Barrister and an Oxford (not a Cambridge) man—a person, I am told, by those who know him, of a most gentle and amiable spirit. For myself, I discern clear traces of this in the calm, thoughtful, *reverential* spirit of the article itself. I rejoice to have been the medium of introducing it into the pages of the Prospective.

TO REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

Manchester, Jan. 12th, 1849.

When you left England last summer, I expressed my wish, as you will perhaps recollect, to write to you, during your absence, on the subject on which we had spoken together at the close of the previous Examination,—I mean, my intention to draw up a course of lectures on the Grounds and Principles of Christian Faith and Worship for the Fourth and Fifth year Students, as a Supplement to my Course on the History of Christianity—supposing our Committee should please to accept such an addition to the busi-

ness of the Theological Course.—I was led to think of the Course to which I have referred, by feeling, as I went year after year over a pretty extensive range of Christian History, that although there were *principles* involved in the events and characters brought successively before my class, and though I always made a point of bringing these out as clearly and prominently as I could,—they were still apt to be obscured and lost sight of in an immense crowd and multiplicity of facts, and that it would be an advantage both for myself and my pupils to have the great spiritual principles, of which the historical fact of Christianity and our actual institutions are a result and an expression—divested of their accidental adjuncts, traced to their fundamental grounds, and exhibited in a systematic order to the Student's mind. My first, as it is still my principal, idea was, as I have said, to regard the Course as a needful supplement to that on Ecclesiastical History; and in that way, I shall propose it to the Committee. But I thought I had further observed in the case of some of our Divinity Students, that from having their attention exclusively occupied with Criticism, Exegesis, Antiquities and History, they unavoidably acquired the feeling that Christianity was something belonging rather to the Past than to the Present, and that they lost all strong and deep conviction of it as an *actual reality*—as a fact living and operating in the midst of us *now*. Their education therefore seemed to fail in preparing them for the administration of Christianity, and its application to the present interests and con-

cerns of men. I well remembered, how completely I felt myself at sea on many points of opinion and duty, when I first quitted the Academy, and how often I could find no ground on which to take up even a provisional position. I thought, if I could help to lighten some of these difficulties for young men now entering on the Ministry, I should be doing some good ; and the state of religious opinion is certainly not less perplexing, nor are the difficulties of the Christian ministry less arduous now, than when we entered life between twenty and thirty years ago. I have roughly described my Course, as on "The Grounds and Principles of Christian Faith and Worship"; but I do not like that title ; it does not express all that I mean ; I want something more compact and more precise, more nearly corresponding to the German "*Glaubenslehre*." If you can assist me to a better and shorter title, when I have explained to you my plan, I shall feel greatly obliged. My general idea is to *reverse* the ordinary mode of procedure—to set out from the *Present*, the *Real*, the *Existing*—and so feel our way backward step by step towards the *Past* as its source. I propose to begin, then, with an attempt to determine the nature and influence of Christianity as an actual Fact, still operative on the hearts and lives of multitudes at the present day. What is this Fact ? How shall we define and individualise it amidst the many other influences social and philosophical, which are mixed up and confounded with it, and which are all vaguely embraced under its name ? It is evident, that creeds, usage and profession

will not answer our purpose, since they are often dead and formal, and never fully represent the living thing. First of all, I would look to the aspirations and efforts which have characterised eminent Christians in every denomination subsequent to the Reformation, (our present Religious Life dates from that event), and also to the aim and tendency of those sects which from time to time within the same period have effected a great revival of the Christian life—observing in what points of thought, feeling and action, those individuals and sects agree. To avoid confounding extravagances with essentials, I would further notice the objections made to sectaries and spiritual innovators by earnest and religious members of quiescent and long-established Churches,—and lastly, to bring out the distinctive features of the Idea of Christianity so obtained, more clearly, I would contrast it with Deistical Systems of belief and practice, with the religious life of Jews and Mohammedans and of such educated and intelligent Heathens (Parsees, Buddhists, etc.) as may still be found in the East. Thus furnished with an idea of Christianity as an actual belief, I should proceed to consider its relation to Religion in general, and this would involve an inquiry into the origin and foundation of Religious Belief—how far it is intuitive, and how far inferential? My own persuasion is, that the primitive element of Religion is intuitive—given in the original constitution of our nature—and that worship is the spontaneous sympathy of Spirit with Spirit, modified by a sense of dependence and awe. Are there

any attributes that can be absolutely predicated of *all* Spirit as such, so as to yield any *â priori* ground of conclusion as to the character and purposes of the Sovereign Spirit? My impression is, that this is possible; and that in a due apprehension of the nature of *Spirit*, we find how to discriminate proper Monotheism from Pantheism. This is my strong impression, but I speak with diffidence. These preliminary inquiries being disposed of, I should next examine the validity of the ordinary distinction of Natural and Revealed Religion—analyse the ideas of Revelation, Inspiration—investigate their source, evidence and effects—go into the questions of Miracle and Prophecy—and examine the ultimate grounds of belief, and the possible extent of authority *external* to the believing mind, with the required proof of it.—The next point would be the source of Christianity—*directly* in the New Testament—*mediately* and *ultimately* in the mind of Christ—the allied questions of the genuineness, authenticity, credibility of the N. T.—formative principles of the Canon, Relation of Old and New Testaments, origin and diffusion of Messianic ideas—in what sense fulfilled—historical reality and personal influence of Jesus of Nazareth—permanent Principles of Christian belief derived from a study of the Life of Jesus, and an examination of his spiritual relation to *present* believers, with an analysis of the nature and operations of Christian Faith. These heads would be treated of in the *first* part of my Course, which I should designate generally *Principles*.—The *second* part I should entitle

Doctrines. I propose to distinguish Doctrine from Principle in this way : I regard a Principle as something *permanent*—an inward spiritual feeling—*e.g.* the consciousness of our relation to God, and to one another as spiritual beings, and to the invisible world ; Doctrine is the *intellectual* conception of a principle, and its adaptation to the ideas and beliefs of a particular condition of Society. This view would lead me to insist on the distinction between *Form* and *Spirit* in the religious utterances of Christ and His Apostles, and to point out the wide difference between simple Exegesis and the practical application of Christian principles, with the necessity resulting from it of translating not merely words and phrases into our modern idiom, but also ideas into our modern modes of conception. Doctrines, however, are a necessary result of the outward enunciation of Principles. There are doctrines as well as principles in the New Testament, and we must ascertain what they are ; and we must consider not only what is the *Dogmatik* of Scripture, but also what is the *Dogmatik* that has been constructed by different Sects and Churches on the alleged authority of Scripture. I shall attempt to do this in the following way : 1st, exhibit the *Dogmatik* of Scripture itself ; 2ndly, that of the principal Christian Confessions since the Reformation ; 3rdly, compare them with one another and with the Scripture doctrine ; 4thly, inquire what is the residual truth, capable of resolution into some fundamental principle of Christian belief. A brief but comprehensive view of the

main points of Christian controversy might be brought under the four heads of *God, Christ, Man*, and the *Demonology* of Scripture and the Church, with the associated beliefs.—The third and last division of the Course would be *Institutions*. What I should here say, I should intentionally make short—rather suggestive and provisional than exhaustive and absolute: indeed this remark would apply to the whole Course. This last division would embrace the following heads: 1st, The Church—Idea of a Church—its need and reasonableness—founded in the spiritual nature of man—its equivalents in Judaism and Heathenism. 2ndly, Worship, etc. 3rdly. Ordinances—Baptism, Lord's Supper—rational and Scriptural ground of ordinances,—Confirmation, Religious Festivals, etc. 4thly. Modes of Church Government, relation of Minister and People, etc. 5thly. Means of Religious Influence, Preaching, etc. 6thly. Relation of the Church to the Civil Power and to Society at large—Question of Religious Establishments, etc.—Such is a rough sketch of the Course which I have designed. I hope you will be able to make it out. Knowing how valuable your time is to you in Germany, and how many claims you have upon your pen, I am not so unreasonable as to wish you should make any great sacrifice of time to me. I can only say, if you can find leisure to give me your free and candid thoughts on the plan which I have now thrown before you, you will afford me the highest gratification, and render me a real service. I have calculated, that I can embrace this course within

between 60 and 70 lectures, which may be spread, one lecture per week, over the two last years of the Theological Course. More than one lecture per week, I could not well find time to give—keeping up along with it my Ecclesiastical History; and more I think the Students themselves could not very well afford, especially as I should wish them to read up some of the references.—I have left myself no room for domestic news, or for politics.—Thom probably writes to you about the Prospective. In the last we had a very good article on Philo in a review of Gfrörer's writings by an Oxford man, a Chancery Barrister; and in the forthcoming one, there will be an article on Quetelet's Statistics by Lord Lovelace, together with an excellent notice by Newman on University Reform. I am just finishing a very careful reading of Mill's Inductive and Ratiocinative Logic, which I undertook as a discipline and refreshment for my mind, really jaded and oppressed by the incessant reading of History. It is a first-rate book, so thorough and closely-reasoned throughout. But a grand deficiency runs through it. Am I wrong in inferring, that the *religious element* is wholly wanting in his mind? I got last night another delightful book of a different description—Macaulay's History of England. Our kindest remembrances and best wishes await you all.

TO F. W. NEWMAN.

Manchester, Feb. 14th, 1849.

Have you yet found time to read the book which

all the world is talking of—Macaulay's two volumes? I should like to know what you think of them. A friend sent them as a present to my son in his absence; and though in general I give myself some credit for abstinence from books which do not fall within my present course of prescribed reading, I confess I was on this occasion overcome: the temptation was so constant and so near, that I could not refrain. Nor do I repent. For years I have not read a work of narrative with such unfailing interest to the very last page. I have felt myself borne along as with the attraction of a novel. In thinking of the book, now I have finished it, I find some difficulty in accounting for the singular charm which it possesses. I suppose it must in part arise from that sense of power and ease which his thorough mastery of his subject enables him to excite in the reader's mind. He never prosés. His felicity in *selection* seems to me unrivalled. In continuous narration it is so difficult to hit the exact mean between the too little and the too much, and from mere weariness to avoid falling into the cumbrous and mechanical—becoming in fact the mere Chronicler. I do not remember that in a single instance this is ever the case with Macaulay. The *whole* man, with all his powers of choice discrimination and vivid apprehension, with all his predilections and antipathies, is ever present to the subject and infuses into it his vigour and earnestness. His characters strike me as his *chefs d'œuvres*, surpassing both his descriptions and his reflections. In this respect he is a worthy successor of Clarendon, and

greatly superior to him in others. There is a sustained fire and animation in his narrative, a warmth and richness of colouring in his style, which has led me sometimes, while reading, to compare him among historians with Rubens among painters. Yet with these great and capital excellencies, I hesitate whether to call his history a work of *genius*. Genius, I admit, is a somewhat vague term, yet it is distinguished in most men's minds from *talent* even of the highest order : and I regard Macaulay's, as of the *very highest*. I think the *rhetorician* preponderates over the *poet* in his mental composition. He is always the friend of justice and humanity ; yet I do not discern traces of very deep sensibility, or the power of sympathising with all the forms of human character. Are not even his sympathies in some degree controlled by conventional proprieties ? Again I can hardly call his style graphic : it is rather dramatic. He does not paint very vividly to the eye, though he enables the understanding to comprehend clearly what he relates. In no part of his history do I meet with such *pictures* as some that I remember in Tacitus, or as those marvellous sketches in which Carlyle makes his reader see the very spot where Cromwell's battles were fought. If we compare the most finished description in Macaulay's volumes—the battle of Sedgmoor—with that which Carlyle has given of the battle of Dunbar (the most wonderful piece of historical painting I am acquainted with), we cannot but admit the inferiority of Macaulay to Carlyle in the poetry of history. I

question further whether he can be called in the strict sense a *philosophical* historian. His reflections never seem to me to go down to the first elements of human nature or the fundamental principles of society, but rather to terminate in certain *axiomata media* rising indeed far above the hasty prejudices of the mass of mankind, but not reaching the highest generalisations of a profound thinker on the laws and tendencies of humanity. This was the natural position for a Whig historian to take, who fixes his point of vision at the commencement of his narrative, and keeps true to it to the close.—I have no objection to a sincere man being a party man, and writing as he feels, for it gives interest to what he says, and we can always allow for the effect of his prejudices on his judgments. But then it is scarce possible for him to be also philosophical.—Macaulay has placed the character and policy of William in a very clear point of view. I do not think I ever understood them before. Both his eulogists and his revilers have been mistaken. There is clear evidence that he was high-minded and disinterested in the line of conduct which he took—but then it related more to Europe than to England; he no doubt wished to uphold the civil and religious liberties—or perhaps I should rather say, the Protestantism—of England (for his own principles inclined to high monarchy), but chiefly as this object was essential to the vaster project of sustaining the Protestantism of Europe against the despotism of France. We are indebted to him to the extent, that he was ardently attached to the cause of

Protestantism, and that our national interests at that particular juncture (owing to the stupendous folly of James the Second) directly coincided with the great aim of his life.—Really, dear friend, looking back on the quantity I have written on this one topic, I feel that I am bound to apologise to you for such an infliction. But my mind has been full of Macaulay since I finished his book, and I have had no one to whom I could express the many thoughts it has called up in me. You know what a relief it is, when a subject fills the mind, to pour it forth. Had you been in Manchester, all this would have evaporated in the course of a walk, and some good paper might have been spared. I am by no means sure that I have rightly appreciated Macaulay, or done him full justice: for after all I profoundly admire him. One very delightful reflection remains with me from his book—what an immense improvement we have made in political morality since the days of the Stuarts! Such perfidy and venality, combined with such grossness and ferocity, one can scarcely imagine at this day. On the whole, I think the reigns of Charles and James the Second the foulest and vilest in our national annals. As far as the Government is concerned, there is not one redeeming feature. I am visionary enough to be haunted by a perpetual regret for the short glimpse of a better state of things just opened on our national prospects by the noble aims and comprehensive spirit of that greatest of all our rulers—Cromwell.

TO REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

Manchester, Feb. 20th, 1849.

Many thanks for your long and very interesting letter. Its suggestions are most valuable. As the time is approaching when released from *Collegia* you will be able to give some more attention to the subject of our correspondence, I wish to say a few words in explanation of the *relations* which our several projected courses of lectures may possibly stand in to each other. In drawing up my scheme, I set out from a radical position—the existence of Christianity as a *present* fact—and for the sake of theoretical *completeness* purposely wrought it out with all its consequences and applications, without meaning to intimate thereby, that in execution I should work out every head in full detail. All theological studies, as you observe, are related, and at certain points come inevitably into contact; at those points each theological science must be content to *accept* certain data from the kindred sciences. In deducing the *idea* of Modern Christianity from its most prominent phenomena subsequent to the Reformation, I am unavoidably led to connect that idea with the nature and operations of the *general* Religious Sentiment (for I can find no sure basis for faith except in *them*), and so come on the borders of your territory:* and had there been any great or fundamental difference between your views and mine, it might in that case

* As Professor of Moral and Religious Philosophy.

have been necessary for me, in order to fortify my own system, to go into a somewhat fuller exposition of my principles, and state at length the grounds of them. This however will now be quite unnecessary; and I shall simply—to prevent an awkward hiatus in this part of my Course—state explicitly *what* my views are, point out what appears to me their *living* connection with Christianity (since apart from the interior religious organism of man I do not see how Christianity can be understood, much less believed), and for a full rationale of the subject refer my students to you. In like manner, at one or two points I come into contact with Courses of Mr. Smith.* Where I have reason to think our views materially differ, and that difference affects the self-consistency of my own system, I shall of course feel it necessary to state my particular opinions, and give the reasons for them: in other cases where facts or the undeniable conclusions of criticism are involved, on which no rational dispute can be raised, I shall admit them without further inquiry as data, of which I shall take it for granted that the evidence has already been exhibited by him. This will sufficiently explain to you within what limits I shall practically confine my Course. Time alone, if no other consideration, would compel me to this limitation.—I agree with much that you say about *principles*, and the distinction between *true* and *false* doctrines; though I might perhaps word it rather differently. For some

* The Rev. Dr. Vance Smith, then Professor of Theology in Manchester New College.

time past I have increasingly felt, without being at all aware that you had been similarly affected (how years and the altered relations of life bring almost unconsciously similar changes over different minds!) that it is of the utmost importance to work out more positive and definite principles of religious belief. Indeed a very earnest desire to do this for myself combined with a strong conviction of its utility for my pupils, to induce me to undertake the course of lectures which I have sketched out for you. I understand by a *principle* much more than a mere feeling or instinctive tendency, which is only a creative working out of which the principle is evolved. I agree with you that a principle must be—what the name implies—an ἀρχή, something that may be assumed as a final object of faith, and ground of reasoning. For instance, I should not call the general sentiment of reverence—the sense of the infinite, or even that strong craving after perfection which cleaves to the highest order of minds—*principles*; they are rather the mental conditions—call them instincts, tendencies, or what you will—under which principles are generated—the *nisus formativus* which precedes the perfect birth. But I hold as the *first* of religious *principles*, the basis indeed of all religion in any sense intelligible to me, the recognition of a Sovereign Spirit—conscious, intelligent, willing, moral—akin to, but transcending, our spirits, between whom and ourselves, from the common nature of all spirit, there may be such intercourse and sympathy as gives occasion on our part to prayer and is the foundation of worship.

I mean no more, and I cannot mean less, than this, when in the language of theologians, I call God a *person*. I only mean to assert thereby the absolute sovereignty of *spirit* over all *phenomena*—to recognise *spirit* as the final reality of the Universe. This is what I understand by *Monotheism* as opposed to *Pantheism*: and to this first *principle* of Religion I attach such immense importance, that, as on the one hand, I do not know what is meant by religion without it, so, on the other, I continually feel, that if this be *fully* conceded, every other principle needful for our guidance and consolation may be deduced by necessary consequence out of it. This view directs all our attention at once to the subject of *spirit*, and its *inherent* and *necessary* laws and attributes, if there be such. I should like to see this subject thoroughly handled by men of such metaphysical powers as yourself. As I apprehend this question, it stands far above, and is quite distinct from, the old controversy about matter and spirit. It resolves itself into this: Is there anything (metaphysically I mean, time is no element here) *anterior* to phenomena, and if so, what can that be but *spirit*, which, in our own conscious thought and will is the first and nearest of all realities to ourselves. If I interpret Mr. John Mill right, we know and can know (I take it his disclaimer of all transcendental questions is put in simply to stave off controversy) nothing but phenomena—within them all our data are embraced, and by them all our inferences must be circumscribed. Even our reliance on the

uniformity of causation is nothing but the widest generalisation of inference ; and I daresay you remember the remarkable and startling passage, where, consequentially carrying out his fundamental principle, he argues that we have no ground to rely on the existence of any such uniformity—of law in any sense—beyond the actual limits of our observation—that beyond those limits all may be endless chaos and confusion. This is Atheism unmasked indeed. The prospects opened by the final results of science, are desolate in the extreme ; though if they are the truth, we must submit. I do not think however that they are the truth. I am glad that so powerful, honest and dispassionate a mind as Mr. Mill's, one so richly endowed with amiable and noble qualities, has fearlessly carried out his system to its last result ; as the effect must surely be to breed a suspicion that some element is wanting in the primary data which vitiates the whole subsequent process. The old definitions of spirit—*aliquid semper movens* and the like—were no doubt very rude and coarse, and fair subjects for ridicule as they were often expressed. Yet I cannot but think that there was some truth hidden in those antique formulas. Ceaseless activity enters into all the conceptions I can form of spirit ; but activity unaccompanied by a regulative power would be chaotic, purely mischievous and even self-destructive. In this consideration I have sometimes thought we might find a *necessary* ground for the *moral* attributes of spirit, for *truthfulness* and *justice* (which in the Supreme

Mind must be modifications of one and the same quality), for *holiness* (the attribute which tempers all tendencies from hurtful extremes), and for *love*, whose workings and effects are order, harmony, beauty and ultimate happiness. These thoughts have sometimes occurred to me in looking on the subject from my low, popular point of view, as possibly affording a basis, firmer and stronger than we can acquire *à posteriori*, for faith in God, for trust, worship, reverence, and the authority of the moral law. I would like to know what elements of truth and reason you think there is in them—if you can make them out from this crude and hasty expression of them. I have not now time to elaborate them more. I have said, it seems to me all other *principles* may be evolved out of a true conception of a God as an all-perfect Spirit. To conclude the subject, I will just add, that among the *principles* of religion I should include the *recognition* of the *moral law* as an *expression* of the *Sovereign Mind* in our minds, and in the order of the Universe—and also the recognition of an existence after death, in which *individual* character will be perpetuated and carried on by progressive discipline toward perfection. I confess I am one of those who think the moral order of the Universe cannot be justified or explained (on the supposition that a benevolent Mind is at the head of it) without carrying our views respecting man beyond the present terrestrial life. These principles relative to God, to Duty and to Futurity appear to me to lie at the basis of all Religion. In that light they have been

regarded by the best men in all ages. They are the vital elements really at work under the mass of Christian doctrine and Christian usage. I distinguish a Doctrine from a Principle in this way: I regard it as a Principle modified by the mental idiosyncrasy of the individual who entertains it, or by the general belief and feelings of the age in which it prevails,—a *true* doctrine in the same degree that it admits the pure and full power of the indwelling principle, with only such modifications of individual or national conception as increase its moral *hold* and *effectiveness*—a *false* doctrine to the same extent that it admits accretions of falsehood and superstition on the primary basis, which disguise the true character and in some cases alter the essential quality of the principle. This is a very imperfect statement of my views: I shall be satisfied if you catch their grand purport and see what I am aiming at.—You are aware I dare say, that Newman is at work on a new book “The Soul, its Sorrows and Loves;” an Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the true basis of Theology. He gave me a short account of it the other day. It is a capital idea, one that I have long thought a Desideratum. What amazing activity and versatility he possesses!

TO F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

Manchester, April 4th, 1849.

I duly received your notice of Froude’s book,* and forwarded it to Thom. A few hours after I had

* The Nemesis of Faith.

despatched your MS., I finished the book itself. I like your notice of it much, and think it in the main just and discriminating. Perhaps my own judgment would be more favourable than yours. From the impression you gave me of it some time ago, I was prepared to expect something more revolting to reason and moral feeling than I find to be the case. Considering the extreme painfulness of the situation described in the last part of the book, I think nothing could be told with more exquisite purity and tenderness. It is deeply interesting and shows profound insight into the human heart, without being seductive; for a stern moral corrective runs through the whole narrative in the vivid painting of mental agony, which makes one feel intensely how every deviation from strict rectitude even of *feeling* carries its own sure penalty along with it, in all minds that have not been made callous by the practice of vice. It is perhaps difficult to catch the meaning of the narrative as a whole. I describe it to myself as a psychological fragment, offering glimpses of a mind in a state of *intellectual* dissolution, with its moral and its religious *feeling* still strong. If it yields any definite *moral*, it is perhaps this—that a state of doubt and unbelief as to the grounds of duty and expectation, must of itself be a painful and dangerous state, and should only be *transitional* to some state of fixedness. Sutherland vanishes from the scene before that state is reached, but the condition in which the reader leaves him, impresses the mind more deeply than any other catastrophe with the peril and wretchedness of resting in doubt. To *complete*

the moral there should unquestionably be a sequel, to show that doubt is not necessarily a final state. However, I am almost inclined to believe the tale is more suggestive, and produces a stronger effect as it is. It is a single page torn from the vast volume of the mental history of the 19th century. Froude is clearly a philosophical necessarian; I suppose Spinoza taught him that; I do not see that he is chargeable with actual fatalism. But what thought and genius there are throughout the book! His sympathy with nature and glowing pictures from it are exquisite: and his figures and illustrations, drawn from the fields of science, are unrivalled for freshness and felicity.—There is a passage, which I observe you have marked for quotation, on the *inevitableness* of Christianity, and the final junction in its single stream, of the tributaries of Zoroastrism, Hebrew and Grecian thought, which quite startled me when I came upon it, not from its strangeness, but from its so completely realising what I had often dimly felt, but had never before so distinctly and consciously expressed to myself.

Manchester, Nov. 27th, 1849.

Since I saw you in my passage through London at the end of September, I have had no tidings from you or of you, and scarce any token of your existence beyond your article on Hungary in the last Prospective. I should really like to know, that you are yet among the living. That story of Hungary is crushing to one's feelings. Will the spark of nationality ever revive in the ashes that have been so foully trampled by the bloody hoofs of tyranny? There is a senti-

ment, coming ultimately I believe from Euripides, but clothed, as I have met with it, in Latin, which has indelibly impressed itself on my memory, and which always recurs to me in beholding these apparent frustrations of the moral order of the universe :—‘*Deus tacito ingrediens vestigio secundum justitiam res tractat humanas?*’ A day of retribution must come, to restore the moral balance of things. But how, and when? And with what accumulation of vengeance, one shudders to conceive. The wrongs of Poland seem to me to have been avenging themselves in the elements of disorder and revolution, which her scattered and houseless sons have for years been fomenting in the bosom of the nations which perpetrated or acquiesced in the injustice, of which she has been the victim. I wish your article may be the means of circulating juster views and more generous sentiments about Hungary. I am sorry to say I find too frequently ignorance or apathy upon the subject among those from whom better things might have been expected, English and German.—In preparation for a course of supplementary lectures, which I shall commence after Christmas, and of which I enclose you a Syllabus, I have been endeavouring to make myself more familiar with the state of mind and feeling that has distinguished the more earnest religious sects in England and Germany during the last century and a half; more particularly the Moravians, the Wesleyans, and the Swedenborgians. With this view, I lately ran over John Wesley’s Diary. It is a curious and interesting

document. What a strange mixture there was in that man ! The pure *religious* element in his mind was beautiful, breathing holiness and love, and as catholic in its affections and aspirations as a servile scripturalism would allow ; but it was sadly alloyed by weakness and credulity that one hardly knows how to reconcile with the strong practical sense that shone forth so conspicuously in many parts of his character. I should like to know more of the personal history of his brother Charles. I suspect he was a man of deeper sensibility and more childlike simplicity than John, who knew the world better, and in the wish to govern it (no doubt, in the main, with righteous and benevolent ends in view), could more easily forego its social sympathies. This cost Charles intense pain. I gather this from his Sacred Poems, which I have been reading through. The devotional spirit they breathe is intense, and often exquisitely beautiful, but sometimes painfully ascetic, as if he felt it a duty to extinguish every earthly affection. I am astonished at the ease, the variety and the freedom of his versification. His whole soul seems to flow out spontaneously into metre. There is no hardness, no labour. All is evident inspiration. It is such verse as only the deepest feeling and conviction could produce.—I have got but a slight insight into the Swedenborgian system, having read but one considerable treatise of Swedenborg himself. Like Moravianism and Methodism, it seems to me a sort of spiritual reaction against the cold, dead rationalism of the Established Church. But

though Swedenborg himself was a visionary (John Wesley puts him down at once as lunatic), his peculiar movement was less due to feeling than the workings of a systematic intellect. His mind had more of the scientific than the poetical character. His very visions are as sharp and well-defined as the ground plan of an engineer. He saw everything in the spiritual world in marvellous distinctness and congruity.—I think I have heard you decry the Republic of Plato. What will you say to my judgment? I am now reading it with my son; and we are just finishing the second book, which strikes me as a very fine philosophical effort. For the luminous clearness with which it traces the formative principles of society, and sets forth the necessity of the division of labour, it would not, I think, at this day disgrace an introductory chapter in a work on Political Economy. One cannot but feel, moreover, that this was probably the very first analysis that was attempted of Society. And then how beautiful is the style! as fluent and copious as Cicero's, with far more of philosophical precision. Did it ever occur to you, that there is a great similarity between the style of Bishop Berkeley and that of Plato, making due allowance for languages so different as English and Greek?

TO SAMUEL ROBINSON, Esq.

York Place, Manchester, Dec. 20th, 1849.

On the 6th of January next, my wife and I (would you believe it?) will have been married five-

and-twenty years. A quarter of a century is a large portion of a man's mature life. Where and what shall we be, when another period of the same extent shall have passed away? If still alive, grey-headed old people; in thought and feeling perhaps belonging to the vanished past, and with eyes fixed on the near approaching tomb.—However, I did not mean to moralise or be grave; for the prospect does not make me sad. On the whole, life has become more serenely happy with me, the older I have grown; and I ascribe it very much, not only to the blessing of habitual good health, but still more to an unfailing supply of occupation that is interesting to me, and to an abatement of that imaginative excitability which often troubled me in earlier years, but which, I suppose, with most of us wears off with the progress of time.

‘Præterit—sed dulcedine quadam
præterit—annus.’

We mean to keep our *Silberhochzeit* on the day preceding the 6th, which unfortunately (in this respect) occurs on a Sunday. A very few of our oldest Manchester friends, Mr. and Mrs. Schunck, and Mr. and Mrs. Robberds have promised to come and take what is called a *Swiss Tea* (a plain minister cannot very conveniently give large dinner parties) on that day (Saturday, the 5th of January) at half-past 6 o'clock. Will you, dear old friend, and Mrs. Robinson add to our pleasure by joining them? My brother and sister Carpenter from Nottingham will be with us, and we hope Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greg—also friends of my

childhood and youth. No Manchester friendships, however, are of an earlier date than yours. My remembrances of your family (and they are some of the pleasantest I yet retain) go back now to near forty years.—If you have no other engagement, and can conveniently come into Manchester on the evening of the 5th of January, I need not say what sincere pleasure the company of Mrs. Robinson and yourself will give to my wife and my children, and not least (you will believe me) to your very affectionate friend.

TO F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

Manchester, December 26th, 1849.

Your knowledge of Plato is far more extensive and accurate than mine; and were mine equal to yours, I dare say that on many points I should come over to your opinion. When I last wrote, I was fresh from the reading of the second book of the Republic, and had been so charmed with it, that recollecting the opinion I had once heard you express, I could not help, after my usual impulsive manner, throwing out all the feelings which had been so vividly left on my mind. I look at ancient literature in a way different from some people. To take any *old* philosopher for one's guide in matters of opinion, and to attempt, as I am told the Germans do, to make a *school* of Plato or Aristotle, in this marvellous, onward looking nineteenth century, seems to me the height of antiquarian pedantry. On the other hand, nothing is to me so interesting as the

history of thought, and the recognition even in its elementary developments of those grand and permanent outlines of identity which stretch through the ages—to see how in poetry and speculation the same aspirations are manifested, the same questions occur, and similar solutions are attempted, in the most widely separated periods of human culture. A certain common type seems to characterise the movements of the mind in every age, on all those subjects which have their root in reflexion and consciousness, and are not dependent on induction and inference from outward facts. So much of the sharpness and efficiency of our knowledge results from contrast, that one of the chief advantages of the study of the dead languages, I have ever felt to arise from the opportunity of comparing modes of thought and states of feeling as they exist in our days, with the forms in which they are presented to us by the wisdom and poetry of former times. A thoughtful mind which has quick sympathies with humanity, may greatly enrich its psychological stores from studies of this description. It strikes me, the earliest thinkers of a high order are inclined to throw out vast generalisations which anticipate to a certain degree the type of the future action of thought, and broach an infinity of problems which they leave it to future ages to solve. The more I read of Plato, the more I am surprised at the number of *seminal* questions which he seems to start on all subjects,—morals, government, art, political economy. The absolute soundness of his solutions is quite another matter.

We must remember his age, and not judge him from our standard. His function was that of an *awakener* of future mind. Undue and slavish reverence has injured his rightful influence. But *he* cannot be blamed for that. His works, so far as my limited knowledge reaches, seem to me to abound in pregnant suggestions.

TO REV. ROBERT GIBSON.

Manchester, Jan. 12th, 1850.

** When I wrote, I was not aware of the grievous loss you had sustained, or I should not have touched, as I unconsciously did, a chord of such exquisite sadness. I well know of how little value the conventional language of ordinary condolence is felt on such occasions; but words of true sympathy, however simple and trite, have often a healing influence.—There are no sorrows like those of the heart. Yet is it not also true, that in the bitterest pangs of bleeding affection, there is a mysterious sweetness allying itself with the hopes and aspirations of a purer being, which none who have ever tasted it would exchange for the dull and soulless apathy of a worldly and a selfish life? I have often been impressed with the compensation that attends the heaviest afflictions when they fall on the faithful and affectionate spirit. The soul's resources seem to come forth with its necessities; and beliefs that were almost quiescent in us when the outward life was serene and bright, yield a power and richness of consolation

which we hardly suspected, till we had nothing but them to fall back upon. Doubt and fear are spectres which haunt the hours of careless prosperity, but give place to gentle angels of trust and hope, hovering over the grave of the departed, when the solemn earnestness of heartfelt sorrow throws its disenchanting shade over the false and flickering lights of outward things. If there be one intuition more deeply planted than another in the inmost soul, it is the belief that we are embraced in the merciful regards of a parental Spirit, and that, if we are true to the voice within, we cannot be separated in the final issue of things from communion with that Spirit, and with kindred spirits that repose like ourselves on the bosom of his Love. This seems to me a truth deeper than all logic, and surer than any conclusion which logic can establish. I do not say, it can be demonstrated to the cold and unwilling mind ; but my belief is, that, though it may be overlaid and crushed for a time by morbid speculations in which restless curiosity and perhaps a craving for distinction have no small share, the germ of it is never completely exterminated from any mind. The seed is there, though it may not sprout nor bear fruit till a distant day. When this delightful belief comes fully into the mind, the memory of the virtuous dead is soothing and delicious to the mind, and sheds a sanctity over every duty that remains to be fulfilled in their spirit, and for the prosecution of their most cherished objects. A mind like yours, my dear Sir, will find strength and comfort in such topics as my sincere sympathy has briefly indicated. Your

children will be a source of interest and delight to you, not for themselves alone (though what so lovely and beautiful as filial and parental affection !), but for their association with a memory which they must perpetuate in the most touching form to the close of your earthly existence.

TO F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

Manchester, June 10th, 1850.

* * From the unreserved communication we have often had with each other on subjects of this description, you will be prepared to expect that to a large extent I go heartily along with you in the views expressed in your *Phases of Faith*; and from the same remembrances you will no doubt suspect what are the points whereon our feelings and convictions diverge. In the great eternal principles that constitute the *vitality* of all religion—in the conception of God and of the soul's relation to Him, and the conditions of its peace and blessedness—I rejoice, dear friend, to feel that here as in your former work,* there is no substantial difference between my own belief and that of one whom I so truly honour and love. It is in the construction of the facts of the history, and in the significance of a certain life and character as the living embodiment of principles, that I feel we are most at variance: and though there is some pain in the consciousness of the want of entire sympathy with a valued friend in a matter deeply interesting to both, yet strange to say—a con-

* The Soul: its Loves, Sorrows, and Aspirations.

dition, I suppose, of the highest exercise of that delightful feeling which enters into the true communion of saints, and which even inferior natures have some perceptions of, like glimpses of the future heaven—the happy tranquillising sense of agreement on the many points where we do sympathize, seems in a manner brought out and enhanced by the few where sympathy fails. I think this must ever be so, where men love truth, and honour sincerity, above any homage to their individual convictions.—I have not time at this moment to enter into a detailed examination of the many interesting and suggestive views put forth in your book; I hope they will receive one from a far abler pen than mine. Suffice it to say for myself, in relation to the particular matters where I am unable to embrace your conclusion, that in the person and ministry of Jesus Christ—abstraction being made of the local and secular incidents which are inseparable from every historical phenomenon—the principles of pure and true religion seem to me expressed and embodied in a form, and under circumstances, and at a turning-point in the progress of our race, which mark him out for the prophet of humanity—exercising a function and an influence, in relation to the future development of the most advanced portions of our race, in which, as I read history, I hope not with a prejudiced eye, I most clearly recognize the appointment of the Being whom I rejoice with you to worship as the Universal Father. I will not raise any question about *perfection*. Perfection is a transcendental idea, which it is very difficult

to measure and define. I will only say in general, that in purity, refinement, tenderness, and spirituality, the mind of Christ seems to me far far above the standard of worldly character, and to throw its influence even when, taken literally, it may appear to be exaggerated, precisely in that direction where the world's passions and tendencies most strongly need counteraction. It is the overwhelming presence and influence of the Unseen and Infinite on the life of Christ, that makes its presentment in the Gospels so solemn and impressive—so unlike what we meet with in the world and in ordinary history. Immanuel—God with us—is what I perpetually think of when I read of that holy and beautiful life; and it is only as an expression of the *religious* element of our being, that a prophet's life is commended to our reverence at all. Are not those who have renounced the high standard of orthodoxy, sometimes unconsciously guilty of the unfairness of continuing still to apply it to Scripture and to Christ, and by exacting too much, at length do not leave them what, on a broader view, they might justly claim? I entirely agree with you that there can be no faith at second hand; and yet a life of pure and genuine religion, standing forth in its holy and gentle light, amidst the dark and bloody records of history, when it is not tried by an artificial standard, but left to our own free and unpreoccupied acceptance, may be, as I believe it perpetually has been, a means, not of imposing on us a faith from without (for that cannot be), but of awakening in us through sympathy a new

strength and freshness and amplitude in that of which the seeds are already in our breast. History, again, I do not believe to be any *part* of religion; yet it is a most effectual vehicle for the transmission of its ideas and influences, and for investing its living spirit with the traditional and symbolical form, by which only it has ever hitherto taken firm hold of the heart and the imagination and the daily life of extensive communities. The mischief has been (as in Germany) that where such historical forms have existed, while the cold light of science has been shed on them, the freshening breath of popular sympathy and intelligence has not been allowed to play freely round them.—I saw a remark of yours in a recent communication to the Leader, to which I cordially responded—that all living systems of constitutional freedom must have their roots in history. Nothing, I thought, could be more seasonable and wise than such advice to our theoretical reformers. Yet there are *principles* contained in these historical results which must never be lost sight of, and which are necessary to preserve them in integrity and health. I should be disposed to apply a similar remark to religion. Church and State, in this respect, seem to me to have much affinity with each other. All religions that have exercised extensive sway in the earth have had a personal head and generated a tradition. There are religious developments, it is true, but these have sprung from preceding ones, and taken up and perpetuated their best elements. It has surely a deep providential significance, that in the pure religion of Christ all the

elements are so spiritual, so capable of progressive expansion and adaptation, offering in marvellous combination the means of intellectual advancement and popular impression.—Is it not one cause of the incurable restlessness of France, that the roots which bound her religion to the Past, were killed by the intolerance of Louis XIV., and that from that day she has never been able to send up any healthy growth into the Present, with any promise for the Future? I know, dear friend, you will not agree with me in many of these views; but I wish you to see in what direction it is that my mind wanders away from your conclusion.

Manchester, August 26th, 1850.

You have good reason to consider me as the most selfish of correspondents; for I have so often written to you, when I had little better to fill my letter with than the asking of a favour. I dare say you suspect already what I am aiming at, and anticipate the words Prospective Review behind the horizon of every sentence, before they actually come into sight.—Two works have recently appeared, with the subjects of which your peculiar studies have made you familiar, either of which would furnish a very acceptable article from your pen for our November or February number—whichever suits you best—‘On the Varieties of Man, by Dr. Latham,’ and ‘Merivale’s Roman Emperors.’ On the last of these, in a former letter, you expressed an opinion as widely differing from some of the author’s views; I think particularly in his estimate of Cæsar’s character. This is the very state of mind to produce

a good review. Good cordial antagonism is a sure source of interest to the reader.—I am enjoying the quiet and leisure of the vacation, and am reading through with some attention two works which deeply interest me: one is Marcus Antoninus's Soliloquies (I don't know how else to render τὰ εἰς ἑαυτὸν)—a spiritual diary by a Heathen, full of thought and seriousness, but rather cold and dry; and the other a work on Symbolism, a comparative view of Catholic and Protestant Dogma, by a really learned and liberal Catholic Divine, J. A. Möhler. You know what I think of the Catholic Church as a whole; but considered simply in relation to theological *doctrine*, I must say that as represented by this very able and enlightened man, she appears to great advantage when compared with the early Protestant Churches—the first Lutherans and the Calvinists—in the horrible extent and remorseless consistency with which they carried out their fundamental principle of the utter extinction of all moral goodness in man by the Fall, and the absolute passivity of the human soul in the work of regeneration. The characteristic tendency of the Catholic Church has been to steer between extreme opinions, not unfrequently to the extent of reconciling the incompatible, and combining the contradictory; but this tendency has at least had the effect of giving a certain character of moderation and universalism to her doctrinal system.

Manchester, November 20th, 1850.

I enclose herewith a Banker's letter for the amount of what I have been able to collect for the Hungarian fund.—We have some Magyar exiles now resident in Manchester—very interesting people—a Mr. and Mrs. De Merey, thrown by these events out of the lap of wealth and luxury into actual poverty; the latter, a very accomplished and elegant woman, having opened classes for instruction in French; and an eminent physician, Dr. Merei, from Buda-Pesth, who, I am glad to say, is likely to be engaged by one of our Schools of Medicine here in lecturing on the diseases of children, a subject to which he has paid great attention.—I received a letter the other day from Mr. Martin Diosy, who describes himself as having been Secretary to Kossuth, wishing to know whether it would be possible to get up a memorial to Lord Palmerston in Manchester, for the deliverance of Kossuth and his companions from their confinement in Turkey.—Do you think that any memorial would be likely to do good? To produce any impression, it would be desirable to get some men of influence, whose names would tell, to take a part in it. But it is difficult to interest such people. I am sometimes disgusted to observe how often people, who pass for Liberals, cast away from them, as of no importance, all matters that stand aloof from the *direct* prosperity of England; so that when any appeal is made to them about Hungary or Germany, the first question that seems to arise

is, what *practical* issue the thing is likely to take, and how it may affect the value of railway-shares and the profits of trade.—What a state Germany is in! I do not know how you feel, but to me it is quite heart-sickening to see the rights and liberties of millions of instructed and right-hearted people chaffered away in such unmeaning and pusillanimous diplomacy as is now going on between the governments of Prussia and Austria. As a Minister of Religion, I have almost felt startled and ashamed at my irrepressible desire for the outbreak of war to settle this great question once for all. War is no doubt a fearful alternative and an awful risk. If it could be prevented, I should rejoice. But I do not see how it is to be avoided, unless freedom and progress are to be laid prostrate for ever; and the longer it is delayed, the more bloody and destructive it must become. It is ominous, that all who are believed to harbour red republican tendencies seem rather to rejoice at the idea of *immediate* peace. It seemed to me the affair of Hesse Cassel was an admirable case on which to commence the struggle. Never were a people more calm, wise, constitutional, and disinterested; and they were opposed to a sovereign as odious and contemptible as our own James II. I fear the opportunity is lost, and the enthusiasm of North Germany will be allowed to evaporate in idle words. Our German friends here of every grade of political opinion, are unanimous, so far as I know, in the feeling—that there *must*, and *ought* to, be war. On considering what I have written, I hope I shall

take your *general* sympathy with me, as I fear I should have exposed myself in the judgment of *wise* and *moderate* men, as they are called. I have, however, given utterance to what I *feel*. I have always, you know, been a believer in the civilising influences of commerce; but crises sometimes occur, requiring for the moment a return to the old modes of settling social questions—before the old state of society can be completely got rid of—in which the spirit of commerce seems to damp and enfeeble the spirit of disinterested heroism, when one would be glad for the time to recal the warrior spirit of past ages. Is not the present one of those crises? The monied world is too cautious and too selfish.—I must turn to another subject. We wish to have a review of Mr. Kenrick's two volumes on Egypt for the February number. Would you undertake it? We know, *he* would prefer a notice of it by a general scholar like yourself, to one by a professed Egyptologist, who might make it the occasion of a discussion of theoretical points in which the public at large take no interest.

TO HIS WIFE.

Manchester, Dec. 2nd, 1850.

— I intend to-day to write to Chapman and conclude with him finally about the Norica.* I understood

* Norica : or Tales of Nürnberg from the Olden Time. After a MS of the Sixteenth Century. Translated from the German of August Hagen. London : John Chapman, 1851.

from you, that the first part is quite ready to be put into his hands. Am I right in that? My plan is to relinquish all balance now due on the Retrospect* and any profit that may arise from the sale of the residue of the impression, and then leave Chapman to do what he likes with the work, only stipulating, that when the expense of bringing it out is covered, he shall equally share the profits with us. I never looked to making money by the Retrospect. It has long since paid its expenses, and left me a surplus of some twenty pounds. Possibly I might still get some ten or twenty more. But I do not mind sacrificing this last sum, if it will help to put your translation in circulation. It is not unimportant, I think, that Hannah should early begin to exercise herself in this way. It may never, I trust it never will, be necessary to her as a means of subsistence; but I have long been of opinion that women cannot too early or too extensively acquire the means of honourable independence. An object is a source of constant happiness in life. My belief is, that half the nervous ailments with which so many women are afflicted, arise from the want of some healthful interest in life deliberately taken up and steadily pursued. Whether they marry or remain single,

* A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England; or the Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry. By John James Tayler, B.A., 1845. It is called by Mr. Martineau, "the most charming of ecclesiastical histories."† A second Edition was published in 1853, 8vo. pp. 330.

† Obituary Notices of the late John James Tayler, by James Martineau and Charles Beard, 1869.

this is equally a comfort, and a blessing, and an advantage to them; and the manifold accomplishments of young women at the present time and their superficial tincture in a great variety of kinds of knowledge, lose their value from not being concentrated on some one leading object and associated with earnestness of purpose. But I must not, dear Hannah, send you a sermon instead of a letter.—With regard to the Papal question, my opinion is shortly this: I think *all* hierarchies require to be carefully watched by the civil power—and not least the Roman Catholic. But to recur to restrictive pains and penalties against the Catholics, would be to make bad worse, and only give increased activity and bitterness to what is most pernicious in their system, by giving them the plea of the oppressed. We have sufficient guarantees for religious liberty in our Constitution, if we will only be true to our professed principles, and not put forth some of the worst elements of Roman Catholicism in the name of Protestantism. The most effectual security against papal aggression and Jesuitical insidiousness would be the full and unqualified recognition, and fearless carrying out, of the great principles involved in the movement of the Reformation,—that right of free search after truth and of individual conviction on religious matters, on which alone the position of Protestant Churches can in any sense be justified. Protestantism is weak because it does not stand by its fundamental principle—because it is compromising and inconsequential—and when it is endangered, or fancies itself

so, substitutes clamour and prejudice for reason and a sense of justice. I think the Church of England needs looking after, and the careful vigilance of the civil power, hardly less than the Church of Rome.

TO F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

Manchester, Feb. 2nd, 1851.

—— Like yourself, I am much occupied, working hard to get the writing of my college lectures completed and off my hands in the course of the present year—that I may have more unbroken leisure for original inquiry. On matters of real importance I am less and less inclined to put confidence in the very best second-hand authorities, and do not feel satisfied with any thing short of examining the primary sources for myself. I used at one time to hold in a kind of reverential awe the thorough and solid learning of the Germans; and perhaps after all there is no learning of the present day like theirs. But even they are not always to be trusted. They copy from one another. They are too fond of making out a case—and too fond also of making new books out of old materials. As one gets older, one gets weary of many books. One longs for *classical* works in every line, studied with an independent judgment for oneself. If a few *classics* (I use the word in reference to *matter* and *treatment*, not merely to *style*) be thoroughly mastered, and their essence wrought into the

convictions of one's own mind, I think we may dispense with a great amount of second-rate literature, and save a vast deal of time and weariness. Often of late, when I have been toiling through a long, heavy German work, I have been inclined to ask myself, whether the result of ideas bore any fair proportion to the vast sea of words through which it was necessary to wade.—Since I last wrote to you, I have succeeded in getting up a memorial from Manchester on behalf of Kossuth and his companions. It is at least an expression of public sympathy. Whether any effect will be produced by it, I am doubtful. Lord Palmerston's reply on its presentation by Mr. Milner Gibson was cold and cautious, and not very encouraging. I have also tried to enlist the sympathies of some Journalists, by drawing their attention to the Manchester memorial. The suggestion was very cordially received by the editors of the *Inquirer* and the *Examiner* (London). The *Daily News* thought more harm than good would result from agitating the question of Kossuth's liberation, as possibly he and his companions would be allowed to escape silently, if no noise was made about the matter! This is ignoble policy, unworthy of the government of a humane and generous people. With no excitement or canvassing for signatures—in little more than a week our memorial received between seven and eight hundred names. The Mayor's was at the head of the list—those also of one member for each division of the county—many of our principal merchants, and several clergymen and dissenting ministers. In what I thought a good cause, I was impu-

dent enough to write to the Bishop,* and got a very civil reply. He was prevented by the etiquette of his position from affixing his name, but expressed his hearty sympathy with the cause, and his regret that, owing to his hands being full of ecclesiastical business, he could not introduce the matter into the Upper House, which he would otherwise have been willing to do. On the whole, I found more sympathy than I expected. But what will it come to? Our Hungarian friends are dispirited; Kossuth and his companions are dying by inches of hardship.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

March 15th, 1851.

I should have written before now to thank you for your kindness in sending me the touching incidents of our poor friend's† removal from the world. What a solemn impression this event will leave on the minds of his children! And a peculiar tenderness will haunt through life the memory of his poor wife, from the strangely wild and romantic circumstances of his final separation from her in this world. I much admire the account which I have received of Melly's noble self-possession and restraint upon his feelings, that he

* Dr. J. P. Lee.

† Andrew Melly, father of George Melly, M.P., a man of remarkable intellectual vigour and force of character. He died of fever in his tent, on a journey in Upper Egypt, accompanied by his wife, daughter, and two sons. He was a native of Geneva, and married a sister of Mr. Tayler's early friend, Robert Hyde Greg.

might not aggravate the distress and anxiety of those dearest to him. But what intense anxiety he must have gone through!—Scenes like these, which appeal to the very depths of one's spiritual being, increase one's disgust and amazement at such cold-blooded speculations as ——'s. Since I saw you, I have looked through the volume. Its weakness is equal to its presumption. There is not an attempt at reasoning throughout the book. All is rash, confident, groundless assertion from beginning to end. It deserves the severest judgment; not for the opinions, if they are deliberately embraced—nor for the publication of them if that is honestly felt to be a duty—but for the shallow, precipitate hardihood which recklessly throws overboard conclusions on which the noblest, wisest, and best of our species have reposed for long thousands of years—and the almost insolent bravado which seems to delight in setting at defiance the holiest and tenderest sympathies of myriads of fellow-creatures. I can conceive of an Atheist, whom I could still honour greatly, and love. But it must be one who retains his human tenderness and reverence. It is not ——'s Atheism I condemn—if that be the unhappy necessity of ——'s intellect—but the blight or absence of *moral* quality which accompanies it. A grave and conscientious utterance of opinion, however erroneous or even mischievous I might think it—I should never *morally* condemn, especially if I believed the author did not perceive its consequences. But flippancy and affected airs of originality and superiority in the promulgation of dogmas as old as philosophy itself,

and which have only got the appearance of originality by the attachment to them of a *new* absurdity—is something that jars upon one's feelings, and deserves a strong expression of disagreement and disapproval.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

Manchester, March 29th, 1851.

I speak from the fulness of the heart, when I say, there is no one in the world whose friendship I more prize, and with whose spirit on all the great points of belief and feeling, I more entirely sympathize, than yourself.—Oblige me by accepting the accompanying volume,* as only one, and a very inadequate, expression of the feelings which I have now expressed. Amidst the trials of life and the strange vagaries of opinion, I hope that unreserved intercourse and faithful counsel will not only ever keep us firm in the ways of moral integrity, but preserve to us that rectitude of spiritual vision which reads into devout trust and cheerful hope the mysteries of this wonderful universe; so that, when we go down into the vale, and we see the last change coming, the lamp of faith may be fed by the oil of friendship, and a quiet holy light guide our steps to the tomb.

TO SAMUEL ROBINSON, ESQ.

Manchester, August 20th, 1851.

Lieber alte Freund, or, if you like it better,
Dear Robinson, I want to ask a favour at your hands.

* Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty. A volume of Discourses, 1851.

We much wish to have a good paper on the Educational Question for the November number of the Prospective. In this neighbourhood it is likely to excite a good deal of interest during the Parliamentary recess, in consequence of the rivalry of the two schemes which are now competing for the public favour. I do not mean to flatter you, when I say, that few men, whether from their habitual trains of observation and reflection or from the circumstances into which they have been thrown, are better qualified than yourself to form an opinion of what is really needed to secure to the people of this country the benefits of a truly good education. I may add, that I believe *all* the Editors of the Prospective agree with you in thinking, that the *religious* element cannot be, and ought not to be, excluded in any general system of popular instruction, practicable or desirable at this time and under present circumstances in this country. We hold this to be a condition which cannot be eliminated from the solution of the problem. The question is, how are we to dispose of it, without touching on the rights of different religious communities, or throwing undue influence into the hands of any *clergy* established or unestablished; for, take them as a whole, they seem to me (I mean all *clerisies*) *much* of a *muchness*—*all*, I believe, working good within their proper limits, but capable of much mischief when they get beyond them. If you would give us the fruits of your own thought on this momentous, but really difficult, question—suggesting, how it might be possible to graft an extension of edu-

cational means on the instrumentalities already existing, without being so negative and revolutionary as the National Public School Association, (which we none of us entirely approve of), and avoiding the sectarian narrowness which still cleaves in some degree to the more feasible scheme of the Manchester and Salford Educational Bill—you would really confer a favour on the conductors of the Prospective, and would throw out, I feel persuaded, some valuable suggestions for the public.

TO F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

Manchester, Nov. 29th, 1851.

— You have doubtless seen and heard Kossuth, probably have been introduced to him, and have conversed with him. If so, I envy you. I heard and saw him twice, when he was down here, once in public and once in private; but on both occasions in the midst of such a crowd, and among persons who had so much stronger pretensions to be introduced to him than myself, that I never came very near his person, and had not the honour of shaking hands with him.—What is the impression that he left on your mind? In Manchester I was less struck by any powers of eloquence such as he appears to have displayed at Winchester and Birmingham and some other places, than by his extraordinary tact and deep insight into the character of the audience whom he was addressing. This was

especially the case at a private meeting to which I had an invitation, at the house of Mr. Henry, where his auditors, with a few exceptions, consisted of merchants and manufacturers. As his address was nearly impromptu, for he did not expect till a short time previously to be called on to speak, it was certainly a remarkable proof of his powers—not eloquent at all, but compact, clear-sighted and directly to the point—showing with great force and ability the intimate connection of the maintenance of constitutional freedom in the East of Europe with the preservation of the material interests of Great Britain. It produced a strong impression, and made converts of some Germans who were before indifferent and even indisposed to the cause of Hungary. Perhaps you read the report of this speech. I think his mind did not work with perfect freedom in Manchester—though his reception by the people was most enthusiastic—as he spoke, as he imagined, in the presence of the Peace party and with an exaggerated opinion of their social influence. His own address in the Free Trade Hall was a cautious but very decided reply to the views which Bright had previously enunciated in his speech. Some people, I find, ask what is the meaning of this intense feeling about Kossuth, and think it will all evaporate in mere sentiment. I confess I do not think so. I think it a seasonable re-enforcement of generous hatred in the public mind against tyranny and oppression, and a very desirable confirmation of the conviction that, when the hour arrives, it may be our duty

actively to resist their encroachments. There may have been something vague and indistinct in the popular sentiment on this occasion, but I own it did my heart good to witness its healthy and generous outburst, and I thanked God that I was born in England. I am aware that the question of interference, even to prevent interference, is delicate and difficult; and I am not enough of a practical politician to be able to predicate very distinctly the circumstances under which it would properly take place. I only maintain that such a contingency may arise, and probably will arise; and in view of that, I rejoice to think that the only free governments in the world, England and America, should be drawn into closer amity by their sympathy with the cause of justice and liberty. To strengthen that union, I suppose Kossuth regards as his special mission at this time;—and I cannot think it an unimportant one;—though perhaps, partly from the natural weakness of humanity under circumstances of unparalleled excitement, and partly from the rare union in him of the impulsive ardour of the prophet with the caution and wariness of the statesman, he may seem to be not always quite self-consistent in his mode of promoting it. Two things I regret, chiefly from their probable effect on the renovation of Hungarian nationality—1st, that he should have committed his country to republicanism; and 2ndly, that he should still claim the powers—only in abeyance from circumstances—of Governor of Hungary. For the sake of his country, I think he should have left

both of these *open* questions. There would have been no objection to his expressing what his *personal* convictions were.—I have observed one quality—pre-eminently in Kossuth, and in some degree also in Mazzini—which marks quite a new type of political character and gives me brighter hopes for the future of humanity, and that is—with a total absence of all cant and religious conventionalism—the almost unconscious and as it were irresistible ascent of both these illustrious men, in all their higher moods of eloquence, into a strain of religious enthusiasm which blends the destinies of man with the ordering of a higher Power, and imbues their words with the intense earnestness of a clear insight into the sure retributions of the eternal Justice. Is not this, in its way and its degree, a return of the old prophetic spirit into the midst of our material, scientific, conventional civilization?—Have you read Carlyle's biography of your old friend Sterling? I have only seen the extracts in the Reviews. But from those specimens I should think it must be one of the best things which Carlyle has recently given to the world. How capitally he has drawn the characters of Coleridge and of the elder Sterling! Yet these are not the things which I most admire. The Reviews (I mean the Examiner and the Athenæum) speak rather depreciatingly of Sterling's intellectual powers. But surely a moral nature so pure, fervent, tender and truthful as his, is one of the most beautiful phenomena that God ever vouchsafes to this world of ours, and better deserves a faithful bio-

graphy than a majority of the heroes whom Carlyle has commended to our worship in his former works. Sterling's letters about his mother and wife, to his boy and to Carlyle, when himself in a dying state—and one in particular expressing his feelings in the prospect of death—are more touchingly beautiful than anything I ever remember to have read. To me they breathe the very spirit of Christ—resignation and trust, and throw the sweetest, holiest light on 'the great darkness' which we must all shortly enter.—Am I asking an unreasonable favour, considering how recently you have obliged us, and knowing as I do that you have now fresh claims on your pen, when I solicit for the *Prospective* of February a notice of this delightful biography and perhaps a comparison of it with the earlier work of Hare?* You write with ease; few men probably knew Sterling better or possessed more of his confidence; and it would be to you altogether a labour of love. I feel there is some impudence in making this request, but my interest in the subject has overcome my modesty. But whether you say *yes* or *no*, believe me ever, dear Newman, your affectionate friend.

TO RICHARD HOLT HUTTON, ESQ.†

Manchester, May 17th, 1852.

You know the kind of subjects we like to have treated in the *Prospective*—social, religious, theological,

* The Life of John Sterling, by Archdeacon Hare.

† Then Principal of University Hall, London.

and the higher philosophical, with a sprinkling of lighter and elegant literature: and you know also better than most, the general tendency of our principles, and the *animus* with which we like to have all subjects handled. Do try and help us, we shall else be in extremity. It is sad to be thus compelled to sue in *formâ pauperis*. But *mendicity* is one of the conditions of the Prospective's present existence; and for my part I think we are well off, that the laws against that degrading practice are not put in force against us.—You spoke to me sometime since of a work in German by Julius Müller on *Sin*, of which you had met with some account that pleased you. If it is not already *passé*, could you give us a paper on the subject for *November*? I want to see this subject of *Sin* treated thoroughly and philosophically, with a true insight into human psychology. I am increasingly of opinion that the old Augustinian divines, and still less the modern optimists who came out in opposition to them, have not got to the whole truth of the matter, but that there is some element of truth in both. If Müller's book should now be out of the question, could you not find another that would serve you as a text? I should really like to see the subject thoughtfully analysed in our pages.—There are some very good and interesting papers in the last Prospective—not one of the least so, the article on Parliamentary Reform. I thank the author with all my heart for the light which he has thrown on the subject. For years past I have been growingly of opinion, that the old Reform-

ers were on the wrong tack altogether, and quite against the marked analogies of our old constitution—and that there was a juster truth somewhere or other to be found in the quarter to which the intelligent writer of the article has so seasonably directed attention. I think Burke and Niebuhr had shrewder glimpses of the truth than Lord John or Lord Grey. I rejoice, that the Prospective should become the medium of putting forth such wise and comprehensive views.

TO SAMUEL ROBINSON, ESQ.

Manchester, August 30th, 1852.

I cannot refrain from expressing my affectionate sympathy with you on occasion of the sad event, which has robbed you of a beloved sister,* her family of an affectionate mother and wife, and the world of a most amiable and excellent woman. It carries back my own thoughts to vanished scenes and years long past away. The retrospect is full of interest in which the pleasurable and the painful are strangely mingled. Life seems to become more precious in one respect, by every fresh bereavement which takes apparently from its outward value; for the moral atmosphere we breathe, grows richer every year by the new memories which float through it, and which give our thoughts a dwelling-place more in the past than in the present. We do not, I think, as we grow older, become less of

* Lady Heywood, wife of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart.

believers in the great futurity which Religion teaches us to look for, after our mysterious exile from this transient scene ; but we certainly, if I may judge by myself, are less disposed to give reins to the fancy in boldly picturing out to ourselves what our condition and prospects will then be. To me, the longer I live, the more does all true religion resolve itself into trust,—humble, patient, devout submission to the disposals of the Almighty Father. Of one thing I must always be immoveably certain, that through all the changes which our frail being is destined to undergo, He must be always just and wise and good ; and therefore, though I cannot amid the great darkness divine *when* or *where* or *how* it will be, I rest my soul with a child's confidence on the assurance of His spoken word, that there is reserved hereafter for the pure and upright in heart, some great and glorious inheritance, as Scripture says in its beautiful simplicity, 'Such as it hath not entered the mind of man to conceive.'

TO HIS WIFE.

Limerick, Sept. 16th, 1852.

* *—We spent two whole days in Dublin.—On Sunday morning we went to the new Jesuit Church, to hear Mr. Faber, a recent convert from Oxford, preach. The building is very handsome, in the Roman style, everything looking very good and substantial, and not so tawdry as is usual in most Catholic chapels

in this country—some of the painting and statuary also very good. The audience was immense—the music really fine—and the sermon, though rhetorical, eloquent and effective and delivered with every appearance of perfect sincerity. Mr. Faber's manner is gentlemanly and scholarlike—his discourse interspersed with several picturesque touches, and some strong appeals to the feelings, which made a deep impression. I saw some men in tears.

TO F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

Manchester, November 19th, 1852.

— Have you looked into the remarkable book which the Chevalier Bunsen has just published? * I have just got to the end of the third volume at a first reading. But, thoroughly to estimate the work, I must go through it a second time, and more carefully, with a reference, so far as I have time and means, to the original authorities on which some of his statements are founded. What a multifarious book it is! It is the most difficult thing in the world to describe it to one who has not read it. It is not so much one book, as a congeries of books, and would I think, be best described by that good old-fashioned title which one so often meets with in the pedantic treatises of the 17th century—‘*Syntagma Commentationum, etc. etc.*’ His command of English for a foreigner is really wonderful, though his style is, as the Germans would

* Hippolytus, and his Age.

express it, 'etwas weitläufig und geschwätzig.' His reading is immense, and one seems to see poured out over his pages the contents of his common place book, which have been accumulating for a quarter of a century.—But to speak of more important points: it does appear to me in many respects a truly noble and courageous book, particularly from one filling his position in society, and has left on my mind a far more reverential and admiring feeling towards the author, than I derived from his earlier work, "The Church of the Future." I think it must produce a salutary impression on the best part of the Church of England, and on the cultivated few among the Dissenters; and not the less so, that on some points it is decidedly conservative. That is an advantage, which makes it a book for the day and the hour. He sees—and I fully agree with him there—the necessity of the reorganisation of a truly *living* Church, to preserve the moral culture, and guarantee the healthful progress of Europe; to stave off, in fact, the return of a chaotic barbarism. But, according to my present impression of his book, I do not very clearly see why he should particularly select the age of Hippolytus as a normal type for the future developments of the Church. If we once quit those grand fundamental spiritual principles respecting our relations to God and man, which find their eternal witness and their unanswerable warrant in the convictions of every awakened soul, which to *my* feeling are so fully and so perfectly expressed in that wonderful personality of Christ,—and of which the

age of Hippolytus merely exhibits to us one of many possible phases—very interesting and very beautiful, from its comparative simplicity and ingenuousness—I do not see where we can consistently stop in this process of *outward, authoritative*, development. Bunsen's limitation seems to me arbitrary; and for the same reason that he finds a *rule* in the constitution and the creed which existed at the end of the second century, another, acting on similar grounds, might take up your brother's* theory, and carry the idea of development through the times of Gregory the Great, Bernard, Anselm, Aquinas, etc., down to the Council of Trent itself, and through it to the present day. I may have misunderstood Bunsen; but that is my present impression of the weak part of his book. It has always seemed to me that the Gnostic controversies of the middle and first part of the second century produced a strong conservative reaction among those whom Eusebius calls *ἐκκλησιαστικοὶ*, the inheritors of the Apostolic tradition respecting Christ; and that to this reaction we owe the expansion and consolidation of the creed, the fixation of the outlines of the future hierarchy, and, possibly too, the earliest approach to a determination of the Canon. I have never yet had time satisfactorily to work out this idea; but I have ever thought it contained an element of important truth. On the other hand, I enter most heartily into Bunsen's conception of the aim and design of the Christian religion. I have long been inclined to be-

* John Henry Newman.

lieve that there is some deeper truth veiled under the old doctrine of the Logos, than the religious party with which I am traditionally connected, have perceived. Indeed it has been unfortunate for the development of Christian truth among the Unitarians, that their intense resistance to the gross corruption of the Athanasian trinity, has induced a certain one-sidedness and spiritual weakness into their system. But we shall outlive all that. Better and more genial elements are coming into play. The spirit of Christ,—the spirit of humanity and the most elevated theism,—will bring them forth more and more. I fully anticipate a day when the miserable partitions of our modern sectarianism will break down, and good and pious men of all creeds will enter into communion, and the Church of Christ will again be one: and in that day there will be no want of cordial welcome and recognition to you, my excellent and honoured friend, and all who like you, in the *spirit* of Christ, are labouring so bravely for freedom and humanity and the highest truth of God. Farewell. Ever yours affectionately.

TO REV. A. W. WORTHINGTON, *Mansfield*.

December 18th, 1852.

The best mode of discharging what are called the pastoral duties, is really a delicate and difficult question, which cannot be solved by any universal rule, but must be determined in a great measure by circumstances, and by the character and growing experience

of each individual minister. He must, in a manner, out of that individual experience weave his own theory of it. If he has an earnest, religious heart, and is intent on doing good, the ways and means will infallibly present themselves. He must not be, however, over-anxious, or *precipitate*, if I may so express myself, plans of usefulness—but watch and wait, and see how his work grows to his hands, and seems as it were spontaneously to unfold itself.—I never could find that much moral good was accomplished, or any thing of religious impression produced, by ordinary professional calls of some quarter of an hour, usually passed in miscellaneous conversation; though as a matter of courtesy to his flock, such attentions should not be wholly overlooked by a pastor. They enable him to know generally the condition of his people—whether in health or sickness, thriving or in difficulties, &c., and to shape the character of his services on Sunday to circumstances which he knows have occurred or are still existing among his hearers.—It is different when sickness, sorrow, or death have taken place.—Here real comfort or assistance may often be afforded, and visits under such circumstances I have generally found acceptable, and very often interesting and instructive to myself as opening an insight into the workings of the human heart when it is most genuine and sincere. The great thing to be avoided is sliding into formalism. Religion should be felt as a *real* business, and carry us into the *realities* of human life; and perhaps the best way in which a minister can acquire a hold over the

minds of his people—especially of the young among them—is by endeavouring to engage them in some plans of active usefulness or liberal pursuit or mutual improvement with himself.—With regard to the two special cases you allude to, before you attempt any thing of pastoral advice or interference—especially as you are still a young man—you should weigh well beforehand what are your chances of success in doing any good. A repulse of your proffered aid however kindly intended might do more harm than good, especially if it were interpreted as having a spice of priestly interference in it. If you can first win in any way the confidence and sympathy of persons—induce them to like your company and conversation proffered simply as those of a friend—and you can get them to listen to whatever you say earnestly and kindly and without any air of assuming authority, purely by the force of a strong moral spirit—good may be done and will be done ; but you must watch your opportunity, and use it meekly, courteously, and discreetly—always in your character of a religious *friend*, and nothing more. The phrase ‘in season and out of season’ is much abused. You will do nothing, so far as my experience has taught me, in the way of advice and remonstrance, *out of season*. You must never seem to obtrude even good things ; they must come spontaneously to your lips, and you must watch their effect. When you have acquired influence by your Sunday’s services, by your labours in schools, &c., and by your character for judgment and wisdom as a man, you will

be able to do much that was at first impossible. Only be earnest, serious and intent—looking to the duty that has next to be done, and doing it *simply*—not too anxious and scrupulous as to the mode, the time, and place of doing it,—which is to sink into formalism—and you will find the *essential* thing is done and is working for good. This may seem a vague rule, but it is the only one which I think can be given.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

Manchester, Dec. 18th, 1852.

If the Trustees find themselves able to work out such a plan for the future conduct of the College as they deem desirable, and think it necessary to its completeness that I should be included within its arrangements, I can only say in few words that I will put myself into their hands, and endeavour to discharge to the best of my ability the duty which they may entrust to me.—I am profoundly thankful at this moment, that I had settled my judgment on the abstract question of the locality of the College long before my personal feelings were interested in the determination.* I believe it was founded on a comprehensive and dispassionate view of all the bearings of the case; from first to last I have always entertained

* Mr. Tayler thought that London, not Manchester, should have been chosen as the site of the College, when removed from York in 1840; and this change was now under contemplation, with Mr. Tayler as Principal.

the same view ; and *intellectually*, had I to give my vote over again, I could not honestly make it different from what it has been. But I confess to you, dearest friend, that had I *now* for the first time to come to a decision, when the possibility of its realisation draws visibly near, did I *now* for the first time approach the settlement of the question, through the blinding tenderness and sorrow which my heart casts over the clearer vision of my understanding,—I almost fear I could never have brought myself to a resolution which must involve in its consequences the sacrifice of so much that is dear and precious, and the fulfilment of which even in its remoter contemplation already wrings my heart with a painful bitterness, and at times when I think of it, or it is brought before me by kind expressions of regard and regret, almost subdues me to a womanish softness of which I am ashamed, and which I do my utmost to suppress and control.—But enough of personal feelings, which I perhaps ought not to have hinted at at all. I think I see, I am sure *I have* seen, what is the course which things *ought* to take in the present crisis, and the clear disposals of a higher Power in so ordering them ; and if, through no particular merit of my own, but through a mere combination of circumstances, I am called on to take part with others in carrying on that movement to a successful issue, I will not shrink from the duty to which the voice, as I hear it, of God, thus distinctly summons me, though none but God can tell how great at this moment I feel must be the cost of obeying it. Nothing, I can assure you, but a sense

of duty high and earnest, however it may be mistaken, could keep me up to the point of final and irrevocable decision ; and I can only pray that an abiding consciousness of that may breathe a more solemn earnestness and a more religious fervour and faithfulness into whatever duties I may hereafter be called to discharge. And this leads me to say in regard to the matter of salary, that it would be most agreeable to my own feelings to receive no more than what would replace the professional income I surrender here, due allowance being made for the increased expense of living in London, and any extra charges that necessarily attach to the post I may be called to fill. If anything could add to the pain of separating from my very dear Manchester friends, it would be the possibility of their suspecting that any considerations of increased income, any craving for a more conspicuous position, which I must say was never much in my nature,—any thing in short but a sincere desire to discharge a public duty more efficiently than it is possible for me to discharge it here,—could ever have induced me to dissolve ties the severance of which will make my inmost heart bleed.—I really should apologise to you, dearest friend, for writing so much about my own feelings, but at this moment I find it next to impossible to write in any other way ; the utterance will come from me in spite of myself. —

TO F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

Manchester, May 18th, 1853.

I was not able to make the search which you requested till last night. The copy of Chrysostom which our Library possesses is that of his collected works in 8 vols. folio, edited by Sir Henry Savile, Eton, 1612. The treatise περὶ Ἱερωσύνης occurs in the 6th volume. I have looked with some care through the entire treatise, but cannot find the *exact words* which you quote; although in the first book and at the opening of the second, an *equivalent sense* occurs repeatedly. Perhaps I cannot do better than transcribe a few passages which I have marked.—Justifying the deception which he had practised on his friend Basilus, from its being designed to render him a service, Chrysostom goes on to say—εἰ δὲ οὐκ αἰ τὸ πρᾶγμα (scil. ἡ κλοπή) ἐπιβλαβὲς, ἀλλὰ παρὰ τὴν τῶν χρωμένων προαίρεσιν, γίνεται φαῦλον ἢ καλόν, ἀφεῖς ἐγκαλεῖν τὸ ἡπατῆσθαι, δεῖξον ἐπὶ κακῷ τοῦτο τεχνησαμένους· ὥς ἕως ἂν τοῦτο ἀπῇ, μὴ ὅτι μέμψεις καὶ αἰτίας ἐπάγεις, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀποδεχέσθαι τὸν ἀπατῶντα δίκαιον ἂν εἴη τοὺς γε εὐγνωμόνως διακεῖσθαι βουλομένους. τοσοῦτον γὰρ ἔχει κέρδος εὐκαιρος ἀπάτη καὶ μετὰ τῆς ὀρθῆς γινομένη διανοίας, ὥς πολλοὺς, ὅτι μὴ παρεκρούσαντο, καὶ δίκην δοῦναι πολλάκις. Lib. I. p. 6.—In the ensuing paragraph he asserts that a victory gained by *deceit*, as involving less loss of blood and treasure, is more to be esteemed than one obtained by *force of arms*; and quotes the instances of Michal and Jonathan employing deceit for the purpose of

saving David's life, as a further confirmation of his own view. I observe he constantly appeals to the Scriptures for proofs and arguments furnished by the characters there introduced. I was hardly aware how early this perverse and mischievous use of the Scripture had struck root in the Christian Church. In reference to Paul's temporising about the circumcision of Timothy, he adds—πολλὴ γὰρ ἡ τῆς ἀπάτης ἰσχύς· μόνον μὴ μετὰ δολερᾶς προσαγέσθω τῆς προαιρέσεως. μᾶλλον δὲ οὐδὲ ἀπάτην τὸ τοιοῦτο δεῖ καλεῖν, ἀλλ' ὀικονομίαν τινὰ καὶ σοφίαν καὶ τεχνὴν ἱκανὴν πολλοὺς πόρους ἐν τοῖς ἀπόροις εὑρεῖν καὶ πλημμελείας ἐπανορθῶσαι ψυχῆς. Ibid. p. 7.—He refers to the deceptions employed by physicians for the benefit of their patients; and argues that the *purpose* changes the character of the *act*; and that neither Phinehas nor Elijah were guilty of murder: for if we admit that they were, and exclude all consideration of their motives, then must we charge Abraham with intending the murder of his only son, and the other patriarchs with fraud and deceit.—You are perhaps acquainted with the work of Barbeyrac, 'Sur la Morale des Peres.' In the 14th chapter he cites more striking instances of the strange perversion of Chrysostom's moral sentiment than any which I have met with in the treatise 'De Sacerdotio'—one especially from his 45th Homily on Genesis, where the holy Father in his zeal to vindicate Scripture characters at any cost, not only justifies Abraham's deceit in denying Sarah to be his wife, but even Sarah's adultery with Pharaoh. Bayle (who is

referred to by Barbeyrac) has touched on these extraordinary concessions of Chrysostom and other Fathers in his *Dict. Hist. et Crit.* article Sara.—It is really frightful to reflect, to what guidance the moral sentiment of mankind was committed for many ages; and Chrysostom is usually considered one of the best of the Fathers. How remarkable it is, that the very writers who are looked up to as authorities by the extreme mystics and spiritualists, should approximate in their moral theory to the extreme Benthamite school, and justify actions as *right*, from their immediate *utility* to the parties concerned! Judging from the slight inspection I have now made of this treatise of Chrysostom, I should say he had no perception of the true nature of *moral distinctions*. Qu. May not the perverseness of patristical morality arise from two causes: 1st, from the assumption (dictated by the *legal* tendencies of the age) that the Scriptures contain a literal code of precept and example for the regulation of the entire life of man; and 2ndly, from the application to Scripture so understood, of the morbid dialectic subtlety which subsisted in the Greek intellect, when its higher and nobler action had become impossible with the disappearance of ancient freedom? —

*Extracts from a Letter of the REV. J. J. TAYLER, B.A.,
on accepting the Offices of Principal, and Professor of
Ecclesiastical History, and of Doctrinal and Practical
Theology, in Manchester New College, on its ap-
proaching Removal to London.*

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE UPPER BROOK STREET CONGREGATION.

June 2nd, 1853.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,

"You must all of you have anticipated, from events which have recently occurred, the purport of the communication which it is now my painful duty to make. By an unanimous resolution of the Trustees of Manchester New College, at an adjourned Meeting on the 25th of last month, I have been requested to hold the united offices of Principal and Professor in that Institution, on its approaching removal to London, in connexion with University College and University Hall. Considering the views which I have from the first uniformly entertained of the proper locality of Manchester New College, and the representations which have been made to me of the inconvenience and difficulty that would ensue from my refusal to comply with this request, I have thought it right to accept the situation offered me, however trying to me personally will be the sacrifice and the separation which such a step must involve. I was at one time in hopes that an arrangement might be practicable which would enable me to reside permanently in Manchester, and yet preserve my connection with the College as a Lecturer, for a term every session; and more than one overture have I made to that effect. But the friends with whom I was in negotiation on the subject, and to whose judgment I could not but defer, assured me that my acceptance of the twofold office, already alluded to, was indispensable under present circumstances, (and not, I am well aware, through any peculiar merit of my own,) to carrying satisfactorily into effect that translation of our Theological Academy to the Metropolis, which has been deliberately sanctioned by more than two-thirds of the Trustees in different parts of the kingdom. Nothing therefore remained for me but to put myself into the hands of the Sub-com-

mittee which had been appointed to make the needful arrangements, and to say that I would endeavour to perform, to the best of my ability, the duties with which they had seen fit to entrust me. Such in brief are the circumstances which have led to my acceptance of a situation in Manchester New College, on its removal to London, and which must involve, as an unavoidable result, the resignation of my Pastoral office among you in the course of the ensuing autumn.—And now that the event which has for some time floated before me as a possibility, begins to assume the definite shape of an approaching reality, I can hardly express to you, my dear and valued Friends, with how much pain, almost amounting to anguish, I contemplate it. Had I not been in a manner committed, by opinions long and decidedly expressed, to a particular course of action, I scarcely think I could now, for the first time, have brought myself to adopt it. Under the mingled feelings of deep pain at separation from you, of diffidence in myself, of fear that my capacity for usefulness may have been over-estimated, and of some anxiety about a future in new and untried scenes, no support remains for me but the consciousness that, so far as I know my own mind, I have honestly striven to see and do what was right; and the trust which I have never yet found deceitful, that, under all circumstances, a faithful endeavour to discharge the duty which they create, will not fail to bring at least some recompense of inward peace and self-respect, though it should not issue in outward honour and prosperity. If anything could add bitter poignancy to the sad feelings which now fill my mind, it would be the apprehension that you supposed me capable of leaving you, after such long and happy experience of your friendship and sympathy, from any motive of worldly advantage or worldly distinction. Happily the circumstances of the case hardly admit the possibility of such a suspicion being entertained. I am not indeed insensible to the honour of the position which I have been requested to occupy: it would be affectation to deny it. But the honour, whatever it be, will be more than compensated by the heavy responsibilities which attach to it. I am not going to quit a life of exertion and activity for a station of literary ease and luxury. I have no prospect before me but that of hard work, accompanied possibly by some annoyances, and certainly by many anxieties. But if I can succeed in fulfilling to any extent my future duties as I conceive they ought to be fulfilled, with the greater concentration of time

and thought which I shall henceforth be able to bestow on them, I may possibly render some service to our Churches, by aiding in the diffusion of religious knowledge through a wider sphere, and awakening a deeper spirit of religious earnestness among our young men, lay and clerical, who are preparing themselves, by academic studies, for the active business of life. * * * The possibilities of future years it would be rash to predict, nor can I be sure what may be my relations with your future Minister; but I say it, I assure you, from my inmost heart, one of the greatest consolations I anticipate, under the change which I must soon undergo, is the prospect of periodically revisiting you—perhaps, if circumstances shall allow it, at the opening of every year—when, if it could be done without interference with your own or your Minister's arrangements, I might sometimes say to you a few words again from the place where I have so often spoken,—words which might be a mutual comfort to you and to me,—words which might give us all more strength to pursue, with earnestness and fidelity, the remainder of that mortal journey, so large a portion of which we have trodden together, and, as time rolls on, and we begin to feel more and more the effect of advancing years, deepen our trust in the possibility of a more glorious union, which will never terminate.

“I remain, my very dear Friends,

“Your affectionate and devoted Pastor,

“JOHN JAMES TAYLER.”

EXTRACT FROM THE REPLY OF THE CONGREGATION.

“DEAR AND RESPECTED PASTOR AND FRIEND,

“We the undersigned Heads of Families, and other Members of the Upper Brook Street Congregation, in acknowledging your communication of the 2nd instant, cannot express the degree of pain and regret with which we have received the announcement of your resignation, though not wholly unexpected by many of us. Perhaps there are no social ties (apart from those of consanguinity and the conjugal relation) so close, so solemn, and so endearing, as those which bind together a Pastor and his people, where, as in our case, respect for a holy office and

high functions is combined with a still warmer respect and admiration—a deeper personal esteem and affection for the man. And when some of us remember that we have enjoyed the advantage of your Pastorate during a period of more than thirty years,—when there is scarcely one of us but has associated with yourself some of the most touching and affecting events of life,—when your voice has breathed an earnest and tender sympathy with us in our hours of saddest bereavement, or has blessed or consecrated our union, or dedicated our children to the Christian name and duties, and the service of God, or invited successive generations of us to the table of the Lord,—how can we think of all these things within your Ministry, and remember that in future we must look to a comparative stranger for counsel, and comfort, and sympathy,—how can we dwell on these hallowed spots of memory's space, and not feel how much we lose in losing you? * * * We feel fully assured that a sense of duty only could have led you to take a step, involving, among other changes, the interruption of many old and valued friendships, and a separation from the scenes and associations amongst which so large a portion of your life has been spent. Believing as we do, that your decision is final and irrevocable, it is not for us to say one word respecting it, beyond offering to you our best wishes, our earnest prayers for your comfort, success, and happiness, in the new sphere upon which you are about to enter.—

“YOUR DEVOTED AND AFFECTIONATE PEOPLE.”

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

Manchester, Aug. 4th, 1853.

On the 15th of this month my wife and I (John and Hannah will be on the Continent) are going to spend a few days with our friends the Darbishires in Wales—leaving them on the following Saturday. If you could receive us conveniently, we could come to you on the 20th, and spend a couple of days with you. It would be

a great pleasure to me to see not only yourself and dear Mrs. Thom, but my excellent old friends Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone of Greenbank, whose very look and the tones of their voice—now that I am just entering on a new and untried scene of existence—will carry me back, I know, with unwonted vividness to the happy days of my childhood and youth. I look with deep interest, not unmixed with some anxiety, on the important step I am about to take, and the complete change which all my outward connections must speedily undergo. My future duty has been decided for me ; and I am quietly resolved to encounter it with all its accompaniments, and to fulfil it as completely and energetically as I am able. I have a very strong feeling which, without being at all painful or depressing, is still exceedingly solemn—that I am on the point of commencing what will in all probability be for me the last act of the short drama of human life, and that the next great change must either be retirement on account of the weakness of age, or death itself. Should I keep my health and strength, and be allowed the ordinary term of life, I can look forward to some fifteen* years of unabated activity and vigour. But beyond this space it would be presumptuous to look. You may conceive, how anxious I am to make the best use of this ‘remnant of my days,’ and if possible to ripen and gather in some fruit from the few seeds which I was able to sow in my youth. Calmer and purer wisdom in my own mind, closer and tenderer intercourse with the tried friends of life, and the satis-

* He died, at his post, in the *sixteenth* year from the date of this letter.

faction of seeing my two dear and excellent children settle down into their appointed stations of respectability and usefulness—are the blessings of which I now most eagerly covet the possession. If we can secure these (and the demand is not an exorbitant one) a serene and happy age will be in reserve for me and my dear wife. I am ashamed to think into what egotism I have fallen ; but in writing to a friend like you, one actually loses one's moral instinct for the time, and forgets the distinction of *meum* and *tuum*.

TO THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF HIS CONGREGATION.*

Manchester, York Place, Sept. 1, 1853.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

It is some compensation for the extreme pain of such a separation as I have now in prospect, that feelings of regard and attachment, of which I rejoice to be assured that I am in any degree the object, and which on my part, I can truly say, are cordially reciprocated, come forth and find an expression to an extent which I might not otherwise have suspected. How gratifying such an expression must be to me, your own good hearts will readily conceive. There is no consciousness on earth so sweet, as that of having contributed, however slightly, to the awakening and strengthening in young minds, of those principles which give to life all its beauty and its worth,—which help us towards a solution of its great spiritual problems,—and tend to right us with ourselves and the over-ruling providence of God. If you have derived, as I trust you may, any comfort or interest or advantage from such instruction as

* In reply to a grateful and affectionate Address, in acknowledgment of the instructions received from him in public and in private, along with a library table and chair. There were many other offerings and testimonials of gratitude from his people, and from the Teachers and Pupils of the Day and Sunday Schools.

I have been able to offer you, the benefit has been reciprocal. I have learned much of the highest value from my intercourse, as a teacher, with the earnest and thoughtful young, and from the opportunities which have been thus afforded me, of watching the workings of fresh and unperverted natures, when their attention has been first seriously directed to the fundamental convictions and solemn tenets of religion. Some of the happiest hours of my past life have been spent in this employment; and whatever may be my success or my failure in the new scenes of duty to which I shall be shortly summoned, these are memories which can never perish, but will be a comfort and a blessing to my heart, to my dying hour. Your future characters, and your progress through the varied trial and discipline of life, will ever be watched by me with the deepest interest and sympathy. Though I am about to remove to a distance, I hope I shall always maintain a constant intercourse with Manchester. You will be much and often in my thoughts; and I do trust, that our common remembrances will keep alive in all of us—in you and in me—however different the spheres in which we may be called to act—an unabated effort and earnestness to make the world in which our Heavenly Father has placed us, and furnished us each with respective gifts of usefulness, a better, happier, and more beautiful world.—Let me assure you, my very dear friends that no memorial could be more acceptable to me than the one which you propose. My study table will remind me of you all every day; and so long as I live, and am capable of any exertion in this world, my study table will probably be the last of material objects from which I shall separate myself.—That every comfort and blessing of this life may accompany you all, and the hope of a life more blessed and glorious still, cheer and sustain you when this draws to its close; and that you and I may live to enjoy many future opportunities of happy intercourse here, and look forward to a happier reunion hereafter, is, I assure you, the sincere and fervent prayer of your affectionate and devoted friend,

JOHN JAMES TAYLER.

LETTERS

EMBRACING HIS LIFE

OF

JOHN JAMES TAYLER, B.A.

VOL. II.

FOURTH PERIOD.

RESIDENCE IN LONDON, AS PRINCIPAL
AND PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY
AND OF DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL THEOLOGY IN
MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE, TO HIS DECEASE.

1853—1869.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

22, Woburn Square, London, Oct. 19th, 1853.

It seems an age since I wrote to you, or heard any thing from you. Two months ago scarce a week passed without an exchange of letters between us. In that short space I seem to have lived a century. Separation from old and valued friends, from scenes made dear by the familiar aspects and genial associations of long and happy years—all the bustle and confusion and discomfort of removing—and of hanging suspended as it were between two homes, one lost and gone, and the other not yet reached—to say nothing of irrepressible feelings of anxiety and fear and endless doubts about the suitableness of what I could say in my inaugural Address—have seemed to squeeze more than its fair proportion of existence within that narrow period. And now, dearest friend, as if I had passed into some new state of existence—I sit down as of yore with unspeakable delight to send you a few words of affec-

tionate greeting and seasonable information across the new tide of influences which seems to roll between you and me.—We are settling down (not yet settled) in our new abode—a comfortable, respectable house, but of smaller dimensions than the one we have left, and into which we find it rather difficult to compress the long accumulations of former house-keeping, and the kind tokens of regard with which our dear Lancashire friends have overwhelmed us. We meet with nothing but kindness and courtesy here in all quarters; but it takes some time to make a new home. Our only serious evil since we came, has been the indisposition of my dear wife, who has been confined upstairs for more than a week. I am happy to say she is now recovering, though she is still weak, and must continue to take great care of herself.—I believe the Opening Address* gave general satisfaction. At least I have heard nothing to the contrary, though I certainly by no means kept back what many would perhaps regard as my peculiar views. The audience was very good; and there were several strangers present.—Nearly all our divinity students, all in fact except two who are residing with their own friends, have entered themselves at my suggestion *non-resident* members of University Hall, though it cost them a fee of three guineas. This entitles them to all the privileges of the Institution except residence, and enables them to dine every day in the Common Hall for a shilling, and have access

* Inaugural Address at the opening of Manchester New College, London, Oct. 14, 1853.

to the Common Room. It puts them at once on a footing of friendly intercourse with the Lay-students; and from what I can learn there has hitherto subsisted a perfectly friendly spirit between the two classes of students. I find a most friendly and cordial co-operator in Dr. Carpenter;* and I have no doubt, when the first difficulties always accompanying so great a change are got over, we shall get on exceedingly well together. It has been unfortunate that the preparation of the Library has been so long delayed. It has discomposed the Hall people; but this grievance will soon be over now. It is one of those cases, in which so far as I can see, nobody was greatly to be blamed, and yet as every body is incommoded, everybody is angry with his neighbour.

22, Woburn Square, London, April 28th, 1854.

Do not suppose I have forgotten you and yours, because I have not written. You have been often in my thoughts. But I have had a good many sorrows and anxieties to encounter lately—and some hard work into the bargain. A book was sent me lately by a friend, the translator of it from the German, of which, if you approve, I could write a short notice for the August number of the Prospective. It is Benecke's work on the Epistle to the Romans. Much of it is fanciful, and I do not expect that you or I or any of our body will approve—but the author's view of the

* Dr. William B. Carpenter, then Principal of University Hall, Gordon Square, London.

fundamental principle and intrinsic authority of Religion, and of their relation to Scripture, as stated in the Introduction, I think eminently just, and worthy of tracing and illustrating, even in its erroneous applications. I have not forgotten the Prospective, though I have been unable to work for it of late. I wish to offer this Article, because a friend has asked me to write an Article on a different subject in another periodical, and I have consented, and I should be sorry you should think I was going to forsake my first love. Circumstances may render it necessary for me now and then to add a trifle to my income by my pen. This will only be, I hope, for a year or two, and it is not *absolutely* necessary even now: so you must not think too much of what I say; but I always like to be prepared.—We have lost our kind hearted, bright souled and genial friend, Mr. Robberds. I was at Manchester last week in a strange mixture of offices. One day I was assisting in a gay bridal procession at the marriage of a young friend whom I had come down from London on purpose to marry; and the very next I followed a funeral train along the same road—on occasion of the death of a dear old friend of more than thirty years. Such is human life. Manchester, my old home, and the home of innumerable dear friends, seemed strange indeed.—When shall you be in London again? How I should like to see you once more!

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

22, Woburn Square, May 17th, 1854.

I have never yet found time to state some difficulties which prevent me from accepting your essay on the origin of the word "Mass," as a *complete* explanation of the *whole* case. I think you have *proved* that "Mass," "La Messe," and our modern "Mess" are all connected through successive stages of medieval transformation, with the Teutonic root "messen"—in the sense of what is measured out or *carved* (*messer*) to individuals at a common meal, and so got the meaning of a *feast*. But this is my difficulty: I find the word *missa* occurring in the sense of a religious service (limited in time—by a process very common in the history of words—to one particular kind of service) at a period too early in the ecclesiastical Latin of the West, to admit the supposition of its having been adopted from any of the German tribes who had embraced Christianity. Regarded as a substantive, doubtless the form is barbarous; but it was at first a participle, used with a verb, and so occurs in authors of good repute in the silver age of Latinity, as for example, Suetonius, Caligula 25 (referred to by Du Cange, sub voce) "missam fecit," *i. e.* "uxorem;" and through this intervening usage, passed at length into the function of a substantive. Du Cange quotes analogous instances of "accessa maris" for "accessio" in Servius on 1 *Æneid*, "ulta" for "ultio" in Ovid, and "remissa" for "remissio" in Tertullian. But without insisting on these instances cited by Du Cange (for he

is clearly wrong in his example from Suetonius, mistaking a participle for a substantive), there is an example of analogous conversion in the *classical* word "repulsa," used by Cicero, Nepos, and Horace, all writers of the golden age of Latinity, and standing in the same etymological relation to the more regularly formed substantive "repulsio," that "remissa" does in Tertullian and Cyprian to "remissio" (Tertullian says "diximus de *remissa* peccatorum"), and "missa" in the case now under consideration to "missio." So much then for the use of the word "missa" as a substantive, in accordance with an analogy proved from other instances to be existing in the Latin tongue. But I feel a further difficulty to the admission of its Teutonic origin, from its early occurrence in its peculiar ecclesiastical sense. Ambrose, who flourished in the latter half of the 4th century, writing to his sister, says, (quoted by Gieseler, § 99, 9) "post lectiones atque tractatum dimissis catechumenis — *missam* facere cœpi." His pupil Augustine says, "post sermonem, fit *missa* catechumenis." The 4th Council of Carthage, A.D. 398, uses the phrase as already fixed and traditional, "usque ad *missam* catechumenorum." As used in these passages—if we except that from Ambrose—all idea of a *feast* in the word is out of the question, as the reference is to a part of the service *preceding* the Eucharist. Indeed the term seems to have been used of any religious service. The monk Cassianus, who flourished at the beginning of the 5th century, applies the word to the devotional exercises

of the monks generally, *e. g.* “*missa nocturna*,” “*missa canonica*,” (prayers at the *canonical* hours, not the Eucharist). Avitus, an archbishop of Vienna (also cited by *Gieseler*) towards the end of the 5th century, says that “*missa*” was a received term for the breaking up of any solemn meeting as well in the *palace* as in the *church*, “*ecclesiis palatiisque missa fieri pronuntiatur, cum populus ab observatione dimittitur*.” That a word thus used at first *generally* for any solemn religious meeting, should in time be restricted *specifically* to the *most* solemn meeting of all, is quite in accordance with *analogy*, as we see in the case of the nearly equivalent word *λειτουργία* (whence our *liturgy*) of which Suicer says in his “*Thesaurus Ecclesiasticus*” (sub voce) “*In genere omne ministerium quod ad sacra pertinet. In specie, omne illud ministerium quod circa sacram peragitur mensam*.” I make these citations merely to show you the *facts* on which my hesitation rests. If “*missa*” came in this ecclesiastical sense from the Germans, it must have been through the tribes that were first converted. Now these were the Visigoths, converted by Ulphilas, who died A.D. 375, and whose intercourse was exclusively with the *Eastern* Church, in whose ecclesiastical vocabulary no form of “*missa*,” that I am aware of, occurs: yet we see that Ambrose, who was a contemporary of Ulphilas, employs the word as already in current and recognised use throughout the *West*. How are these *two* orders of facts to be reconciled—those cited by you, which prove the use of the word *mass*, from a Teutonic origin, in

the medieval period, in the sense *first* of a *feast* generally, and then *secondarily* of the religious feast—the Eucharist—and those which I have now produced, showing, I think, as clearly the use of the Latin “*missa*” in the sense of a religious service, and specifically of the Eucharist,—before it is possible for it to have been taken from any German people? Is it possible, I submit this to your consideration, that two words of quite *different* origin, but accidentally of nearly the same sound—one Latin, the other Teutonic, “*missa*” and “*messe*,” may have fastened themselves *independently*, and through a *different* suggestion, on the *same* ecclesiastical idea; and that as the Roman and Teutonic elements of the population approximated, and were ultimately fused together in the womb of medieval chaos, so the two words which they respectively brought with them were also compounded and identified, with a certain mutual “*communicatio idiomatum*,”—and thus very naturally gave occasion to the different theories respecting their origin? This seems to me a possible solution of the difficulty. I should like to know what you think of it. Excuse my troubling you with all this; and if I have seemed pedantic in quoting my authorities, believe me, it has only been from my wish to show you my *facts*.

TO REV. B. CARPENTER.

Clarens, Sept. 5th, 1854.

* * On Friday morning last at 8 o'clock, I took the steamboat at Montreux—half an hour's walk from

Clarens—in the first instance to Ouchy, the little port of Lausanne—in the neighbourhood of which I had a letter of introduction from my friend, Mr. Horner, to a M. Haldimand, a gentleman of fortune who has a most beautiful place at Denanton on the shores of the Lake. Though born, and living the greater part of his life, in England, he is of Swiss extraction, and is the brother of Mrs. Marcet. Having acquired a handsome fortune in a great commercial house of which he was the head in London, he retired to enjoy it in this lovely spot, which he planned, and planted with his own hand thirty years ago. He is a bachelor and in infirm health; and under a somewhat aristocratic exterior and bearing (having moved in the highest circles in London, and sat in Parliament for Ipswich for some years) I found him very kind and courteous, exceedingly intelligent and well informed, and of most enlarged and liberal views in religion, politics and social economy. He bears a very high character in this neighbourhood, and as a promoter of every thing good and liberal is regarded as a perfect benefactor to the neighbourhood of Lausanne. His house and grounds present the most perfect specimen of simple elegance I have ever seen, and with the magnificent mountains of Savoy continually in view on the other side of the Lake—make a terrestrial paradise. Nor does he selfishly keep these good things to himself. His gardens and pleasure-grounds are constantly open to the public. Many parties were quietly straying through them when I was there; and M. Haldimand himself told me, that on Sunday

afternoons, there are sometimes four or five hundred people in his grounds, and in mentioning this, he seemed really to rejoice in the thought of the happiness he was communicating. I spent three or four most agreeable and instructive hours with this benevolent and intelligent man, and after lunching with him, proceeded by the afternoon-boat at 3 o'clock to Geneva. This end of the Lake is flat compared with that where we reside; but as it was a very fine evening, and we had a glorious view of Mont Blanc in all its majesty on one side, and of the beautiful ridge of the Jura robed in rich purple on the other, the appearance of Geneva and its neighbourhood, as we approached it, surpassed my former recollections of it, and I must say, I thought it exceedingly striking. When I landed on the quay about 7 o'clock, my first object of course was to find an Hotel, but all in vain; such is the rush of strangers just now into Geneva from all quarters, and especially from Italy and the South of France—to escape the cholera, that the town was never known to be so full. I tried five hotels without success. I thought at last I must have slept in the street, and congratulated myself that I had not my wife and daughter with me. I obtained at length a bed, tolerably clean and comfortable, in a dark chamber over a baker's shop—taking my meals in the adjoining Hotel d'Angleterre. Some ladies the other night were obliged to sleep in their carriage. Next day, however, I was most agreeably relieved from any further difficulty. Madme. Forget, the sister of the late Mr. Melly—who with her husband and family live

at a charming place—Chateau Banquet at Secheron, about half a mile out of Geneva—insisted on my taking up my quarters with them ; and very kind and hospitable quarters I found them, I can assure you. They are a most amiable and estimable family—an excellent specimen of the simple manners and inexpensive mode of living—combined with cultivation and politeness—which distinguish the genuine, uncorrupted Genevese. I say, uncorrupted—for they told me with regret, that vulgar wealth and vulgar radicalism are together making inroads on the former state of things. I have not time for politics in this letter ; but I can assure you, there is no doubt of the fact, that the late revolutions both at Geneva and in the Pays de Vaud—brought about by *extreme radicalism*, have been followed by the most disastrous effects, and have given men of the worst character and principles a great and very pernicious influence in the state. The most enlightened and liberal men are all now conservatives, and out of office. M. Forget is an advocate, now a good deal retired from practice. He and all his friends—enlightened and rational liberals, have been completely driven from public life. But as I cannot give you all the particulars, I will say no more, as I might convey a false impression. I can only hope, that the good sense and conservative instincts of the middle classes of England will profit by the experience of other countries, and while they correct clear and admitted evils—let *well alone*. I believe you and I agree pretty well on this point. I had letters to several of the professors and

ministers at Geneva—and one, a M. Châstel—professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Academy, I had known, and entertained at my house, four-and-twenty years ago, in Manchester. It was a great pleasure to see and converse with these eminent and excellent men. Various shades of theological opinion, some verging very decidedly towards Unitarianism, and some distinctly orthodox, exist among the Ministers of Geneva, but they subscribe no Confession of Faith, and live together, as yet, in great general harmony of spirit and practice. Most of the theological professors in the Academy are broad and liberal in their tendencies, as may be inferred from the fact that two of them have just signed an expression of cordial response to the Address forwarded to the Church of Geneva by the New Christian Alliance formed in France, which recognises only three principles as essential in the Christian faith—the love of God, the Father of all men—the love of all men, as responsible and immortal beings—and the love of Christ, as the Son of God and Saviour of men. I saw Dr. Chenevière, the Principal of the Academy, a zealous liberal, approaching, I believe, in his opinions, the Unitarianism of the old school. He received me very cordially, and did not at all disguise his utter dislike of Calvin, though teaching in the chair which Calvin himself once filled. As for Calvin, he said to me, ‘if you did not think with him in religious matters, *il vous brulerait. Ce n’est pas aimable, cela.*’ He is, I could perceive, a very sharp controversialist. I was more drawn towards M. Cellerier, a retired professor and minister, author of the two

sermons, published in Beard's volume,* and of the Introduction to the Old Testament, translated by Wreford—a charming old man, the very image of Christian sweetness and benignity, living in a delightful country-house in the midst of a garden, with a very amiable wife and daughter. I met at his house a nice intelligent young man, the Minister of the French church at Stockholm, with his little Swedish wife, who are coming to stay at the pension next door to ours at Clarens, so I hope to have a little more intercourse with him. At Geneva they have four communions in the year,—Sunday last was one of them,—when the young people who have completed their ecclesiastical instruction, are admitted to the Lord's Table. It was a very interesting occasion, and I was very glad to have an opportunity of being present. I attended with the Forget family at the church of St. Gervais. M. Forget said, there were more than 2000 people in the church, of whom a very great proportion took the Sacrament. It was, as you may suppose, a very long service, but I sat it out, though it lasted several hours; for it was touching and impressive. I was much affected by the singing. The whole congregation joined. Instruction in music forms now part of their religious instruction (as it ought in all our churches), and in their psalters and hymn-books, both at Geneva and in the 'Eglise Libre' of the Pays de Vaud, the music for each psalm or hymn is printed along with the words. They still sing the grand old simple melodies—somewhat

* Of Sermons for Family use, collected and edited by Dr. John R. Beard.

sombre in their character, but to me infinitely more impressive than the jaunty airs of our Dissenting chapels—which have been in use from the time of the Reformation. Madame Forget very kindly invited a number of the Genevan ministers to meet me at her house last night. Many are now out of town, but four were present; among them, M. Martin, one of the most eloquent preachers now in Geneva, whom I much regret not to have heard. M. Martin served as a soldier under Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo,—a very interesting man, full of energy and character, and as I gathered from conversation with him, very catholic and liberal in his spirit, and opposed to all subscription and confessions of faith. The man whom I was most taken with of those that I have seen, is M. Châstel, professor of Ecclesiastical History. We had many points of sympathy both in our pursuits and our views. He is *thoroughly* liberal, and *thoroughly* good. He signed the answer to the Address of the New Christian Alliance founded in Paris,—and I suspect wrote it. He has written two works, one ‘On the Fall of Paganism,’ and another ‘On the Influence of Christianity on Charity,’ both of which have gained the prize offered by the French Academy. Yesterday he took me over the Library of the Academy, rich in MSS. and curiosities of all sorts, and adorned with the portraits of eminent men connected with Geneva from the time of the Reformation downwards. It is a place that breathes the very spirit of study and learning. The radicals have yet spared it, and its associated in-

stitutions. This morning, I breakfasted with my friend on some excellent fish, mutton cutlets, and a bottle of red wine, followed by two cups of very good tea, and we seasoned this solace of the outward man with much discourse on the prospects of religion in England, and in other countries. Next week we turn our steps homeward through the mountains of Berne. J. H.* is not yet arrived.

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

Saturday morning, Dec. 16th, 1854, 22, Woburn Square.

You always took so kind an interest in our dear and excellent son that I am unwilling you should hear from strangers that he is no more. He died this morning between twelve and one o'clock. We were all with him, with his medical attendant, Dr. Parkes, at the time. You who know how good and true-hearted he was, can judge of the depth of our affliction. His loss can never be replaced to us in this world. As a son and as a brother he was exemplary, unselfish, and affectionate; and while we acknowledge the justice and mercy of the unerring sway, we ought to be grateful that we have enjoyed such happiness so long. In our great sorrow we cling naturally to the friendship of those who were friends to him. He always spoke of you, dear Sir, with great regard and affection. Excuse my saying all this; it is some relief to an overburdened heart.

* His Son.

TO REV. B. CARPENTER.

22, Woburn Square, London, Dec. 16th, 1854.

We have lost our beloved and most excellent son. We had been half prepared for the event during the last three or four days, when he had become excessively weak.—I had him in my arms when he breathed his last ; and his dear mother and sister were close by his side. I do not think he suffered much ; though he was restless and uneasy in bed the last two or three hours of his mortal existence. His countenance now is beautifully calm and sweet, like the best expression he wore in life. You and dear Emily will judge how deep is our affliction. He was the pride and the joy of our house,* and his loss to us in this world is irreparable. Thank God we have a trust and a hope above this world, which will not fail us if we seek it. We have nothing else to lean upon now. Yet we have many things to be thankful for. We have lived with him and ministered to him, and been witnesses of his calm, manly, unrepining spirit daily for the last three months ; and these are precious memories which will never fade away. The interment will probably take place Thursday or Friday in next week. It would be a great comfort to us, dear Carpenter, if you could be with us on that trying occasion, and accompany the dear boy's mortal remains to their last resting-place. When this is all over, possibly we may all three go

* John Hutton Tayler, M.A. University of London, and Gold Medallist in Philosophy, 1850, was called to the Bar in May 1854.

down to Nottingham to spend two or three quiet days with you. Your and dear Emily's affectionate sympathy and the happy memories attached to your home, will be a great soothing to our wounded spirits.

TO REV. JOSEPH HENRY HUTTON.*

22, Woburn Square, London, Dec. 16th, 1854.

The heavy affliction which we have sustained in the loss of our dear son will wholly prevent my preaching in Upper Brook Street, or even visiting Manchester at all, this year. Our beloved and excellent John was taken from us this morning in a fainting fit—a consequence of that disordered action of the heart under which he had been suffering for some months; and our affliction under this bereavement is greater than I can well express. Through the whole of this year I have looked forward to few things with more pleasure than the prospect of seeing my dear old friends in Brook Street once more, and of saying to them again from the old familiar place a few words on the themes on which we have so often meditated together. Little did I think, when we were all so happy and so gay, a yet unbroken family, in the festal circles of our dear friends last Christmas, that ere another twelvemonth had passed we should be mourners under a sorrow like that which has now overtaken us, by the death of the

* Then Minister, as Mr. Tayler's successor of Upper Brook Street Chapel, Manchester.

youngest of our household. But such is human life. I beg you to assure such of my former and deeply beloved flock, as you may have an opportunity of speaking to, that although absent in the body, I shall be present with them in spirit on the Sunday which ushers in the New Year. If I live another year, I may then be able to speak to them with more self-collectedness than I could possibly command at present. In years past, when sickness and death had been busy among them, I have often striven to the best of my ability to minister to them those heavenly consolations, the power of which I and those dearest to me at this moment so greatly need for the support of our crushed and wounded spirits. May that Heavenly Father to whom we have so often lifted up our hearts together, bless them and bless us under those afflicting dispensations which visit, at some time or other, all the families on earth !

TO MRS. LEISLER, *Manchester.*

22, Woburn Square, London, Dec. 16th, 1854.

This black-edged paper will prepare you for the sad intelligence which I have to communicate. Our dear John, the best of sons and brothers, is no more.—His medical attendant was with him ; his mother and sister were close by his side ; and it is a pleasure to me now to reflect that his dear head rested on my arm when he passed away.—How little, my dear Mrs. Leisler, can we look into the future ! And it is well

for us that we cannot. What a happy meeting we had on Christmas eve last year at your house ! Old friends meeting again, and our dear boy, full of spirits, the gayest of the gay. He is now lying a silent corpse in the room above that where I am writing. I cannot tell you how dear he was to us ! how pure, how good, how unselfish ! The last three months of nursing will furnish a blessed memory to us, for they have brought out the manly patience and the uncomplaining gentleness of his character. He was never so amiable and affectionate as in the few weeks before his final separation from us. There is only one availing source of consolation, and that is open to all of us. In past years we have often sought it together. May it never be closed to any of us now ! Next to these heavenly comforts our best succour is in the kind sympathy of our friends. We think often of those dear friends whom we have left behind in the North. Pray remember us most kindly to all of them, and not least to the kind German circle in which we have so often been welcomed. Pray remember us particularly to our excellent friends Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Souhay : They have been touched with similar sorrow, and will know how to sympathise with ours.

TO LEYSON LEWIS, ESQ.

22, Woburn Square, London, Dec. 21st, 1854.

Not having heard from you since the death of my dear son, and knowing the affection which you had

for him, and which he had for you, my mind is painfully haunted with the apprehension that some misunderstanding may have occurred.—When the sad event took place, I was so overwhelmed, and had so many letters to write, and so many things to think of, that I requested R. Hutton, who kindly asked if he could assist me in any way, to write to you and two other friends, to say what had occurred.—I know how much my dear boy was attached to you, and the bare idea of anything that looked like oversight of you, would be to me like a wrong to his dear memory, and add another pang to the poignant anguish under which we are suffering. In inviting persons to attend the funeral, which we wished to have as private and simple as possible—we confined ourselves entirely to relations—for our beloved and regretted boy had so many and such sincerely attached friends, that we felt, if we went beyond relatives, we should not know where to draw the line. Could we have acted on any other principle, you would have been the first we should have thought of. We deposited his mortal remains this morning in the Highgate Cemetery. A good many of his friends and associates were present; but the attendance was purely spontaneous on their part.—Excuse my writing this, my dear Mr. Lewis; my heart is so sensitive just now to everything connected with the memory of my dearest son, that if I could suppose for a moment that you thought there had been any slight on our part towards one whom he loved so much as yourself, I should be very unhappy. Pray send me one line,

and believe me, dear Sir, for my son's memory as well as on my own account, yours affectionately.

22, Woburn Square, London, Dec. 23rd, 1854.

Dear Leyson (you must permit me henceforth to address you as my dearest boy was wont to do) your kind note was a perfect relief to my mind. Thank you for it most sincerely. In sorrow such as ours the mind is morbidly sensitive to every the slightest circumstance that can have a bearing on the memory of the dear departed. We are going out of town for ten days or a fortnight next Tuesday. On our return we shall hope some day to see you in Woburn Square. We much wish you to select out of dear John's books some one to keep as a lasting memorial of himself. We mean to keep his little study upstairs, with all his books and papers and portfolios, just as they were. They are a sacred deposit to us now.

TO F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

22, Woburn Square, London, Jan. 13th, 1855.

Thank you sincerely for your kind note on the death of my dear son. You have rightly estimated the extreme severity of the blow. Even yet I can scarcely realise it; and when I do, the colour seems to pass at once out of all the future in this life, and to fade into a pale and mournful hue. Amidst differences on other and not unimportant points, I rejoice to feel with you, dear friend, that we have a common and most

glorious trust in the infinite Wisdom and Goodness of the Parent Mind, and in the tendency of all things under His government to the final benefit of all who strive after purity and uprightness of heart. On some points my deepest faith carries me, I believe, beyond your present convictions; and it is a great happiness to me and mine, that our faith in an all-rectifying Future was never stronger than we find it now. Not that we feel that we can *claim* this from our Heavenly Father, but that the hope seems borne into us as an unquestionable spiritual reality by our trust in the richness and fulness of His paternal love. We accept with humble, self-submitting gratitude what His Fatherly goodness offers us. Deep sorrow seems to break through the barriers of ordinary reserve, and to justify complete openness in the utterance of our thoughts to a valued friend. It is positive pain to me to feel that I am severed, by one serious difference of opinion, from *perfect* religious communion with a mind so pure and so good, in which I have ever found so much to admire, and look up to, and sympathise with, as yours. But such are the trials of our earthly sojourn. We must be patient and bear with one another, amidst unavoidable differences on points of history and criticism and speculation, where the longings and the justifications of reason are not yet completely at one, and live in the trust, which is full of the most blessed charity—that nothing can be so acceptable to God, as sincerity and singleness of heart. It may be a childlike faith—but it is one which lays

invincible hold on my inmost nature—that we are all of us here on earth preparing for a higher state of existence, where we shall doubtless find that it has been good for us, if we have only been *sincere*, to have been chastened and disciplined by this partial blindness, on which ever side it may lie, and by these mutual misapprehensions, and that we have each, in our day, had as much faith as sufficed for *our* spiritual wants. Meanwhile, it is also my profoundest conviction, that that preparation for the Future after death, is to be made, not by dreamy sentimentality, but by manly vigorous efforts to do the work of God on earth, in aiding the cause of truth and liberty and justice and the progress of the human race. Here, dear friend, I rejoice to return into the warmest and deepest sympathy with you; and on that great but mournfully interesting question which is now occupying the minds of all men,* and in which so many of the dearest interests of humanity are so deeply involved—I do not believe there would be any essential difference between us. I fear we should both agree, that a great cause is being lost for want of resolute action, and from the embarrassment of evil connections.—I beg to enclose for your acceptance a short obituary notice of my dear boy. Please to accept it as a father's memento of one unspeakably dear, to one who was his, and is still his father's, friend.

* The Russian War.

TO REV. J. H. THOM, *at Rome.*

22, Woburn Square, London, Feb. 12th, 1855.

It has been a real pain to me to have postponed so long replying to your most kind and consolatory letter received now so many weeks ago ; but we have had such heavy sorrow, and so much correspondence of one kind or another has grown out of it, that I have not been able to fulfil this strong wish of my heart till now ; for I would not sit down to write to you, till I could give myself up to the fulness of the sad subject which fills our hearts, and write to you at length all that I think and feel about it. The excitement of the first weeks of mourning has now passed away ; we are quietly settled down in our home and have resumed our wonted pursuits ; our dear John has already vanished from our eyes for nearly two months ; and we are now beginning daily to realise to ourselves the calm and settled depth of the sorrow which must henceforth overshadow more or less the remnant of our days. The College Committee with kind consideration offered to relieve me from my duties and find a substitute, if I should wish to absent myself with my wife and daughter for a time from the scene of our affliction. But we declined the offer, and after a short visit to our relatives at Nottingham and Birmingham, returned to London and resumed the thread of our habitual occupations, and endeavoured to make the break in our course of life as little as possible. To have returned to our once happy home after an absence

of many weeks, with all the shock of the change to encounter anew, would have been unbearable. Now that is all over—and there only remains, what will remain with us for life—the sad and unquestionable fact, that he in whom our fondest hopes were centred, who was the joy and the pride of our house, on whom the world was opening with the fairest prospects of success, is irretrievably lost to us in this life, and will be to us on this side the grave no more than a memory and a name. But though I am very sad—sadder than ever I was before in my life—I cannot say, I am unhappy; for we have many tranquillising and comforting reflections, and the religious seriousness—the deeper faith—which irresistibly, through no merit of one's own, takes possession of the mind at such seasons, has a secret charm and soothing in it which cannot well be expressed. Our dear boy's death, exquisitely painful as it has been to us, has probably spared him much. It was found that there was in him deep-seated disease of the heart, of long continuance though unknown to him and to us—which must have made his life, if it could have been prolonged a few years more, one of pain and inaction, involving a withdrawal from his profession and a frustration of all the hopes associated with it, which would have been to him the severest of trials. All this he has been spared; for till the day that sickness confined him to the house, business continued to come to him, though he had been called but a few months; and his friends and contemporaries say, his

final success was certain. But all that is now gone—it is a dream of the past; dissipated, I doubt not, wisely and mercifully to direct our thoughts elsewhere for solid and enduring comfort. What we now delight to dwell on—far more than on the universal acknowledgment of high talent and the prospect of worldly eminence—is the memory of singular purity and honorableness of character, sweet and kind affections, an unselfish goodness and generosity of heart, and a conscientious faithfulness in the discharge of duty which, I believe, has rarely been surpassed. I drew up a small sketch of my dearest son's character, which, when I see you in London, I will give you.—We have received from several of his associates and contemporaries the most touching assurances of the quiet influence which he exercised over them for good. I doubt whether any one ever passed away from this life, more deeply beloved and respected by those who knew him. It is surprising what a change an event like this makes in all one's views of life. If I had any strong worldly interest—any touch of this world's ambition—it was wholly bound up in the life of dear John. When the physician communicated to me what was the nature of his disease, and what must almost inevitably be its issue, I felt a chill come over my heart, which I shall never forget; I felt that the hand of Providence had struck me in my weakest and my tenderest part, and that the colour was taken at once out of the whole prospect of my future life. And so I still feel; the future of this world lies pale and colourless before me;

I cannot kindle it again with its former brightness. Yet you must not suppose, dear friend, that I repine or am unfit for work. But one thing remains for me now, to fulfil as faithfully and energetically as I am able, the duties which remain for me in this life—to strive to live more entirely to God and to all pure and noble objects, to promote and secure the happiness of those whom He has still left to me—and to look forward to and prepare for that solemn, but as I hope and trust, blessed and glorious future which awaits us after death. I cannot tell you what a redoubled interest that future life has acquired to me. I feel as though there *must* be a future home, were it only to meet the requirements of our moral nature—to fulfil the promise which God whispers in the depths of our hearts, when our hearts are the least carnal, worldly and selfish. It is then, if ever, that God speaks to us: and God must be veracious. I have trust indeed, intense trust—in the simple word of Christ; but that word speaks what I find in myself, and if it did not, my trust in it could not be so strong. At this moment, writing to a dear friend to whom I wish to open my whole heart, and when I am far too sad and too serious to *play* with *common-places*—I feel *that one* prospect of the renewal of our intercourse in some future state of being, with the beloved kindred and friends—the parents and the children—who have passed before us into it, to be the very greatest happiness and the most powerful incentive to virtuous activity, which I am able to conceive, or which can possibly be offered

to me, ere I am myself called to face the great reality of death ; and the loss of it (which, however, seems to me impossible without the loss of my own conscious and reflective being) would, as I now feel, involve my present existence in thicker than Cimmerian darkness. This train of mind has naturally had some influence lately on my course of reading. Among other books, I have been looking again at some of the writings of Dr. Priestley on this subject, and especially his correspondence with Dr. Price. I am astonished to find how far my mind has drifted away in an interval of thirty years from the philosophical principles in which I was brought up. With the profoundest respect for the character, the upright intentions, and devout belief of Priestley himself, I must say deliberately, that I know no form of religious philosophy with which I have less sympathy, towards which I feel a more utter distaste and alienation than his, and I think its intimate association with the earliest enunciation of Unitarianism in this country has been very disastrous to the *religious* influence of that system, and had not Dr. Channing and the American School come to the rescue, must have ultimately led to its extinction as a form of religion altogether. On the subject of the soul and its relations to God, I am wholly *with* Dr. Price, and wholly *against* Dr. Priestley. Some of the arguments of Priestley to prove that the human mind is altogether a result of the material organisation of the brain, and that it perishes absolutely in death, might be urged, I think, with great plausibility to show

that the Universe itself is only a system of material phenomena, not implying anything else behind it, and therefore not necessarily indicating the invisible presence of a God.—I cannot but think, that a true *religious philosophy* based on a sound and comprehensive psychology, is a work yet to be accomplished; and that, whenever it is, it must take up and assume as its *basis*, the universal truths, the indestructible religious instincts, of the soul of man. In the meanwhile, my own reliance is firm on the voice within, confirmed by the still distincter and more authoritative voice of Christ, and the wonderfully profound impression left in some mysterious way on the minds of His immediate followers, that He was indeed risen from the dead.—My dear wife and my dear surviving child are both well—admirable in their spirit—sweet, gentle, patient and trustful to a degree that I cannot sufficiently admire and be grateful for. How I should like to see you, dear old friend, and talk to you, as I used to do in former days, over the fire—when the Prospective business was over—in those happy evenings in dear York Place. How I cling to that dear old home, and the blessed memories that belong to it! In sorrow like ours, there is no balm to be compared with the quiet soothing converse of a friend whom one loves, and whose faith on the deepest themes reflects one's own. Your letter, and one from dear Wicksteed, gave us all, I think, more of this special comfort than any of the numerous, kind, affectionate and sympathising letters we have received from many quarters. My

chief object of earthly solicitude now is my dearest daughter. The loss of her beloved brother—her natural counsellor and guardian in the world—is to her irreparable. For her mother and myself, *we* have already set our steps on life's declivity, and the evening shadows will soon begin to stretch over *our* heads; and though I hope many years of united peace and usefulness are still in reserve for both of us, yet our remaining race will be comparatively soon accomplished, and we shall then go to join those that are gone before, happy in that removal, but for the deep interest not un-mixed with anxiety, for the one so dearly beloved whom we must yet for a season perhaps leave behind. This is the only great anxiety I have about the future. As far as the world is concerned, we have no reason to complain. I might be considered in a worldly sense prosperous. The College so far is flourishing. We have doubled the number of Divinity students; and the finances are in a satisfactory state. My duties are all of a soothing and congenial nature. I have some time for collected thought and private study. Death and eternity must daily become more familiar themes to my mind.—For myself, while I am content to remain here and do my duty, so long as it shall please God to keep me—yet, but for her, my dearest Hannah, I could be grateful, as I now feel, when my summons comes to my future home.——

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.*

22, Woburn Square, Feb. 21st, 1855.

Would you on Tuesday next (the 27th inst.) meet two of your young friends, Mr. Bagshot and Mr. R. Hutton, at my house at tea at eight o'clock? I should like to have some quiet and dispassionate conversation with you and them. I have a strong feeling, that as a matter of *public duty*, we ought not, if we can help it, to allow some organ of moral and religious sentiment—at once free and progressive and at the same time reverential and conservative—to be wholly wanting. If we do, we shall fail of our duty to our day and generation; for every aspect of society—even the political and literary—is unavoidably influenced by these *higher* considerations and made to assume a nobler character. Were I to yield to *personal* inclination, I should certainly be quiet—for my studies draw me away to the great minds and monuments of the *past*, in which I now find my chiefest solace—and I have little taste, and as I am very conscious, little ability for *Review* writing which catches, and must deal with (of course under higher lights), the more transient questions and interests of the *present*. Still—for the reasons assigned—I feel myself under a kind of compulsion from conscience, to do something for the spiri-

* An idea was entertained at this time that the Westminster might be made the property of the friends of the Prospective Review, but this project having been found impracticable, and a fund raised for the purpose being in hand, the Prospective shortly after became enlarged into the National Review, under different editorship.

tual guidance and strengthening of the generation to which I belong. The question is, *what* are we to do? What I have *protested* against, has been *precipitation* and *one-sidedness*—sure to lead only to abortion and disappointment. Still we have gained a certain *point d'appui*, however slight, in the Prospective. Can we not *strengthen* this, by judicious application of funds, and make it a more efficient instrument of moral influence? We owe something to those who have hitherto supported it, and looked to it as furnishing some small portion of their spiritual food. My present notion is, that whatever henceforth be done, we must—abandoning the more magnificent scheme contemplated by W. R. Greg, take the actual Prospective—if not in name, yet in influence and position—as our instant *point de départ*, and endeavour by the acquisition of additional intellectual and literary force, to push out further and wider and with more varied influence, the *Richtung* which it has hitherto pursued. If I mistake not, your friend, Mr. Donne, dropped something at your house rather in favour of this view, *i.e.* keeping and strengthening a position *already gained*, than of setting up something altogether new, on wholly untried ground, and in more direct antagonism to the Westminster. He has large experience and calm judgment. Should you feel any impropriety in asking him *privately* his opinion on this subject, and giving us the benefit of it?

TO REV. J. KENRICK.

*Chez Madame De la Bontraye,
Roche Plate, Avranches, August 2nd, 1855.*

— We have been settled in our present very comfortable, and most beautifully situated, lodgings about ten days, and we are already feeling ourselves comparatively at home. I enjoy most thoroughly the unbroken leisure and quiet of this place, where I have time to work out connectedly a few ideas which occupy my mind, and to despatch some work which has reference to my employment next session.—On the way here I read through the volume on ‘La Normandie Souterraine’ which you were so good as to lend me, and got from it a great deal of information which was to me comparatively new. The archaeological spirit seems very active in this part of France. All the principal towns which we have visited—Boulogne, Amiens, Beauvais, Rouen, Caen, even Avranches, which is a small place without much wealth or activity—have their Societies and Museums. As their present and their future become more uncertain, the French seem to apply themselves with more and more ardour to the investigation of their past, Roman and Medieval.—I find the ecclesiastical architecture of Amiens, Beauvais and Rouen rich to an extent which cloy; and much prefer the greater simplicity of our own, especially our Early English (the Ionic of Christian art), which I dearly love. The French Flamboyant seems to me greatly to exceed in floridness the

most decorated of our styles. The profusion of statuary and bas-relief is almost overwhelming. We saw however two most venerable Norman churches at Caen. But I do not know that I have seen anything more interesting than, first, a bas-relief on an old house in Rouen, exhibiting in a series of compartments the meeting of Francis I. and Henry VIII. in the field of the Cloth of Gold—executed soon after the event, and giving one a most vivid idea of the costume and manners of the time. This interesting work is already much effaced, and as it is exposed to the weather, will ultimately go entirely. Fortunately they have got an exact copy of it in the Museum. But secondly, far above this in interest, and indeed above everything else that I have yet seen, is the tapestry at Bayeux. This is now most conveniently displayed in its whole length under a glass case, so that it can be studied at leisure, in the Museum of that place. I spent a morning in looking at it. What struck me immediately was the *Roman* character of the costume and the architecture. The cloak both of the Normans and the Saxons, (who are only distinguished by the latter wearing moustaches), is fastened on the right shoulder with a clasp, just like the toga of the Romans. In the vessel which transports William and his Knights, (much like one of our large ferry boats with a sail), the shields are all arranged in order on the side, as in a Roman galley. The banqueting-room where the king and his warriors feast is in the upper story, and approached by a flight of steps outside the building. The arches

of doors and windows are all round, and in the only two churches which are represented—one of them St. Peter's, Westminster—the central tower is capped with a cupola. The original Latin legend accompanying each compartment, is in very distinct characters and perfectly legible. Normandy is indeed full of historical and ecclesiastical interest; but travelling with a family, with a permanent residence of many weeks in view, one finds it impossible, from considerations of expense, and the difficulty under such circumstances of rapid, and sometimes rough, locomotion, to bring in all the objects that would properly enter into what might be considered a scientific tour. I am very grateful for what I have been able to see and to learn. Should the fates ever permit it, I cannot conceive of anything more delightful or instructive to myself, than to make a little tour some day through this country in your company, when I could profit hourly by your historical and archæological knowledge to fill up my own imperfect ideas, and satisfy my cravings after information which I so often cannot furnish to myself. Ten days or at most a fortnight well employed, from Havre or Dieppe, might embrace all the principal objects of interest in Normandy, including a careful survey of the Museums. Our slow ten days' journey was half of it spent in Picardy.—We find the air of Avranches very pure and invigorating. We have a range of apartments occupying the whole of the upper story of a most clean, comfortable and airy house, opening at once on the upper portion of a delightfully

terraced garden, and commanding an extensive view (for we are on an eminence) of a richly wooded country dotted with villages and church towers and a few gentlemen's houses—much like Kent or Berkshire, but without mountains and without water—the very antithesis of the country in which we were last summer and autumn. Within two seconds of our front door is a fine esplanade where the moat once was, under the old walls, large portions of which still remain, and the former site of the Cathedral of Huet, which commands a view of the sea and the coast of Brittany, with the tower-crowned rock of Mont St. Michel and its humbler sister Tombeleine to break the uniformity of the horizon.—The lady with whom we live is the widow (now somewhat reduced in circumstances) of a gentleman who was formerly French Consul at Dantzic, and had retired to Avranches, where he was much respected for his social qualities and literary accomplishments. She is quite a lady in her manners, Parisian by birth and education, and speaks (which is an advantage for us) no language but French. There is one other person in the house besides—a French gentleman who also speaks no English. He is perfectly courteous and pleasant in conversation with us, but somewhat guarded and cautious in his language; I suspect he is a legitimist (Avranches I am told is a favourite retreat for persons of these opinions); certainly he has no liking for England and her present policy. We dine with Madame De la Bontraye and this gentleman every day, we breakfast and take tea in our

apartment. We are furnished with *everything*; and for this (exclusive of wine and our personal washing) we pay a £1 a day for *four* of us. This is nearly double what we paid last year at Clarens; but then our accommodation and entertainment are very superior, and we managed our preliminary journey at one half the expense. The English clergyman resident here called on us yesterday and seems disposed to be friendly, though I told him we were not members of the Church of England, and should only attend his service occasionally in the afternoon. The only other acquaintance I have made is that of M. Hericher, professor of rhetoric at the College here. He is devoted to archæological pursuits, and a member of one of our Societies. He has written, I am told, two able works on the history of Avranches and of Mt. St. Michel. I expect to derive instruction and pleasure from his society.

But I think I have written enough about ourselves and our own concerns—much more than I originally intended. I must turn to something more important before I conclude. Among the arguments which were thought of most weight for the removal of our Academy to London and its union with University College, the two principal were, 1st, the opportunity of larger intercourse with young men of different persuasions and various conditions of life, during the undergraduate years; and 2ndly, the promotion of more union of feeling between our best educated ministers and the laymen whom we must look to

as the future supports of our churches. For myself, I ever regarded both these objects as of such vital importance in the present state of the religious world, that I should have thought the chance of attaining them well worth considerable sacrifices in other respects. The experiment of two Sessions has shown us how far we are likely to succeed; the result I think on the whole has been very encouraging; but it has also revealed, what deficiencies have yet to be supplied, and what obstacles are yet to be overcome. The problem we have to solve—and on its successful solution depends in no small degree the future condition of our churches and of enlightened Nonconformity—is the possibility of training up a ministry at once thoroughly well-educated and thoroughly in earnest—imbued in mind and manners with scholarly and Christian courtesy, and yet at the same time capable of self-sacrifice and self-devotion to a noble cause. The world has furnished such examples in former days; why should they be thought impossible now? Never, within my remembrance, were our laity, as a body, more disposed to come forward and help us; and if we can but stimulate our individual congregations throughout the country to organise themselves into a more constitutional form and working, I am not without hope, that in another quarter of a century, some very valuable fruits may be produced. But then we must shake off our selfish apathy and coldness and work *in* faith and *for* the future. The Hibbert Trust just come into action, and the Liverpool

Fund* already resting on a solid basis, indicate great possibilities of good. How can we bring all these efforts into harmonious working with each other, and with our own Institution which is already possessed of an historical character, and *must*, whatever exertions it may cost us, be maintained, relatively to the wants of the time, at the point which it had reached under you and Mr. Wellbeloved, and previously at Warrington? The Hibbert Trust stands in the closest relation to the objects of Manchester New College; and the two Mr. Philipsses, who are its *natural* representatives and executors, seem to me heartily disposed to promote their co-operation.—Two things seem to me wanting to the *perfect* success of our present plan. 1st, some *tutorial* aid to our undergraduates, especially previous to matriculation, including a thorough grammatical and prosodial grounding in Greek and Latin, with the more elementary parts of Mathematics and the rudiments of Logic, (our own examination previous to admission, however strictly enforced, only imperfectly secures these objects); and 2ndly, some more vital union and intercourse between our more advanced theological students and our lay-students—*if possible* (and I believe it is quite possible)—through the medium of University Hall. If the former of these objects could be accomplished I think our undergraduates would be highly favoured, as enjoying the full benefit of the *tutorial* and *professorial* systems

* Founded by Christopher Rawdon, and others, for the augmentation of the stipends of Ministers of Non-subscribing Churches.

combined, and enabled to take the full advantage of such instructors as Malden, De Morgan, and Newman. The question is, would the Hibbert Trustees* be inclined to help Manchester New College in carrying out this object? Mr. Hibbert's object was, as I take it, to turn out a learned and accomplished ministry; but learning and accomplishment pre-suppose *solid* foundations at the commencement of the Academic life. It is no use sending men *abroad* to look at pictures, or report on schools, or even attend lectures, till their views and principles are to a certain extent fixed, and they have acquired preliminary habits of mental *thoroughness* and *accuracy at home*.—And now for the second point—I adhere to the opinion, which I expressed at the late meeting of Trustees, that as a *general* rule, I think it would be better for our theological students not to enter University Hall *at first*. They are often when they first come to us, from perhaps an humble condition in life—shy, timid, awkward—and would be more likely to be influenced by rich young lay-students, than beneficially to influence them—if they were *constantly* together; and might according to their character, either be crushed and outcast, or, if they escaped that, become, what is worse, forward and impudent. Of course there will be exceptions. Should our ministers hereafter be more frequently drawn from a higher rank in life,

* The Hibbert Trust, founded and bequeathed by Mr. Hibbert, for the higher education of Ministers of Religion among non-subscribing Christians.

such exceptions may increase: but I speak of the present time and the general rule. The case is very different, when a theological student is more advanced in years, and has distinguished himself in his classes as a scholar or a mathematician, and begins to be conscious of his superiority in those mental and moral qualities which are the great distinction of all men: and if he entered University Hall under such circumstances, he would be more likely to give, than to take, the tone, and his influence might be decidedly beneficial there. Would it be possible to make admission to University Hall, in connection with the enjoyment of the Hibbert exhibitions, be regarded as a *privilege* and a *distinction*, so that theological students resident there, should be considered a *more advanced class* of students? I think this might be promoted, if the Hibbert Trustees could rent or purchase from the Council of University Hall, and neatly furnish, one or two sets of rooms to be occupied by the recipients of the exhibition *rent free* during its continuance. This would bring the most distinguished theological students into the Hall under the circumstances most favourable to their moral and intellectual influence, and afford them an opportunity of further improving their means by giving private instructions to the other members of the Hall who required it, in Classics and Mathematics—subject of course to the approval of the Principal of Manchester New College, lest such employment should interfere with a proper attention to their theological studies. As a general rule, I am con-

vinced, the energetic and industrious men who would be most eager to obtain a little extra fund in this way for the purchase of books or the expenses of a summer tour, would be the very men least disposed to neglect their proper studies : and they would at the same time in this way be most likely to form pleasant and profitable connections with young lay-students.—I have often thought it would be desirable that our more distinguished theological students should take their Master's degree. The enjoyment of rooms in University Hall for a year or more after the completion of their theological course with us—with free access to our Library, and the opportunity if they chose of giving closer attention to Mr. Martineau's classes a second time if they wished to graduate in the *Moral Sciences*, would afford great and desirable facilities for this object. The Hibbert Trust Fund would not, in my opinion, operate beneficially, if it drew young men away prematurely from their proper theological studies and sent them abroad, to plunge in the shoreless ocean of German theology and metaphysics before they had finished their course, and fixed their broad fundamental principles with *us*, as the future ministers of our churches. —

TO REV. B. CARPENTER.

*Chez Madame de la Bontraye, Avranches,
Sept. 2nd, 1855.*

— We have now been here about six weeks ; in another fortnight we shall be turning our steps home-

ward. Greatly have I enjoyed the rest and quiet of this place. It has not, I assure you, been an idle time with me. I have prepared a good deal of work for the coming Session; and what I particularly value, I here have time and undisturbed retirement to *think* over collectedly and leisurely the subjects on which one's mind is exercised. In a London life, it is exceedingly difficult, with all one's efforts, to do this.—I have a charming little chamber, adjoining my wife's bedroom, which I use as a study. My table, where lie my books and papers, is at the window, which opens on a wide prospect of wooded champain, on which the sunshine is continually producing the most beautiful effects, and out on which I can look for refreshment every time I lift my head from my book, and where I hear nothing, but occasionally a voice or two from the servants in the garden below, or the clock of the Hospice striking the quarters from the little faubourg at the foot of our hill. Sometimes for a change, I take a turn in the adjoining garden, which consists of two terraces united by a flight of steps, and which commands a beautiful view; here I can quietly think, or solace myself with a little volume of poetry, as I pace up and down under the pretty trellised *berceau*, which runs along one side of the upper garden. In this way I spend all my mornings; and then take a walk—either alone, or more usually with all our party—before or immediately after our dinner, which is between five and six p.m. At tea, and till we separate for bed, I read aloud to our assembled party. We pass, you will

see, a very quiet and cheerful life—not the less serenely or, I trust, less *gratefully* cheerful, for the sad remembrances which come across it, and the *silent* influence of which is never, I believe, for one moment absent from our thoughts. This quiet regular life (Hannah and Selina are constantly busy with their sketching) has not been broken by many excursions: we made one to Mont St. Michel, and another to the pretty romantic valley of Mortain about seven leagues from this place—of which, I daresay, one of the ladies has sent an account; I myself took one expedition alone to see Granville and the very beautiful Cathedral of Coutances.

You will have heard by this time, that we have been visited by another domestic sorrow in the death of poor Robert Smith.* He had been suffering for a long time, and we were not wholly unprepared for the event; though for myself I cannot say I was not without hope to the last. He was a thoroughly amiable, unselfish, kind-hearted man, and has left many attached friends behind him. His brother Henry feels his death most acutely. His letter to my wife, received yesterday, is quite the utterance of a broken heart. So, dear Carpenter, our contemporaries, even our juniors, pass away one by one. Our own time will soon come. In ten years more, if we live so long, you and I shall be old men, close on seventy—fit to retire and take our rest, if it shall be permitted us, for a year or two before we die. All the ambition I once had as respects

* His brother-in-law.

this world, has been taken out of me by the death of my most dear and truly excellent son. He was indeed my joy and my pride; and I little dreamed this time last year, when we were looking forward with delight to his joining us in Switzerland, that he would now be in his grave.* To be indifferent to *this* world, while we are in it and have duties to perform, would be wrong; but I feel my chief interest in it now is (and I am calmer and happier, I hope wiser and better, for the thought), to do what I can to serve the interests of truth and goodness and genuine religion—to make such provision as I am able for the happiness of those whom I must leave behind me, when I go, and to prepare myself as best I may, by continual aspiration and

* The following lines written at Avranches were found in a Notebook :—

‘Farewell ! thou child of my right hand, and joy,
 My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy :
 Some twenty years thou wert lent me, and I thee pay,
 Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
 O, could I lose all father, now ! For why
 Will man lament the state he should envy ?
 To have so soon ’scaped world’s and flesh’s rage,
 And, if no other misery, yet age ?
 Rest in soft peace !’

Ben Jonson, on the death of his son : slightly altered.

‘Rest in soft peace !’ ‘Farewell !’—how sad, yet sweet
 Those words of distant woe my sorrows greet !
 They speak thy loss, sweet bard !—not thine alone ;
 For other times thou breath’st a father’s moan.
 In others’ accents I would fain express
 The weight unuttered of my own distress ;
 For tears that from a common fountain flow,
 Glide in one course, and mingle as they go.

J. J. T., Aug. 24th, 1855.

endeavours after what is better, for joining, when my change comes, in some more glorious and blessed state, the many beautiful and excellent souls whom God has mercifully permitted me to know and hold converse with on earth. This is the most consolatory of all beliefs to frail and dying man ; I never was without it ; it always formed a part of my system of religious philosophy ; but it never was a reality—a strength and a comfort to me, as I feel it now. A religion which teaches it so emphatically as Christianity—must have a Divine source.

TO MRS. SCHUNCK,* *Manchester.*

East Farleigh,† Kent, October 1st, 1855.

Never did I receive a severer shock than what awaited us on our arrival from France, to spend a few days with friends in this place. My first impulse was to write to you or Mr. Schunck at once ; but on second thoughts, we deemed it better a few days should elapse, especially as we then knew no particulars. Since that time my dear child has written to you. My anxiety for her was great. I was afraid of the effect which this intelligence might have on her health. It was like opening afresh the wounds inflicted on us last year—wounds which are not yet, and in this world never can be, entirely healed. To have lost within twelve months an only and dearly beloved

* On the death of her daughter, wife of Signor Gallenga,

† The residence of Leyson Lewis, Esq.

brother, and the dearest friend of her childhood and youth—the memories of whom are so closely interwoven with an early home and years of happiness now for ever gone—is a terrible affliction. We can only submit in patient trust to the mysterious appointments of the Universal Father—and say, *Thy will be done!* But for you, dear friends, who have lost your sweet and affectionate child in the deepening bloom of her conjugal and motherly virtues—what can I say to comfort your hearts and stay the torrent of your grief?—Human words are powerless under sorrows like yours. My own unspeakable affliction, only just passed away, enables me to sympathise with yours. I can only commend you—which I do from my heart, to the mercies of our common God and Father, and mingle my tears with yours.—Allow me one remark, my old and dearly valued friend, which my own bitter experience suggests. I have no doubt you will prove its truth as I have done. There is ever a fund of religious trust and hope latent in the soul—especially where life has been religiously spent. By a merciful provision, we find this trust—this hope—comes out with new force and vividness under the pressure of affliction. What were mere beliefs before, become certainties and realities now. We never perhaps doubted that there was a God—and that He was our Father; but never do we *feel* Him so near, so intimately present to our inmost hearts—the one great reality of our existence—sustaining us on His merciful arm, and speaking to us audibly with His kind, paternal voice—

as when every earthly support is taken away, and the voices we have most loved to hear, are mute. If I might speak from my own heart to comfort yours—and this is the true sympathy of friendship—I could say, that although the hope of another and a higher life ever formed from my earliest years a part of my *creed*—yet it never was so clear a certainty—so intense a reality—mingling, I can truly say, in the daily current of my deepest thoughts, as it has become since sorrow made it a spiritual necessity to me. I want no arguments now; they all seem to me poor and insufficient for so grand a theme. I could not live without the belief. God has made it a part of my daily life, and I cannot disjoin it from myself.

‘Du hast Unsterblichkeit im Sinn ;
Kannst du uns deine Gründe nennen ?’
Gar wohl ! Der Hauptgrund liegt darin,
Dass wir sie nicht entbehren können.

My very dear friend, in this blessed trust, and in the filial love and reverence out of which it springs—may we all find that consolation and repose, which the incessant changes of this life permit us to find nowhere else. Let us not doubt for a moment, that our earthly life is but a preparation for something more lasting and glorious than itself; and that in the exhaustless resources of Divine wisdom and love, we shall, in some way and at some time or other, recognize once more the pure souls we have conversed with on earth, brightened in every expression of moral and mental excellence, and cleansed from the stains of human

infirmity which clung to them here below. Accept, my dear Mrs. Schunck, the expression of my most affectionate sympathy for yourself and Mr. Schunck, for the widowed husband and the orphan child. There are feelings which we cannot adequately express. My heart is full, and I can write no more.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND UNDER DEPRESSION.

22, Woburn Square, April 16th, 1856.

I am very glad that you have written to me, for I have had experience in my own life which enables me perhaps more fully than some other and better people to enter into your feelings, and understand your case, and offer you a little advice and consolation. I suffered at one time from extreme depression, accompanied, as I now clearly see, by some delusions—which was the result of over mental excitement. The depression lasted many months, nearly a year; and though I went abroad and sought change of scene, and was surrounded by proofs of the unaltered kindness of my friends—I was at times almost in despair about myself, and thought I should never see the light of God's countenance again. I can retrace many of my old feelings in what you have written to me. I do not speak, therefore, without some *practical* knowledge of the matter about which you consult me. I have had *personal* experience of the *realities* to which you beg me to confine myself.—Some additional value may on this account attach to the few, but most sin-

cere and affectionate, counsels which I shall venture to offer. I will suggest *nothing* to you, of which I have not myself proved and found the efficacy. All that I allude to respecting myself has long passed away, like an evil dream of distant years; and I can now look back on it, and speak of it, in the clear light of reason and of present contentedness and security. This is the privilege, as it is doubtless the merciful intent, of our being fellow-sufferers, that those of us who recover should comfort and strengthen those who are still under the rod. I remember, I was beginning gradually to get well, from the healing influence of time and the restoration of physical health—when it one day occurred to me more strongly than before, that I hindered my improvement both mental and bodily, by dwelling too much on my *moral* state, my character, infirmities, omissions, transgressions, &c. &c.—and I resolved, and made a vigorous effort, to *forget myself* altogether; and I threw myself, *just as I was*, with all my heart and mind into some work which occurred to me as important, for raising the instruction of the young people in the Congregation and the Sunday-school with which I was then connected. That turn in my thoughts completed my cure; and from that time I never had a relapse. I attach no importance to the *particular* work; that was an accident in my social position; I only mention it to show, that the first thing to be done is to throw our minds *out* of ourselves on some useful employment or appointed duty, of *whatever* kind it may be;—and whether we find

present satisfaction in it or not, whether any sentiment or feeling in the *first instance* attends it or not—to persevere in it, and do it, as in the sight of God, simply as *duty*—within the *limits* (and this must be carefully attended to) of our actual health and strength. We must not be too fastidious and particular about our *work*. It is given us according to our character, and position in society; and we must take it, as it comes, as *God's task*. It is beautiful and noble, however unimportant it may appear, when we look at it in that light. It may be the perfecting of ourselves in some useful or liberal acquirement—a language, a science or an art; all such acquirements are indirectly beneficial and agreeable to our fellow-creatures; it may be simply endeavouring to promote the comfort or improvement of others; it may be labouring more directly to help the poor, the ignorant, the fallen, the unhappy. Whatever it be that furnishes us with useful and virtuous employment, if we put our minds into it and discipline our minds to do it *well*, it is a service to God; and while we faithfully offer it to Him, and forget *ourselves* in *His* work—it is *impossible* (I say so deliberately and with the profoundest conviction) that He should ever withdraw His blessing from us, and leave us to perish—however meanly or even despairingly, in moments of depression, (arising mainly, whatever you may fancy to the contrary, from *bodily* causes) we may think of ourselves. Patient submission to God's chastenings (and dark, depressing thoughts are a form of them) combined with the faithful effort to

do our duty, as we see what it is—is all that a just and good God *can* ask of us. While such is our will and endeavour—however frail and imperfect we may be—we are not and cannot be *sinner*s in that sense of the term to which the Scriptures' threatenings and penalties apply. The very loathing we experience of the dark and unkindly thoughts which come over us in spite of ourselves—is a proof that they are not of our own seeking : and however mysterious their origin may be (and this life is full of mysteries) of this we may be *quite certain*, that He who made us—He in whom is concentrated all power and all goodness—whom the beloved Apostle designates by one beautiful and expressive word—LOVE—must be less just and kind than an ordinary human father if he could reject a weak and suffering child for *thoughts* in which it does not delight, which it would gladly shake off, and from which it earnestly desires to be delivered. You must rest satisfied, therefore, with the conclusion, that your present state of mind is not a *sin*, since you do not desire its continuance, but a *trial*—to which God has seen fit temporarily to subject you for some wise and good purpose, and which you must strive to turn to good account, by implicitly giving yourself up to His Fatherly disposal—by patience, trust, submission, simple devotedness, and by resolutely keeping off your thoughts—in constant, healthy employment—from *yourself*. If you are at all chargeable with the selfishness with which you reproach yourself, remember it must chiefly consist in your present state of mind in

encouraging or allowing your thoughts to *dwell* on your own unworthiness. Let it be granted that you have sinned—as we have, every one of us, constantly and grievously sinned; you are now conscious of it and deplore it, and desire nothing so much as reconciliation with God: forget it then, and think *no more* of it, but turn with an earnest, resolute will to God. Your *actions* are under your command, and the *motives* from which they flow; though the train of your thoughts may not be entirely so. You can only be accountable for what is now *within* your power. Were God no more than simple Justice, He could not reject those who are making every effort to serve Him, whatever their past sins may have been; and if He be, as Scripture assures us, our Heavenly Father, full of loving kindness and tender mercy, not willing that any should perish—then we may be sure, wherever He sees an humble, patient, trusting, striving spirit—He will accept that spirit—although, for some high purpose known only to Himself, it should be doomed for a season to walk in darkness and have no taste of joy; nay, because there is greater faithfulness in serving Him under such circumstances, He has probably a richer blessing in reserve, when the cloud passes away, and the sun breaks forth again! Let me assure you, that I do not *artificially* adapt my words to what I may fancy the wants of your particular case; but that they are my deep, genuine and sincere convictions, of which I have been growing in the belief for years, by which I strive, however imperfectly, to live, and in

which I hope at last to die. You speak of Scripture. Do not distress yourself with particular texts which are often obscure, and when exclusively dwelt on may often have an *untrue* effect on persons in your present state of feeling. The great truth of Scripture lies not in particular texts, but in the spirit of its general message—in those clear and bright statements respecting the character and purposes of the Father, by which we must interpret darker and more difficult passages, and which stand out like illuminated peaks from the mistiness which sometimes rests on the lower level of the narrative, to show the grand direction and tendency of His high providence. There are some golden words in Scripture, which we should treasure in our hearts, and let nothing dark or doubtful take from us: “Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” It is clear from these words that God loves us, before we love Him, and even independently of our loving Him. We have every thing to hope from such a Being, if we only give ourselves up to Him. “We love Him, because He first loved us.” “This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments.” Our Lord Himself says, “If ye love me, keep my commandments.” “If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.” Now we can all keep the commandments, for this depends on our simple will and effort; but the state of our minds and feelings will often be influenced by circumstances which we cannot control. Nevertheless, if we persevere in well-doing, we shall

come to peace at last. Our lives will react on our hearts; and sooner or later the source of happy and kindly feeling, which seemed stopped, will flow again. Let us only be patient and trustful, and bend humbly under the chastening hand of our Father. And how glorious is that assurance of St. Paul! "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," who when the season of trial and suffering which is appointed for us all shall have passed away, are predestinated to the peace and joy which await the faithful and obedient; for again we are assured that "nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ our Lord." If any thing is clear in the New Testament, it is that the love of God, as manifested in and through Christ, is infinite, exhaustless—that the greatest sinner, if he but turn to God, though his will *seem* paralysed, and his heart be cold and dark—by the simple act of turning, *secures* the Divine blessing, and has salvation pledged to him. Even the Old Testament on this topic in many passages most beautifully anticipates the spirit of the New. Just read that delightful 103rd Psalm. Only observe how full it is of the tenderest mercy and love! And to whom is this promised? To such as *keep* his covenant, and to those who remember His commandments to *do* them; requiring, be it observed, not states of mind and frames of feeling, and a perpetual dwelling on our own sinfulness, but simply this—the *forgetting* of ourselves, and the faithful *doing* of that which at every moment is *within* our power to do—the *work*

which God has given us—and the leaving of every thing else to His fatherly justice and mercy. A mother's love faintly expresses the love of God for us. In moments of darkness and despair let us never forget this; let those grand and consolatory words of Isaiah speak peace to our hearts: "Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, *they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.*" And this is the God under whom we live. O faithless hearts! how can we despair! How can we ever let a morbid brooding over our own insignificant weaknesses and imperfections fill us for one moment with doubt in our Heavenly Father's mercy, with the almost impious thought, that the very greatest sins with which it is possible for us to fill the short space of our mortal years could ever outweigh the infinity of His love!—With regard to the penalties of the life to come, they can endure so long only as wilful and deliberate sin endures; or, if perpetuated a moment longer, only to make the final conversion to good more blessed and complete.—Before I conclude, let me entreat you, once more, to seek useful and cheerful occupations; to interest yourself (even if at first it be quite *mechanically*) in your friends and their proceedings; to dismiss all thoughts about your own character and condition; and quietly, humbly and trustfully to put yourself into the hands of God. Where can you be safer or happier? Do not neglect your bodily health. Force yourself to

take air and exercise. With regard to reading, as your mind seems at present over-wrought with attention to moral and spiritual themes,—turn your thoughts to natural science—seek refreshment in the sweetness, the purity, the tranquillity and the grandeur of God's visible works in creation.—Any study, which does not over-tax the powers, pursued steadily and perseveringly, with an aim of excelling in it, is sure to open into some applications of help and benefit to our fellow-creatures, and to raise our thoughts at last to Him, who is the source of all power and beauty and goodness and happiness.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

*Heidelberg ; im Bekker-Müllerschen Hause,
44, Schloss Strasse, July 25th, 1856.*

Here we are comfortably settled for two months, in delightful lodgings close by the castle, high above the town, and commanding from our balcony a magnificent view over the wide plain of the Palatinate towards the mountains of the Haardt and the Vosges, which make a beautiful horizon. I have got my books out, and am thoroughly enjoying rest in the midst of beautiful scenery, with uninterrupted leisure for thought and study. I should esteem it no great misfortune, if some unforeseen necessity should compel me to continue this kind of quiet, contemplative life, for which I fancy I am by nature fitted. And we are

not without pleasant and improving society here ; as I have introductions to several of the Professors, and the Chevalier Bunsen, who is now living in retirement here, has been very kind in his attentions : I spent a very pleasant evening at his house soon after our arrival. I also know old Schlosser, the historian, who is now *emeritus*, having reached the age of eighty, though still full of life and energy. He is acquainted with your brother-in-law, Mr. W. Rathbone, and inquired after him and Mr. Thomas Ashton, when I called on him this afternoon.—I am a little anxious about College affairs just now, and shall be glad if, without giving yourself much trouble, you can now and then during my absence from England favour me with a short account of how things are going on.

I have offered—at the risk of seeming obtrusive—to undertake the New Testament theology, should Mr. Smith* retire—of course, with no increase of salary. This would simplify matters, if the offer in other respects should be approved—of which I am doubtful. There is an excellent Professor of Hebrew in University College ; and if Mr. Kenrick—who has of late years been giving much attention to the Old Testament could be induced, during one term of the session, to read a course of lectures on the history and literature of the Hebrews, I think an arrangement might so be made, that would meet the wants of our students and be satisfactory to the public. From what I observe and

* Dr. Vance Smith, then Professor of Critical and Exegetical Theology, and of Hebrew, in Manchester New College.

can learn—I think Martineau will be most likely at present to maintain and increase his influence both in our own body and with the general public, by confining himself to philosophy. The higher philosophy needs representing by such a mind as his. Something is sure to turn up ere long, which must bring him to London for some clear and urgent reason, which will take from his removal all appearance of risk or adventure. I ardently desire that some change of circumstances would summon either him or you, or, better still—both of you to London. I am certain, there is a field for you. Some change must take place there, or the only earnest religious *life in our body* will be exhibited by zealous * * * doctrinarians : and I am sure, moreover, the elements for such a change exist, and far more widely than is suspected—especially among the young—could only some one appear with the gifts and in the position to develop, combine and express them. —One of the consequences which I most hoped would flow from the removal of our Academy to London—was the bringing of our laymen and our divines into closer intercourse during the period of their College course. And this object I still think of the utmost importance to the future prosperity of our Churches. I must, however, confess with sorrow that not much has yet been done towards this result. It is very difficult to beget the feeling of a perfect harmony of aim and interest between University Hall and Manchester New College, and when it has been produced to prevent its being broken again by some very trifling

circumstance. I foresee difficulties and annoyance in future from this source, which I shall do my best to allay and prevent; but I cannot work impossibilities. My situation has, and must have, I assure you, dear friend, its cares and its responsibilities; but when I undertook it, I undertook it as a duty, and I calculated upon *work*, not on *repose*, and during the years which, if God gives me health and strength, I have proposed in my mind to devote to the College—I will not shirk any exertions, by which I can really promote its interests. I shall feel sufficiently rewarded if, when the time comes which I have marked in my own mind for retirement, I can see that I have brought the vessel through reefs and breakers into deep and quiet waters, to be guided for the future by a firmer and more accomplished hand than my own. Meanwhile, dear friend, you must help and encourage me by your friendly counsel. I hope we are both trying to do God's work, and that ought to be a sufficient motive to proceed cheerfully and with good heart. God bless you and yours. Yours ever affectionately.

TO REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.*

21st February, 1857. 22, Woburn Sq., London.

I have had no account of the proceedings at the Committee yesterday. But I know from Dr.

* Mr. Martineau had consented to become resident in London as Professor of mental, moral and religious Philosophy in Manchester

Sadler with whom I had a long and confidential talk yesterday evening, that a Protest is in course of extensive signature, both here and in the country, to which some very respectable names are attached—against the new arrangements. You may rely upon it, that I will take no step till I have seen you and talked with you. But I confess, I am greatly annoyed and pained to find that so deep a feeling of distrust exists in my views and principles, and of my consequent unsuitableness to the office of Theological Professor. I regret now that I ever accepted the office of Principal, and quitted my useful, honourable, and happy position at Manchester. Those who appointed me sinned with their eyes open; for my opinions were before them—and had been for years—in my published writings. I feel an irresistible inclination to retire from the anxious and responsible situation which I hold, into studious privacy. With the feeling that prevails about my *theology*, I do not see how I can with propriety, and with any comfort to myself, occupy the professorship of Biblical Theology. I think some one should take it, who has the attainments requisite, and who will do his work candidly and impartially—but who has not expressed himself so

New College. Some painful, but short-lived, objection was made by the more conservative friends of the College, under the apprehension that the whole religious teaching of the College, philosophical, critical, and scriptural, would pass too much under the influence of one school of thought. Mr. Tayler, on the resignation of Dr. Vance Smith, had become Professor of Biblical Theology as well as of Ecclesiastical History.

decidedly as I perhaps on some points have done, against the prevalent conceptions of Scripture, and the evidence of religious truths. My duties under the new arrangement will be many and onerous; to discharge them will demand the utmost stress of my faculties, and this under present circumstances, I feel too painfully I could not give. My nature is from its origin sensitive even to weakness; and I cannot work (where a stronger nature perhaps might) when I am conscious of a want of sympathy and confidence. Indeed, it has become to me a deep and serious question, whether in the present divided state of opinion in our body, we ought to persist in a course, though sanctioned by a majority at a Trustee Meeting and in Committee—which must draw after it a pernicious schism. We are too small a body to divide, and with all our differences on minor points we have enough in common still, to make it very desirable we should continue to act together. If I resign Biblical Theology I must resign the Principalship too, for you know how strongly I hold they should go together. I long from my inmost soul for peace and freedom. All this to yourself alone. I will *do* nothing till I see you, but the thing must be deeply and impartially weighed.

March 1st, 1857.

I had a kind visit from Mr. Madge* the other day, to explain why he signed the Protest. He spoke very

* The Rev. Thomas Madge, then Minister of Essex Street Chapel, London: died 1870.

kindly of you personally, though he disapproved much some things which you had written. My belief is that he will give you a kindly welcome. I tried to convince him, and to some extent I believe I succeeded, that your coming to London would prove in its results a conservative measure; and that it would certainly be the object of our combined influence not to excite, but to allay and sober, and guide to solid conviction and practical usefulness, the passion for speculation in young heads. I have seen the Protest with its signatures. It pains me exceedingly. I can only hope that Providence is working out its own high purpose through our anxiety and suffering, and that we have not mistaken, however sincerely, the path of duty. When you feel depressed, dear friend, I must refer you to your own beautiful hymn, 319,* "Thy way is in the deep, O Lord." In many sad moments of the last few weeks I have recurred to it again and again, and found the strength and comfort I wanted.

P.S.—Do consider what I have written. Can we carry on the College, even *materially*, with a *divided* support? Be assured there is no sacrifice that I would not gladly make to heal the breach. Write to me soon.

P.S. Monday Morning.—I have considered the Protest again. I am alarmed by its weight and its extent. I cannot help asking the question,—Is it right for us to persist in a course which must probably

* Of 'Hymns for the Christian Church at Home: collected and edited by James Martineau.'

lead to a serious and lasting schism in our body? I find names there, that I did not expect to see; and many, I am told, think with the signers, who have not signed it themselves. Would it be right for us, under the circumstances, to refer ourselves once more entirely to the Committee, and ask whether with the strong feeling of opposition now manifested to their proceedings, they would wish to adopt any modification of them with a view to rectify and prevent, if possible, the breach that seems impending? I wish from the bottom of my heart, I were at liberty to resign.

22, Woburn Square, March 3rd, 1857.

Do not let the postscript of my letter, written under great depression of spirits and deep anxiety the other day, disturb you. My fortunes are now bound up with yours, and I will not separate myself from you, whatever mental anguish I may temporarily experience. If God has given me a work to do, I will strive to do it, firmly and bravely, though it may cost my weak and sensitive and too sympathising temper much. I have no one here with whom I can exchange confidential counsel, except Sadler, and I do not see him often.—I received a copy of the Protest from, accompanied by an earnest request that I would go back to my original position in the College.—I told him in reply, that I could take no independent move in this direction without dishonourably compro-

missing those with whom I am now associated ; that I was in the hands of the Committee from whom I received my appointment, and must do the work which they had committed to me ; that in the present state of our body unanimity was out of the question, and that I had no choice but to abide by the decision of a majority : that I should strive to fulfil my duties, whatever they might be, with the best exertion of the faculties which God has bestowed on me, with a single eye to truth on *all* its sides, and with a constant endeavour to infuse a spirit of seriousness and piety into the minds placed under my influence. This was right. Was it not ?—His letter to me was personally kind and courteous ; but I suggested to him that it was useless to prolong our correspondence on this subject, and that, for the present at least, our intercourse had better relate to other topics.

TO BARON BUNSEN.

22, Woburn Square, London, March 21st, 1857.

I take the liberty of asking your advice and assistance in a matter, where I believe your knowledge and experience may be of great service. By a change which is about to be made in the Institution of which I am the Principal, at the close of the present Session, the whole of the instruction, with the exception of one department, will be divided between myself and my colleague, Mr. Martineau ; Biblical Theology with Ecclesiastical History being assigned to myself ; Men-

tal, Moral and Religious Philosophy being allotted to Mr. Martineau. This arrangement will render necessary the services of some accomplished Orientalist to teach thoroughly, and with all the resources of the most recent scholarship, Hebrew and the cognate dialects of Chaldee and Syriac. We naturally look to your learned country as the quarter from which help may most readily be obtained, especially as we should be glad to procure for our students through the same individual, besides instruction in Hebrew, &c., some instruction also in German.—It has occurred to us, that such a situation might not be unacceptable to many a young man of learning and ability, as he would be introduced at once into respectable literary connections, would be secure of an income to a certain amount,* and have a considerable residue of leisure which he might occupy very profitably. It would of course be necessary that he should possess such a command of English, as would enable him to teach perspicuously. Could you, dear Sir, in your ample range of literary acquaintance, recommend to us any such person? You know what we are, and could therefore describe better than most men the situation which has to be filled. We want, first and before all things, a thorough philologist and a good teacher.—I have myself sufficient knowledge of Hebrew to answer my own theological purposes, but not enough to teach it as it ought now to be taught. My business

* One hundred pounds for ten hours per week through a session of nine months.

will be with the New Testament and the Septuagint Greek. But we wish in our Hebrew teacher something more than a *mere* philologist; for, though he would not have to teach *theology*, we should still think it an advantage that he had gone through a theological training, so as to have sympathy with us in our theological objects. In one word, we should wish him to be a man of a *religious* cast of mind, who would read the Law and the Prophets and the Psalms with his pupils in a religious spirit. You will understand, therefore, that we wish, if possible, to associate with us in this work, some one who is not of the extreme rationalistic school of Strauss or Baur or Vatke, nor yet of the narrow, reactionary school of Hengstenberg—but some one whose views of Scripture resemble those which you have yourself put forth in your recent volume, and which are entertained, I believe, by such men as Bleek and Umbreit. The latter gentleman I only know by name; but Professor Bleek is an old friend, and to him I have already written on this subject. I believe I have now fully stated the qualifications which we are in search of, and the remuneration and prospects which we can hold out. If you can suggest to us any such person, or put us on the right track for finding one either at Heidelberg or Halle or Berlin, you will add another, dear Sir, to the many obligations by which I am already bound to you.

Let me take this opportunity of thanking you very sincerely for your last work, ‘Gott in der Geschichte,’ a copy of which was forwarded to me by your publisher.

I have read it with much interest, and a hearty sympathy with its spirit and object; though it contains some positions, as for instance, the large share assigned to Baruch in the authorship of certain parts of the Old Testament, of the soundness of which I am not perfectly convinced. But I express my dissent from you with real diffidence.—You have probably heard, that the opinions which Dr. Davison ventured to express on the age and authorship of the Pentateuch, were submitted to the investigation of a Committee. He was acquitted of heresy by a large majority, with an admonition, however, to be more *cautious* in future.

My wife and daughter and sister in law desire to unite with me in kind remembrances to Madame Bunsen and your family, and in most respectful regards to yourself. We shall not soon forget the pleasant evenings that we spent at Charlottenberg.* May God spare you long, dear Sir, in health and strength to serve the interests of truth, liberty and progress, in the greatest of all causes—the cause of humanity and God!

TO REV. B. CARPENTER.

22, Woburn Square, London, April 7th, 1857.

If the fourth Sunday in May will suit you (the 24th day of the month) I shall be happy to preach for your Day Schools. If I can manage it, I will try to spend the *whole* of the preceding Saturday with you. A quiet walk on the fresh green banks of the dear old

* Near Heidelberg.

Trent will do much to soothe and tranquillise me. I sigh for such peaceful influences. Few can tell what anxieties I have had for nearly the last twelve months. My whole vacation at Heidelberg was darkened by them ; for I foresaw from the first what an important issue was at stake. I am sorry to say, recent experiences have not increased my reverence for the real Catholicism and freedom of spirit in our little body. We talk more than we do.

With regard to the ensuing Meeting of Trustees,* I regret that it should have been called, and have kept quite aloof from any measures for promoting it. I thought it would be best to accept the decision and arrangements of the Committee as final, and to proceed by earnest, faithful working to show how groundless were the fears of the objectors, and so let the Protest, having done its work, die a natural death. But I can understand Mr. Martineau's feelings, and sympathise with them. My case is somewhat different from his ; though from my known theological position, I am as much an object of distrust on some points as he. The Meeting of Trustees must, however, now be dealt with as a *fact*.—It is clear, that we who are appointed Professors under the present arrangement, cannot do our work effectively and trustfully unless we are *powerfully* and *largely* supported from without. What is needed, is a *large and decided*

* A Meeting of the Trustees of Manchester New College, called to determine what weight attached to a Protest against Professorial appointments made by the College Committee, under powers committed to it by the Trustees. The Trustees sustained the appointments.

majority on one side or the other, expressive distinctly of *confidence* or *want of confidence*. If the former be given, I have little doubt the scheme will work well—will prove in its results essentially a *conservative* scheme, and in the course of a year will live down and confute the groundless hostility which exists. If we do not possess the confidence of the public, that should be known; and of course, if a vote is given to that effect, I have nothing left for me but to resign my office into the hands of the Committee, and retire from a post for which I am pronounced unfit. Such a result, though it would a little interfere with plans which I have marked out for myself for a few years more, would not bring with it, I must confess, any very deep personal regret. I could still live on my little property in a quiet, simple way; and sick and weary as I am of the strifes and jealousies of a petty sectarian existence, I should not be sorry to devote the remnant of my days to the peace and freedom of a studious but not inactive retirement.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Woburn Square, Sunday Evening.

You shall have a few lines from me, if only to show that I do sometimes write when I am not obliged. You must not take my silence as a proof that you are not constantly in my mind. Letter writing is like common talking, it constantly turns on things that

interest us least—those weary common-places of life which lie on the surface of our existence, and must be dealt with ; while the things in which our affection and interest centre, lie deep and unspoken within us. You are never absent from us long, my dearest child, but my mind continually reverts to you and the associated image of your beloved brother—and the hope springs up vividly within me, that there certainly will come a time when we shall all, mother and father and children, be together again, purer and nobler we will hope, and therefore happier, than we ever were in our happiest days on earth. Your dear mother has been playing this evening some beautiful airs which brought back to me our old Manchester evenings ; and I felt cheered and comforted as I listened to them. It was an unspeakable delight to me to see old Manchester faces again, and to speak to old friends on old themes, from the old place ; I felt it peculiarly so this Christmas, notwithstanding all the anxiety I felt about College matters ; all our friends were so kind—especially the dear old German circle, which you and I both love. But I must not fill my small space with sentimentalising—though it is very pleasant to give way to it now and then on such themes.

We had not a very large audience at the Hall,* this morning ; the day was miserably cold and wet. We missed Miss Pilkington and Miss Martineau, who are gone to Weybridge. But Lady Clarke and Miss John-

* Mr. Tayler on fixed Sundays in each month, conducted a religious service at University Hall.

ston were faithful as ever, and poor Mrs. J. Lawford, with her husband and three children were present, looking amidst all her sorrows and anxieties the very picture of sweetness and goodness.

I heard of the result of the College Meeting, first from Mr. E. Enfield, and then from Mr. Shaen; and last night our good old friend, Mr. Robinson, came in on purpose to tell me all about it. He like every one else was charmed with . . . 's speech. Mr. Shaen was quite struck by it, as really belonging to the higher order of eloquence.—I am still anxious about the final result, notwithstanding the strong expression of public feeling, and the very large majority on what I consider the right side—some people's prejudices are so difficult to overcome—and some who are without them, are so fearful of committing themselves.

TO REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

Belle Vue, bei Kiel, Holstein, Aug. 10th, 1857.

Nearly a month of my vacation has now elapsed, and I feel a great longing to write to you. I have got into still waters; the clouds of suspense and anxiety which the last months had gathered over me, are beginning to disperse; I seem to see my way more clearly into the future, and every day I feel more and more the quickening sunshine of quiet steadfast thought and a hopeful spirit. . . . The villages and the habits of the peasantry, and even the residences of

the gentry (which are numerous and kept up by the prevalence of the right of primogeniture) are like what I suppose those of England must have been, a hundred and fifty, or two hundred years ago. There is a charming air of quiet over the whole country, which contrasts very agreeably with the feverish bustle and perpetual noise of London. : . . . But the great beauty of the neighbourhood consists in the remains of the magnificent beechwoods, which are indigenous in this part of Europe. The smooth grey trunks standing out from a deep background of verdant shade, and the sunlight falling on the broad masses of horizontal foliage, furnish delicious specimens of sylvan beauty, varying at different times of the day, but always equally lovely. I hardly knew before, that *mere wood* had such picturesque capability. We walk under the shade of trees all the way from this place to Kiel, with the waters of the bay glistening through them at intervals.—But I must turn to the future in which, you and I, dear friend, have now so deep a common interest, instead of lingering on the present which will soon pass. First of all, I must express to you my deep satisfaction at Russell's* appointment to the office of "Lecturer on the Hebrew Language and Literature." Uncertainty about the filling up of this appointment kept me very anxious during the latter part of last session. I could not have felt quite comfortable to have this important

* Russell Martineau, son of Rev. James Martineau, Professor of the Hebrew Language and Literature in Manchester New College, London.

place filled by a stranger—one who had no knowledge of, and no sympathy with, the higher aims of our Institution. I now feel certain, that its duties will be discharged not only with conscientious thoroughness, but with that enthusiasm for their special object, which is one of the most needful conditions of successful teaching; and knowing what efficient support I shall have here, and how cordially all my wishes to infuse a spirit of enlightened and earnest biblical study into the minds of our young men, will be seconded by your son, I shall be able to give myself up with more entire devotedness to the Greek element of biblical philology—especially to the New Testament, with Hebrew as a substratum of constant reference.

My time has not been idly spent since I have been here. I am at work all the morning, till dinner, and sometimes part of the afternoon or evening too. Among other things I am reading through, with much interest and profit, the last editions of Ewald's *Hebraische Sprachlehre*, and Winer's *Gramm. des Neuen Testam.* The last I already knew in an earlier edition. I have also re-arranged the materials which I already had, with considerable additions now first written, for the Course on the "Truths and Evidences of Christianity." In its original form of "Doctrinal and Practical Theology," this Course had embraced the questions of Natural Theology—as the existence, providence and attributes of God, etc.; but all these questions I shall now leave to you, as embraced in

your Course on the "Truths and Evidences of Natural Religion." We should, however, if possible, so arrange our Courses, that they may supplement and complete each other. In my Course, I begin with Christianity as something now actually existing among men—a concrete reality—a spiritual fact; and endeavour by the analysis of it in its various forms to ascertain its constituent principles, and their relation to the spiritual wants and capacities of the human soul: this leads me to the consideration of the general principle of religion in man's nature, and so I am brought to the verge of your department. Here I shall refer my class to you; and I presume, I shall be found agreeing with you in the general view of the subject, when I assume that the elements of religious feeling and belief are deposited in us from the first among the original constituents of our being, and grow up in intimate association with the development of the moral sentiment, and therefore, though they can be tested and verified, and brought into harmony with practical experience, they cannot in any sense be originated by the logical faculty. I take this view as the ground of the only true distinction of Natural and Revealed Religion. . . . I want neither to interfere with you, nor perplex our students with too much matter, but to assist your philosophy by my history.

My dear friend, a difficult and responsible task lies before us. We possess, I believe, generally the confidence of the young and of the large hearted, but we shall be watched with no friendly eyes in many quar-

ters, and some really good men are distrustful of us. What have we to do but to throw ourselves on the support of the God of Truth and Holiness, and resolve to do the work to which He has called us with reverence and honesty ! It is a joy to me that I have you for my colleague and helper in this work, because I am sure you believe with me that pure and spiritual Christianity, cleansing and animating the whole inward life of man, is the only means of rescuing our actual civilization from the corruption of debasing selfishness and carnality,—and that *our* Churches, small and unimportant as they may now seem, from their historical antecedents, and their social position and free constitution, possess latent means and opportunities of spiritual influence which they have never yet developed, and which we, as directors of the education of their future ministers, must look forward to the prospect of calling into deep and steady operation. We must strive to be at once earnest and conciliatory ; reverent and free ; conservative of all that was good in the past, and welcoming all the new good that is coming to us with the future : and this spirit we must strive to put into our young men—making them modest, ingenuous, noble-minded, and self-devoted. If I can live and work long enough to see only the commencement of such a state of things, I shall be fully rewarded for all my labours and anxieties.*

* To a plan of work for Session, 1857-8, drawn up at Kiel, are added these words of self-dedication : “ I feel the weight and responsibility of the work which I have undertaken ; but I also feel its sanctity and its

TO REV. JOHN KENRICK.

Belle Vue, bei Kiel, Holstein, August 23rd, 1857.

* * * We are occupying a pleasant garden-house belonging to the hotel at Dürsternbrook, about a mile and a half from Kiel. We command a very fine view of the bay, and the air is delightfully pure and exhilarating.—It is surprising what a little seems to afford people enjoyment here. It is really pleasant on Sunday afternoons—though it might shock our rigid Sabbatarian ideas, to see persons of various ranks, without offence or pretension, sitting quietly with their wives and children under the shade of trees, listening to the music, and content with a cup of coffee or a glass of Kiel beer. Since we have been

blessedness, and the most earnest desire (God is my witness) to discharge it faithfully and effectually. May He ‘from whom all good counsels and just works do proceed’—‘without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy,’—give me strength and grace equal to my needs!—Before Him I humbly purpose to confine myself to this work, which is now properly my own, and with only such admission of other literature as may be needed for mental refreshment and relief—not to allow myself to be diverted by incompatible objects, however attractive and however strongly forced upon me, from the one great work to which, if health be granted me, I desire to dedicate unreservedly and with the full concentration of all my powers, the six ensuing years of my life. If after that, God shall permit me to retire into comparative leisure and repose, I shall feel, that I have in some degree earned and won the rest and quiet of age. In the meanwhile, with God’s blessing, I will keep this great work, (the training of men to be able, learned and faithful ministers of the New Testament), ever before me as assigned me by God,—exercise a firm and quiet control over all tastes and inclinations that would prove injurious to it,—and say *No* to every consideration, however specious, that would allure me from it.” ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου, γεινηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου. J. J. T. Kiel, September 17, 1857.

here, I have not seen a single person intoxicated in the gardens. The only examples of excess that I have noticed were in Kiel itself, chiefly among the sailors of some Russian ships of war recently lying in the bay, who certainly seemed very much disposed to enjoy themselves in that way. I am sorry to add that our fleet has left very vivid recollections behind it in this respect—the officers as well as the men. The conduct of the French, I am told, was in this particular very superior. It was almost dangerous to walk in the streets in the evening, especially for ladies, when our sailors issued drunk from the *Wirthshäuser*. An old boatman who occasionally takes us excursions in the bay, tells wonderful stories of the convivial achievements of our officers—how he had sometimes to carry them on his back into the boat. They were very popular with him, nevertheless, for they spent their money freely, though he was astonished how they could bear so much rum and water.—We have seen nothing of our “Landsleute” since we came to Kiel, with the exception of one family who have occupied part of our house—the wife, children, and mother-in-law of the English clergyman attached to the Court of Hanover—pleasant, friendly people, with whom we have taken many excursions by water together, but very orthodox and rather aristocratical in their views of life and manners. All our other acquaintances are exclusively German. Danes indeed we see, for Danish troops are quartered here, but we have no intercourse with them; for the Danes and Holsteiners hate and shun

each other. The shores of the bay of Kiel are tame and low though finely wooded, in many parts down to the water's edge; but the bay itself is beautiful, and has all the character of a vast inland lake. Its mouth is so narrow, that the opposite tongues of land seem in the distance almost to touch each other; but its bed is so deep that ships of the largest size can come up almost to the town. If the entrance were strongly fortified, as it was before the late war between Holstein and Denmark, it must be quite secure from hostile approach by sea; but the Danes, from fear of the Holsteiners, have destroyed the fortifications on both sides.—The country bears considerable resemblance to the midland parts of England, diversified with corn land and pasture, divided by hedges, and enriched at intervals with fine woods encircling some old family seat.—One district originally colonised by the Dutch, is remarkable for the wealth and family pride of its inhabitants, the female portion of whom still retain their ancient and picturesque costume. They are a fine race, and we see them sometimes on Sunday afternoons—the broad masses of red and blue in their native attire, contrasting grotesquely with the modern dresses of the ladies of Kiel.

Through the kindness of friends I have had several introductions to persons in Kiel; among them to some professors and clergymen. The University of Kiel has suffered in consequence of the late war. The enforcement of the use of the Danish language in the schools, churches, and law courts of Northern Sleswick, sends

many students who formerly resorted to it to Copenhagen. Its numbers during the semester just closed did not exceed two hundred and fifty, those in the theological faculty only about twenty-five. Notwithstanding this, it has the usual German allowance of professors, ordinary and extraordinary, besides *privat-docenten*; among them there are not at this time any men of very remarkable eminence. Curtius, I believe, has considerable reputation as a Greek philologist; but I am not acquainted with any of his works. You may perhaps know the name of Forchhammer; his special department is ancient geography. I brought a letter of introduction to him, and found him very obliging and polite. I was sorry, therefore, that his appointment to represent his own University, with another professor, at the 200th anniversary of the Catholic University of Freyberg, took him from Kiel little more than a week after my arrival; and I am afraid he will hardly return before we leave. Forchhammer has travelled much in Greece, particularly in the interior of the Morea—the ancient Arcadia and Laconia, which are not in general visited. He says, the cultivators of the soil in this part of Greece are a fine, intelligent race, very kind and hospitable to strangers, not at all superstitious, and quite disposed to entertain Protestant views of Christianity. He says the *Greek* section of the Greek church which is now governed by a synod of its own, and is quite independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople, is very superior in knowledge and enlightenment to the

Russian branch. Some of its priests are very well-educated men, and have gone through a regular University training. Forchhammer surveyed the plains of Troy in conjunction with Lieutenant Spratt, who was authorised by our Admiralty to give him every assistance; they have published a map of the Troad in their joint names. I “hospitierte” at one of Forchhammer’s *vorlesungen* on Greek geography. It was on the coasts of Corinth and Argos. His class consisted of six or seven future *philologues*. The lecture was conducted in a conversational and informal way, but he made it interesting by his evident fulness of information. He threw on the table a portion of the large map which the French *savans* have published of Greece—and leaning over it amidst the projecting heads of his pupils, directed their attention to the principal points with his finger, and a copious flow of extemporaneous commentary. He gave an explanation of the celebrated “Treasury of Atreus” which was to me new, though I dare say it is not to you. He supposed it to have been a reservoir, for the purpose of keeping water fresh and cool during the summer months, answering a purpose of luxury somewhat analogous to our modern ice-houses. He said he could still discover the traces of aqueducts connected with it, and remarked that in the later Greek writers—I think he mentioned Procopius, examples occur of the use of *θησαυρός* in the sense of reservoir. From a monograph with which he presented me, on the subject of “Achilles,” I suspect that Forchhammer,

though learned and ingenious is very fanciful. In this paper he attempts to explain the whole story of the Iliad as a mythic representation of the physical features—rains, rivers, swamps, etc. of the plain of Troy. He adduces some curious instances of the connexion of the name of Achilles with the mouths of rivers: but whatever may be the ultimate resolution of the mythology of the Iliad, common sense surely dictates, that the tale of Troy was believed in as actual history at the time of the composition of the poem.—I have also made acquaintance with Madme. Hensler, the correspondent of Niebuhr to whom many of his letters are addressed, and the sister of his first wife. She is a fine, intelligent old lady, upwards of eighty, who talks remarkably well and is full of curious anecdote relative to the political and literary world of Germany fifty years ago. The Holstein clergy—particularly those who were most active in the late war on the German side—are generally orthodox in their theology and conservative in their politics. I am acquainted, however, with a very liberal and amiable man, one of the professors of theology, and preacher in the “Heilige geist Kirche,” Dr. Lüdermann, who belongs to the party of progress and freedom, and is a great admirer of the writings of Channing. Channing’s writings are increasingly read; as also those of Theodore Parker, some of which have been translated into German by the recent head pastor of Kiel, who was compelled to resign his place after the war, and is now settled in Bremenhafen.—I have left no room to

tell you about my own studies, which are pursued very diligently every morning till dinner. I have been able to get books from the University Library, which have been very serviceable to me.

TO BARON BUNSEN.

Belle Vue, Kiel, Holstein, Aug. 28th, 1857.

I take the liberty of sending you these few lines by a valued friend of mine, the Rev. G. V. Smith, recently professor of Theology in Manchester New College, London, but now residing with his family in Stuttgart, where he is still engaged in biblical pursuits. Mr. Smith is the author of a work just published, the subject of which will probably interest you. It contains a translation of all those parts of the Old Testament, arranged with relation to each other, which treat of or describe ancient Nineveh, illustrated by an introduction and commentary, giving an account of the recent discoveries on the site of that ancient capital. As I have been in constant intercourse with Mr. Smith during the progress of his work, I have little doubt that it will be found to have been executed in a thorough and scholarly way; although, owing to its having been published since I left England, I have not yet seen the work itself.

Allow me to thank you once more very sincerely for the trouble you took in answering my inquiries respecting a Hebrew teacher. In accordance with

the combined and strong recommendations of Ewald and Sauerwein, an accomplished young Hebraist, a son* of Mr. Martineau, has been appointed. He is a pupil of Ewald's, and has already considerable acquaintance with several Oriental languages, besides Hebrew.

TO REV. C. CORKRAN.†

22, Woburn Square, Sunday morning, Oct. 18th, 1857.

Our young men seem to like to attach themselves to your Mission-station. I hope you will find employment for them both in your own particular sphere, and in the now vacant sphere of our friend Mr. Vidler. The Seniors will, I have no doubt, be glad to help you on an evening in the weekdays. I am most anxious, that scholastic habits, and ideas inevitably acquired in going through a long Academic course (indispensable as I hold such a course to be), should be qualified and counteracted by frequent contact with the *realities* of our living world, and that young men destined for the ministry should acquire the power of speaking *extempore* clearly, simply and intelligibly, at the same time forcibly and affectionately, to the minds of the young and the uneducated. The Session before last I suggested to the Theological Students, and we commenced, a monthly conference,

* Professor Russell Martineau.

† Minister to the Poor, London.

in which the questions which exercise young men's minds and sometimes harass them with difficulties and doubts—both speculative and practical—might be freely and at the same time earnestly and reverentially discussed in the presence of their Tutor. I think some good came of this; but the discussion took too much a conversational character; we were too few to inspire the earnestness and animation of vigorous debate, and moreover, were perhaps all too much of one cast of thought to get a sufficiently wide and many-sided view of the different questions brought before us. I much wish to resume something of the same kind; but I should be glad to carry it beyond the limits of our own boundary, and engage some more practical and experienced minds—minds that are largely versed in the *social realities* of the world, to join us in it. My object is this—I want to prepare our young men for handling *practically* some of the religious and social questions which must come before them, when they enter the ministry; I wish them to acquire the power of speaking upon such questions clearly and correctly *extempore*, or rather without any thing written before them. Any one who would do wide good in this day must possess this power; and if he is besides a well-educated well-disciplined scholar, so much the better. But I am afraid common debating-societies merely give, when they succeed at all, a certain glibness of talk, without anything higher. What I want is to get up occasionally *grave* and *earnest* discussions on questions of real importance—questions that must come before us in the world—

questions where the scholar and the man of experience might both contribute something to elucidate them ; and so the two spheres of *learning* and *practice* not be kept so wide apart as they often are. I have talked to my colleague, Mr. Martineau, on this subject, and he enters cordially into my views. Could you help us in it, my dear Sir ? Your presence in London has always been a great comfort to me. I hope in different ways we are doing something to promote the same good work, and in every thing which should bring us into clearer consciousness and recognition of each other's work I should greatly rejoice. To be more explicit :—Do you think during this ensuing winter and spring you could join Mr. Martineau and myself in conducting (we might take the chair in turns) a *monthly* discussion on some of those grave, moral, and social questions which are now so deeply exercising the minds of all serious men—in which *all* our Theological Students should be expected to take part, and any other earnest young men whom we could get to join us—on the sole condition that those who take part in the discussion should have previously thought on the subject, and should express their opinion respecting it *without writing* ?

I would mention, as a specimen, such subjects as these—‘What is the cause of the present alienation of the working classes from the public services of religion ?’—‘On the best mode of communicating elementary religious instruction to the young :’ ‘On the organization of Sunday-Schools :’ ‘On modifications in the forms and agencies of the Christian

Church to meet the present wants of society :’ ‘On the best mode of teaching the people the truths of a *historical* religion like Christianity, so as to make them *feel* the application of its precepts and examples to their *present wants* :’ ‘How Christian *learning* may be best made subservient to this end ?’ ‘How the religious doubts of the intelligent and moral of the working class may be best encountered ?’ ‘How spiritual deadness may be best overcome ?’—I merely give these as specimens of the kind of subjects I should like to have earnestly discussed. Unless we feel the *importance* of them, and see that we are likely to get clearer and more practical ideas by discussing them—there will be little use in discussing them at all. All good popular speaking must be *earnest* and grapple with something *real*.—Oblige me by turning this matter over in your mind ; and give me your thoughts respecting it. I should wish to do nothing precipitately : but there is a great work to be done in the world, and I wish to increase in every way the means of doing it, and to render those means as effectual as possible.

TO REV. B. CARPENTER.

22, Woburn Square, London, Dec. 2nd, 1857.

I will gladly take the services which you request, on Christmas-day and the following Sunday. On January the 3rd, I shall by long standing agreement, be in my old pulpit in Upper Brook Street. A

quiet week with you at Nottingham, especially if we have time and weather for a few of my favourite old walks will be very refreshing to me; for I am hard worked, though not without the interest and delight in my pursuits which lessens all labours. Internally the College is going on very well; the young men are earnest and industrious; and all the classes are working satisfactorily; nor have I any doubt, that we could ultimately produce some good results, if people would only leave us alone, and give the thing a fair trial. But very antagonistic tendencies are at work in our body. I fear it will be impossible to reconcile them. They are brought out most strikingly in three * * * sermons which Thom has just preached and printed on resuming his pastoral charge at Liverpool, and in a speech which Dr. Montgomery delivered last spring in Ireland, and has just published with introduction and notes. I cannot conceive anything more radically different than the two publications.—What you think of Dr. Montgomery, I must leave you to say, when I see you. That he is clever, powerful and amusing, no one can dispute; but as for higher and nobler qualities—*sit silentium*.

TO REV. JOSEPH HENRY HUTTON.

Feb. 22nd, 1858.

* * * I was not aware, when we talked together at Manchester, that you were harassed by any mental doubts and uncertainties. This is a trial which all must go through, some time or other, who search for

truth with any earnestness, and wish to appropriate it as something personal. I have had that visitation myself years ago ; and though on all fundamental points my mind is at length finally made up, yet there are times even now, when I wish I could see the whole truth more clearly. God grant you a happy and satisfactory issue out of this trial ! One thing, I confess, I am not quite able to understand—how you should feel the final alternative lies between the views of Mr. Maurice, and those of F. Newman. The former of these I hold to be a truly excellent and earnest man ; but his heart seems to me better than his head. I have read one or two of his books, and while I could not but sympathise with the pure and fervent spiritual feeling pervading them, like sunshine gleaming through the clouds—yet I could never, I confess, catch a clear and distinct view of their fundamental views—nor do I ever remember to have read an author who seemed to me to abound more in *half* truths—glimpses of great principles—cut short in their natural development and application, and ingeniously dovetailed into innumerable odds and ends of ecclesiastical doctrine. If there be logical consistency in his system, it is simply in carrying out to its legitimate consequences the Philonian doctrine of the Logos, as the real practical deity of this human world ; and it must, I presume, be this show of consequentiality that has given him such a hold on minds that appear to me—as for instance your brother Richard’s—very superior to his own. I think I can see what the writings of John and the

fathers formed in his school, meant to express under the *form* of the Philonian doctrine—and I recognise in it a grand and consolatory truth—that God manifests himself to our world through our humanity and so admits us, through sympathy with Christ, into direct communion with Himself; but though that truth may have been first distinctly expressed through the Philonian form, I do not see why we are bound to keep it for ever in that form, which is plainly borrowed from a corrupted Platonism, and which if admitted to its full extent must make the Son the real God of Christians, and reduce the Father to the place which he held in the Gnostic systems, as the unknown God.—Newman is a man whom I love and honour from my heart for the singular purity and uprightness of his nature, and on his own basis of simple theism, I have rarely met with a more sincerely and consistently religious man; but I cannot abjure *history* (as he seems to do) in my religion. Feeling as I do now, I could not be happy without some *concrete realisation* of human religiousness—human harmony with God—in such a life as that of Christ, to look up to and rest upon—in my own conscious weakness and liability to aberration—in those rich records of the *past* which furnish us with the clearest interpretation of the *future*. If you feel, as I confess I do, that Christ's is the purest embodiment the world has yet seen of a life in God—without which, feeble as its influence yet is, compared with its intrinsic worth, the world would be meaner and viler than it is—you cannot, I think, but find, in that simple fact of

history, a ground for faith—for *sympathy with and trust* in Christ—which could not be strengthened (so I feel) by adding to it all the dogmas which Philo has infused into the Church, or by taking to the literal truth all the assertions which ecclesiastical doctors have deduced from certain phrases of Scripture, of the *absolute Deity* of Christ in knowledge and power—even as this same fact of the utterance of true religion in the life and word of Christ, kept distinctly before my mind, in conjunction with my own sense of spiritual weakness, must prevent me from letting Christ slip down to the level of an ordinary man—merely wise and good in his generation, because, as Newman (F. W.) contends, he did not talk sound political economy, and because he could not, while an intellectual dwarf, be a moral and spiritual giant. I would join issue with my excellent friend on this point, and am prepared to maintain that one of the conditions of Christ's being a great reformer in his own age, and a moral exemplar and spiritual guide to all ages, was that in matters which depend on the *scientific reason*, he should in no way be distinguished above the ordinary wearers of our humanity.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

22, Woburn Square, London, Jan. 11th, 1858.

You will see by the announcement of the Annual Meeting of Trustees, notice of a motion for rescinding

Mr. Field's two resolutions.* This would virtually be a reversal of the broad principle on which from time immemorial the College has been founded, and an upsetting of the whole ground taken in Lady Hewley's case and the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, and upon which we defended, and still *alone* hold all our trusts and endowments. I do hope, dear friend, you will maturely weigh, and carry out into all its consequences, the momentous bearing of this movement, that you may be fully prepared to meet it in the way *** and which I am sure will be required to prevent a mischievous antagonism of feeling.—The ground taken by our opponents will, I foresee, be this: that injustice is done to a respectable minority of our body, by failure to represent their peculiar views in the present teaching of the College. The reply to this seems to me fourfold: (1.) That competency of attainment and integrity of principle, with capacity to teach, have ever been the sole qualifications, within the limits of a Christian profession, looked to in filling the offices of our Institution; and to resort now to a narrower ground of choice, implies a distrust of and shrinking from the consequences of free inquiry, which may have the effect of excluding from appointments some of the most competent men. (2.) If the representation of different types of opinion be insisted on as essential to

* To the effect that Theology should be taught scientifically not authoritatively; and that adequate knowledge, competency to teach, with the power and the will to do full justice to various views, were the only legitimate points of inquiry as to the qualifications of Theological Professors.

the fair teaching of any science which is living and progressive, see what the consequences are to which it must necessarily lead. As science advances, while *fundamental* religious trusts and convictions not only remain unchanged but become deepened and strengthened, varieties of *opinion*, dogmatic forms of thought, will unavoidably increase, and in direct proportion to the fervour and earnestness of the spirit brought into the field of inquiry; and therefore in time, if the principle is to be consistently carried out, we shall require not two or three, not four or five, or even a dozen representatives of various opinions: and how could the resources even of Oxford and Cambridge, to say nothing of a small and poorly endowed Institution like ours, sustain such a provision as this? In teaching Chemistry, will it be argued that it is necessary, that the different theories of Berzelius, Dalton, Liebig, Dumas and Bunsen, must all have their representatives—in order to initiate young men properly into the *facts*, and set before them the great and as yet *unsolved* problems of the science? So viewed, a complete *reductio ad absurdum* may be brought home to our friends on the other side.—What is wanted is zeal and fidelity in the teacher, and the power of kindling interest and the love of truth in his pupils. This is only to be effected by candour combined with earnestness—not by the *soulless neutrality* which some insist on as essential to a teacher. (3.) We have historical precedent on our side: one of the most learned and venerated of our old and still surviving ministers, to

whom for the best part of half a century was confided the *sole* Theological teaching of our young divines, with the respect of *all* our body—the excellent Mr. Wellbeloved—held opinions respecting the Kingdom of Christ, the authority of prophecy, and the value of natural religion which, I will venture to affirm, were more at variance with the generally received views of his contemporaries among Unitarians, than any which are held by what is called the New school differ now from those of the Old. Indeed I regret altogether the introduction of this recent distinction. The Old and the New schools fade off by imperceptible gradations into each other ; and if we would be complete and exact in our classifications we must recognise not two schools, but many. (4.) This movement must prove in its results, though I am sure not intended to do so by its promoters—hostile to real theological progress and true freedom of inquiry—nay, even injurious to the very type of opinion which, it is argued, has been neglected and passed over. Set a man who is known to hold certain opinions, to *teach* ; and unless he crushes at once the inquiries of his pupils, the natural and even healthy antagonism of young and ardent minds, will dispose them freely to canvass those opinions, and secure their full, if not more than their full, weight to views on the opposite side : and this not from any disrespect towards, or distrust in, their teacher. Every teacher's experience will confirm this observation. If my desire were, not truth and healthy rational progress, but the rapid extension, and exclusive predomi-

nance, of views in which I am supposed to be strongly interested,—I should wish nothing more than the appointment of a person holding *rigidly* opinions the opposite of my own; for if there were a suspicion in the minds of students that he had been placed where he was to check the diffusion of different principles, that feeling, combined with influences diffused everywhere through the present mental atmosphere—would probably lead to consequences that might startle and annoy the most reasonable and patient, and which I should myself sincerely deprecate.—I do not speak without considerable observation of the present tendency of young men's minds. The service of truth and freedom, dearest friend, is not an easy one. But Providence sends its compensations. What a happiness it is to have such an associate and ally as yourself. Ever affectionately yours.

TO REV. JOHN KENRICK.

July 1st, 1858.

* * * I consider the Greek of the N. T. and that of the Septuagint, my proper work henceforth in the College. If I can make the better part of our students masters of N. T. criticism and exegesis, I shall feel that what is most essential in my department has been accomplished. I begin with the undergraduates of the first year in the Greek of the N. T. and continue this exercise through the two ensuing years,

and as I make this very much an exercise on the forms and meanings of words and the laws of construction—I do hope in time to find that this undergraduate discipline on the N. T. combined with the weekly grammatical exercises, to which Mr. Martineau and myself intend henceforth to apply ourselves—will enable our students in their theological years to enter with some thoroughness on the proper critical study of the New Testament. I see that our system must on several points undergo some modification to meet the altered wants of our times. What I most earnestly desire, and is the ideal which I have set before myself—is to combine, to the utmost extent that our materials and our opportunities will allow—the qualifications of thorough and exact philological accomplishment (at least in the Scriptures) with those of pulpit acceptableness and pastoral earnestness and zeal. But the conditions are more difficult to combine at the present day, than the persons who have not attempted it, are aware. There is no real incompatibility between the functions of the preacher and those of the scholar; but the habits of mind that form the one, do not always co-exist with those that appertain to the other. But the problem is given us; and we must solve it as successfully as we can. On the whole, I think the quality of our students is improving. We have been joined this session by a young man, a graduate of Cambridge, of most amiable mind and manners and a truly earnest and religious spirit. He is a good scholar and distinguished himself at his

own College, Caius and Gonville. He had been previously a term or two at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. * * *

May I once more express my earnest hope, that now you are provided with a colleague, you will on no account withdraw your name as one of the Visitors of the College. *Your* name, I can assure you, does us more good than you are aware. It maintains old, and to me dear, traditions unbroken ; and this is invaluable. Do let it remain. If it were removed from the place which it has so long, and to us so honourably filled—I am sure it would be misinterpreted and damage us.

I wish now to make myself well acquainted with the Common or Hellenic Greek of the centuries in the midst of which Christianity appeared—and have begun with Polybius, whom I find very interesting. As a matter of personal taste, I should have preferred the fresh poetry and eloquence of the morning-time of Greek Literature ; but the great crisis of thought and language which marked the Græco-Roman period is well worth a thoughtful study, as closely connected with some phenomena of our modern civilisation. It has occurred to me in reading Polybius, that the Latin must have had some action on the later Greek. I thought I could discern a Latin turn in some of his phrases. Do you know whether this subject has ever been noticed by any philologist of importance?—I shall be very glad to see your little volume on Latin Inscriptions.* It is a subject which

* Roman Sepulchral Inscriptions : their relation to Archæology, Language, and Religion. By Rev. John Kenrick, M.A., F.S.A.

always interested me—especially in relation to sepulchral monuments. I love to catch the expression of the human soul under all religions, at the moment when its affections, no less than its hopes and fears, are most deeply touched.—

TO MRS. SCHUNCK.

22, Woburn Square, London, July 1st, 1858.

Your letter gave me great pain, because it revealed to me the weight of sorrow which is now pressing on your heart and home. Our common experience, dear friend, of domestic life has been darkly shaded.—Our children grew up together innocent and happy, and there seemed the promise of an abiding and delightful friendship for many years. But He whose wisdom is deeper than ours, and whose hidden love does not burn the less brightly, because it may be hidden for the moment in a thick cloud—has ordered it otherwise. The old survive; and the young are gone; and as you have to mourn over a daughter, so we over a son consigned in the midst of brilliant promise to an early grave. Yet I feel a peace in this retrospect, which is very refreshing. Sorrow has brought out faith from its secret hiding-places—and never in my earlier life did I feel the strong assurance which I do now—that this earthly life is but the dim infancy of an immortal being, in which nothing which has once exercised the functions of a rational

and responsible soul, and tested the sweetness of affection and felt the high solemnities of religious duty, can ever finally perish to us. Be assured, my excellent friend, our dear children are only gone before; we shall finally be with them again; they have been taken from us, only that we may receive them back again purified by a higher discipline, better and happier than they left us. And precisely the same consolation applies to that heavier grief (for so perhaps in some respects we must regard it) that has fallen on you now. An immortal spirit may be temporarily eclipsed, but it cannot perish. The good that was in it, is not lost. It is only hid for a time; perhaps hid with 'Christ in God:' and though we cannot fathom the reason of these appointments—though they are indeed among the darkest and most mysterious of human experiences—yet we *know*, that they are the appointments of a *Father*; and in that one consideration all doubt, all fear must cease—yea, we must be *certain*, that they are accomplishing some high purpose of wisdom and mercy, which the Eternity that is coming will reveal to us, and cause us gratefully to rejoice in. 'Our God is a strong fortress.' Let us put our trust in Him. In Him we are safe. In Him *all* will finally be well, if only we are patient and faithful.—We rejoiced in the presence of your sweet grandchild. His innocence and affection delighted us. Hannah dotes on him as if he were a bequest to her from his dear mother. I hope you and his father will let him come and visit us again.—

TO REV. J. MARTINEAU.

Harzburg, near Brunswick, August 1st, 1858.

We have been settled here now rather more than a week ; and I think you will like to hear something of us and our proceedings. By the necessities of some private business, we were vexatiously detained in town more than a fortnight after you left us ; but on Sunday, July 11, we got away, and reached Antwerp after a voyage rendered exceedingly unpleasant by a heavy ground swell, at an early hour on Monday morning. To avoid the mob of English tourists who were all rushing to Cologne and the Rhine, we made a little *detour*, partly by rail and partly by river—steaming to Rotterdam ; and thence proceeded by the most direct route, through Arnheim, the capital of Guelderland, where we spent a very pleasant half-day in a charming hotel in an elevated position commanding a noble sweep of the Rhine and a vast expanse of the Low Countries—to Hanover. Here I had a letter of introduction, and we spent part of a morning very agreeably in seeing the palace, which has some interesting portraits and is fitted up with great magnificence—and what was to me more interesting still, the house once inhabited by Leibnitz, which remains externally unchanged, and exhibits a very fine façade in the rich bold style of the *Renaissance*. From Hanover we came through Brunswick and Wolfenbüttel to this place, where we have established ourselves in very

comfortable lodgings at a moderate rate for a month. Through the kindness of Mr. Horner, Dr. Pertz had sent me a letter of introduction to Dr. Bethmann, the librarian of the ducal library at Wolfenbüttel; and we spent a morning most agreeably and instructively in seeing the many literary curiosities which the library contains. It is particularly rich in medieval treasures, and contains some beautiful illuminated works, and a large collection of admirable wood-engravings from the hand of Albert Dürer, and some of the earliest specimens of printing—block-printing, before the introduction of moveable types. It is astonishing to observe, how we have made little—I might even say, no progress for nearly four hundred years in the typographical art,—as far as respects the sharpness and clearness of the character, the whiteness and firmness of the paper and the brilliant blackness of the ink. Cheapness of cost and rapidity of production, rather than excellence and durability of work, seem to be the governing aim, I am sorry to say, of the present age. Let you and I, dear friend, try to do what we can to check and qualify this tendency in that field of human labour, where Providence has appointed us to work together, I hope for the remainder of our active lives. Dr. Bethmann is a very intelligent and interesting man, who has lived in Rome, and is assisting Dr. Pertz in his great work.* As I am only half an hour from Wolfenbüttel by the rail, I intend to go and spend a few more hours with him. He lives in the

* *Monumenta Germanica.*

house adjoining the library, which was once occupied by his predecessor Lessing, and which still remains in the state in which Lessing left it, only the paper and painting being altered. We were shewn the room in which he is said to have written *Nathan the Wise*, and *Emilia Galotti*. . . I cannot tell you how I enjoy the refreshment and repose of these summer vacations. I must leave you to judge of it by your own corresponding experience. My mind, relieved from the feverish hurry and excitement of a London life, especially during the latter months of our sojourn there, seems to recover its natural elasticity and calmness, and with only a passing cloud of occasional gloom sees all things in a just and rational light, and is filled again with a cheerful trust and hope. I enjoy particularly seclusion for a time from all local and sectarian influences; my mind rights itself and recovers its wonted breadth. I frequently muse, dear friend, in my solitary walks among the silent woods, on the intimate and responsible relation in which I have been placed to yourself and the great work—for such, if we regard it not with the eyes of this world, it really is—which lies before us. The thought of its greatness inspires and animates me, while the consciousness of my own weakness makes me tremble, and sometimes quite depresses me. It is a comfort beyond what I can express, to feel that I have so strong and noble a mind to help me. . . . When I first removed to the metropolis, it was with the hope that, aided by more powerful men, I might

be able after some years of toil and difficulty to lay the *foundation* at least of a permanent school of learned theology and free religious philosophy, in connection, through University College, with the University of London, developing the fundamental principle so consistently asserted, and carrying on the work so nobly begun by our predecessors at York and Warrington, with such modifications as the state of the times and the progress of men's ideas might render indispensable. I thought we were the only religious body, whatever might be our deficiencies in culture and in practice, that could consistently set the example of religious thought and religious research at once free and devout. I thought it would be honourable to us to make the attempt, and that if we in any degree succeeded, and our Institution bore some good fruit, we might be the means of raising the standard of theological attainment, and widening the range of theological view, not only in our own body, but indirectly among those who might be affected by us. The thought, perhaps a very presumptuous one, would sometimes obtrude itself into my mind, that our Institution might become in time, when I was succeeded by abler and more gifted men, to the thoughtful and earnest portion of our countrymen, what the Academy of the Remonstrants at Amsterdam was to the learned and religious public of Holland in the 17th and 18th centuries, under the teachings of such men as Episcopius, Le Clerc, and Wytttenbach. Nor, though we have had a battle to fight, and have still many diffi-

culties to encounter—chiefly through the prevalence of a narrow doctrinalism and a bad religious philosophy, and the want of appreciation among the most religious of our laity of deep and thorough Christian learning,—am I yet discouraged. Your removal to London has brought an immense accession of strength to the work; and if we do our work well, conciliating without compromise, “speaking the truth in love,”—I am full of hope. Still the problem which we have to work out—and which must and will be worked out by somebody, if not by us, unless the world, against all appearances, is to go back, and Christianity become a soulless tradition of the past—is one of some difficulty and delicacy. We have to convince some truly good men that they are not true to their avowed principles, if they shrink from admitting, with all their consequences, any *demonstrated* facts of criticism and history—that there is no baulking a principle of its legitimate results—and to shew them moreover, by the visible effect on life and language and the whole spirit of religious character, that the wider and freer views of Christianity, resulting from concessions that can no longer be honestly refused by the competently informed,—not only are not inconsistent with the deepest devotion and the holiest reverence for Christ, but are really necessary to throw a new sanctity around his person, and breathe an intenser fervour into Christian faith. Unfortunately, the general tone of London theology is but little advanced. Our older ministers there have not been much of students. They stand in the

old paths, and repeat the old phrases, and seem hardly aware of what has been going on, not only in Germany, which is such a bugbear to them, but also in America and France. A very modest and intelligent young clergyman from the United States, whose somewhat puritanical name I cannot at this moment recal, spent part of a day with me just before I left London, and he gave me an interesting account of the change that is coming over the Unitarian churches in America. With the exception of Dr. Gannett, I understood him to say that scarce one man of eminence stands on the old platform of opinion; and a sermon of Longfellow's—brother of the poet—sent me not long before I left home, if it may be taken as a specimen of prevalent sentiment, altogether confirms that view. I do not know, whether M. Martin Paschoud has sent you any numbers of his "Disciple of Jesus Christ." If so, you will have seen what tendencies are at work in a certain section of the French Protestants. I was particularly interested with a Memoir of Samuel Vincent, formerly minister at Nismes, who seems to have discerned very clearly the weakness of all the existing forms of Protestantism, and to have held on the subject of Christianity almost the very views which you and I hold to be just. * * * But I must say a few words on a matter that is much in my mind. To do our work, we have to deal with the men of the generation in which we live. If we are to procure favour to a *learned* ministry, we must turn out a *preaching* ministry. This is a *sine qua non* to our success. * * * Hitherto we have thought too much of the scholar, and

not enough of the preacher. Surely it is possible to combine them. The last session was the first in which I could really obtain a comprehensive view of the working of the College. With theology, properly so called, I had little to do till then ; for though I was nominally Principal, my work and function in the College were limited and subordinate. Now, my strong conviction is, that our students, both undergraduate and theological, have too much to do—have too much knowledge poured into them by their teachers, instead of its being acquired by their own thought and reading, and that if we are to qualify them for effective preachers, and men of vigorous action, they must not be oppressed by attendance on too many lectures, and the copying out of so many notes ; they must have more time left for private study ; we must exercise some wider discretion in the remission or enforcement of certain parts of the course in reference to their individual tastes, habitudes, capacity or preparation—and exercise them from the first more carefully and constantly in composition, speaking and elocution. I do not say, any material parts of the course can be struck out ; but we must attempt less in each, and do it more *thoroughly*, in our examinations fixing a *minimum* of attainment, and allowing room for the more diligent and gifted student to shew the greater amount of his acquisitions. I am resolved to modify my own courses on this principle. I had some serious talk with some of our best students last session. This is a vital point for our Institution ; and our future success depends on its being well and thoughtfully considered. If we pro-

fess to turn out a learned ministry, it is quite essential to our reputation that our young men be well grounded in fundamentals; otherwise our students will be neither one thing nor the other; superficially tinctured with many things, and thorough in none. * * *

TO REV. J. KENRICK.

Grosser Gasthof, Ballenstedt, Anhalt-Bernburg, Sept. 5th, 1858.

* * * You are aware, I dare say, that the region of the Harz is divided into the Upper and Lower Harz. Our object has been to see a little of both, as they differ considerably in character. We therefore fixed our residence for four or five weeks at first at Neustadt-Harzburg, which may be regarded as a sort of centre for the principal points of the Upper Harz. We have now taken up our quarters for about three weeks, *i.e.* till we must turn our steps homeward, at Ballenstedt, which lies at the extremity of the Lower Harz, and has some interesting places in its immediate vicinity. Had we had our present experience to begin with, it would have been better to reverse this order: the Upper Harz and the immediate neighbourhood of Neustadt abound with picturesque and striking scenery; the Lower Harz is tamer and furnishes the transition to the champaign character of Thuringia. Ballenstedt itself is a little dull lifeless *Residenz-stadt*, with no particular beauty to recommend it. Indeed, the general character of the *Harz-gebirge*, when seen as a whole

from an eminence, disappoints the traveller; the contour of the hills is tame and monotonous, very inferior to that of our own hills in the north of England, and still more to those of Wales and the Scottish Highlands; and though their sides are generally clothed with wood—a perpetuation, I suppose, of the old Hercynian forest—yet the predominance of pine and fir deepens the sombre monotony of the general impression. The granite juts out at intervals in strange fantastic forms, particularly in one direction along the northern border of the Harz, where it goes by the name of the *Teufel's-mauer*, stretching down into Thuringia, but nowhere in sufficient mass and with sufficient continuity—except perhaps for a limited space in the Bode Thal—to imprint its own bold character on the general scenery. Nevertheless, in the interior of its sylvan retreats the Harz contains spots of delicious beauty. Its narrow wooded valleys, or rather glens, are traversed by bright and sparkling streams which leap down in a succession of ever-varying cascades, filling the air with delicious natural music, and especially in hot summer days inspiring an indescribable and most delightful sense of freshness and repose. Owing to the humidity of the climate, the herbage is luxuriant and the verdure exquisitely bright. The sides of the hills are strewed in every direction with huge masses of granite and other primitive rock; but these only add to the sylvan richness of the scene, for they are covered with a soft deep carpet—the growth of countless centuries—of moss, lichens, ferns, wortle-

berries, &c. and spangled with clusters of beautifully tinted fungi. I have stood several minutes looking at a single mass of this kind, and have felt it so pre-eminently beautiful, especially when the rain drops hung upon the delicate stems and diminutive leaves, and the sunlight came down upon them through the broad beech or pine-roof over head, that I thought it was an object to be preserved and perpetuated by art, and was half reconciled to the elaborate minuteness with which the Pre-Raphaelites put in their foregrounds of plants and flowers. All the valleys of the Upper Harz that I have seen—those of the Oker, the Radau, the Ilse, the Holtemme and the Bode—the Bode-Thal is the wildest and most striking—are very well worth seeing, but they must be lingered in, not hurried through; to the botanist and the mineralogist they must, I should think, be very interesting and attractive.—An allusion to the beautiful scenery which we have recently traversed, and which has left so vivid an impression behind it, has led me into more description than I intended. You know that I destine the quiet and retirement of my vacation quite as much for work as for recreation; or rather change of work and uninterrupted leisure to pursue my own studies, is to me the most delightful and restorative of all recreations. A solitary walk through quiet woods and lonely fields, in which I can digest and mature what I have been reading, sometimes bears fruit of which I can feel the good effects through the whole ensuing nine months. In this respect my present vacation has not been one of the least satisfactory

that I have passed. Neustadt was very conveniently situated, within an hour's ride by railway of Wolfenbüttel, and an hour and a half of Brunswick.—In Brunswick there is an interesting collection of works of art, and some curious antiquities of the time of the Reformation : among the former is an exquisite *alto-relievo* in *speckstein* of our Saviour's Baptism by Albert Dürer, some fine silver reliefs by Benvenuto Cellini, and two admirable original portraits of Grotius and his wife, by Rembrandt, both taken when they were young. I visited the Library at Wolfenbüttel twice, and spent nearly a whole day there on both occasions.—Dr. Bethmann [the Librarian] is a learned, intelligent and liberal minded man, who lived a long time in Italy employed in literary researches, and is now assisting Dr. Pertz in bringing out the “*Monumenta Germanica*.” He very obligingly gave me some valuable information respecting the sources of our knowledge of the earliest introduction of Christianity into the North of Europe, including England and Ireland.—He has discovered, I understand him to say, some unpublished correspondence of Lessing in the Library of Wolfenbüttel. I am not sure whether he intends to publish it or not. Lessing died at Brunswick, where he was on a visit, while he was librarian at Wolfenbüttel.

On the 15th of last month occurred the third centenary of the foundation of the University of Jena. As Jena is within a day's journey by railway of Harzburg, I thought it would be a pity to lose the opportunity of being present on so interesting an occasion. Dr. Bethmann and Miss Passow of Berlin,

whose uncle is the Curator of the University of Jena, furnished me with several letters of introduction; so off I set on Friday morning to be present at the commencement of the proceedings on Saturday. As Jena is one of the few Universities which still retains a great deal of the old character of German Student life, and is still very jealous of its ancient privilege of *Lehrfreiheit*, I thought I might have an opportunity of seeing something of the spirit yet working in the freest and most active German minds, which might not occur again. Nor was I disappointed. My visit was a most interesting one; and I would not have missed it for the world. When I quitted the railway at Apolda to turn off to Jena, an extraordinary spectacle presented itself. Crowds of students, old and young, from all parts—some perhaps who had not seen each other since the days of their Student life—were cordially embracing each other with a kiss on each cheek, or rushing about distractedly to find a place in one of the many vehicles of every description, including *wagons* literally, furnished with benches and shaded with branches of trees, that were waiting to convey us to Jena. I fortunately secured a place in the *coupé* of a sort of Diligence beside a young lady and a student, and found them very civil and obliging companions. When they found I had not written to secure a bed, they shook their heads, and thought my case a desperate one; but when I shewed them the address of my letters of introduction, they gave me a word or two of comfort. Our progress to Jena was like a tri-

umphant procession; every village through which we passed was hung with the colours of Saxe-Weimar, and crowded with cheering spectators. The students who passed us, or whom we overtook, greeted us with hearty cheers; and as the weather was very hot and the road very dusty, your knowledge of German life will naturally lead you to believe that the dryness of the throat was relieved in every village by copious potations of foaming beer. The entrance into Jena itself was very striking. Perhaps you may remember it. It lies encircled in an amphitheatre of bold and picturesque hills, which though rather bare of wood looked well in the various lights and shades that were cast upon them by the time of day. A triumphal arch covered with evergreens led into the narrow antique street by which we entered the town. It, like every other street, was waving with flags; carpets and draperies hung from the windows and balconies; and on the fronts of the houses, as we passed, I read the names of the distinguished men who had once lived in them. Those who had had the getting up of the affair had taken great pains to ascertain and identify the different localities, and had published a list, accompanying a map of the town, in which they stated when the name connected with a particular dwelling was an ascertained fact, or only a conjecture.—On the front of the house where, through the kindness of a friend I was fortunate enough to obtain a chamber (though I was obliged to share it with another gentleman), was inscribed in large characters the name of Schiller, with

the date of his residence ; and from the window of my bedroom I looked, to the right, on the name of Paulus, and to the left on that of De Wette. These two last indications might be relied on. The number of distinguished men connected with the learning and literature of Germany, who at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century studied in Jena, is really surprising. The University has been particularly rich in philologists and philosophers. My letters were very serviceable to me. Dr. Sicbeck, the curator, received me very kindly, and gave me an invitation to a splendid soir  e, given by himself and the Pro-rector on the Sunday evening, where all the notorieties of the occasion, including the Grand Duke and his Duchess, were assembled, and where I saw several persons with whom I had previously some acquaintance, old Professor Welcker of Bonn, and Kuno Fischer, author of a book which has made some stir, on Lord Bacon, whom I knew two years ago at Heidelberg, where he had been suspended from lecturing by clerical interference, but whom I now found installed as *ordinary* professor of philosophy in Jena, and gathering a large auditory round him. On Saturday evening there was a public entry of the Duke and his Court. Great numbers of the Students assembled to meet the *cortege* and accompany it into the town ; the Marshals of the several *corps* of students wore the old German costume—a bonnet and plume, velvet jerkin with girdle and sash, gloves, long sword, and high military boots. The members of the ducal court wore

their official uniform, and were preceded in an open carriage by the four deans of faculty in their academic bonnets, hoods and mantles. The scene was animated and picturesque, and brought up for the moment a vivid image of bye-gone centuries. Among my letters I had one to Fraülein Fromann, sister of a printer and publisher at Jena, a man of taste and cultivation. Their father, also a printer and publisher, had been an intimate personal friend of Göthe and Schiller. I met an agreeable party at their house on Saturday evening, and accompanied them round the town, when it grew dark, to see the display of fireworks and the *fackelzüge* exhibited by the peasants on the neighbouring hills. The scene altogether was thoroughly German. Among other persons whom I saw at the house of the Fromanns was the grandson of Göthe, now an attaché to the Prussian legation at Dresden. I was told he is very clever : but neither his countenance nor his manners were to me prepossessing. One of the most agreeable acquaintances I made at Jena was that of Dr. Beck, the step-son of De Wette, who married his mother for his second wife. Dr. Beck followed Dr. Follen to America, and was for some years professor of Latin in Harvard College. He has married an American lady, and has avowedly joined the Unitarian church of New England, where he has known all the principal divines whose names are familiar to us, including Dr. Channing and Mr. Norton. He spoke very encouragingly of the revival of a taste for thorough classical studies at Cambridge.* The present professor of Latin

* Massachusetts.

is his own pupil, and succeeded him, and was educated partly in Germany, where he passed with great credit to himself through the severe training of a philological seminary. I have not for years enjoyed a more agreeable and instructive conversation than I had with Dr. Beck. I presume he must have married a lady of some fortune, as he has retired from all professional engagements and occupies his time in literary pursuits. At present he is busy examining the various MSS. of Petronius in different libraries of Europe, with a view to determine the date of his work, which he is inclined to place earlier than critics in general. Among other persons, I met Pastor Sydow in Jena. The Theological Faculty have recently created him a Doctor—a sign of liberal feeling. Though I brought no letter to him, I was received very cordially by Dr. Schwartz, University preacher, superintendent of the churches in Jena, and professor of what we should call pastoral Theology and Homiletik. I found he was acquainted with the Prospective Review, and knew what was going on amongst us in England, and to my surprise pulled out a recent number of the *Inquirer*, which I find D. Davis* of Norwich, who married a lady from Jena, occasionally sends him. He insisted on my staying to breakfast with him (as I called early), and gave me an invitation to dinner at one, where I met with pastors and professors from different parts of the world: Professor Reuss of Strasburg, Henke of Marburg, and a Lutheran clergyman from St. Petersburg. Schwartz married the daughter of Gesenius, a very

* Now of Lancaster.

pleasant, friendly woman. Sunday the 15th was the great day. At 8 o'clock a.m. the deputations from different learned bodies were received in the New Library which was opened for the first time on this occasion. Of course I was not admitted; but, according to printed instructions, stationed myself with other strangers in an open space in front, to be ready to join the general procession when it should form, to proceed through the town to the principal church where Schwartz was to preach. While I was waiting, I fell into conversation with a very old clergyman from the neighbourhood of Weimar, who had been a hearer of Griesbach's, and who remembered Herder when he was Hof-prediger at Weimar. He told me a story which seemed to have made a lively impression on his mind — of Griesbach's having left his *Hefte* behind him one morning, and having to fetch or send for them from his house, which was at a considerable distance outside the town. I could not find that the old man remembered much else of his former master; of more recent German theology he seemed to know nothing, not even the name of De Wette, who was a favourite pupil of Griesbach.—I was soon joined in the crowd by Dr. Beck (whom I had met the previous evening), and walked side by side with him (we were ordered to walk four in a row) in the long procession to the church. It was sultry and wet and very fatiguing. I got an excellent place in the church, though it was crowded to excess. Dr. Schwartz has a powerful voice, and preached with great animation and earnest-

ness ; but the resonance, the indistinctness of his articulation, and his frequent turning of his back to that part of the church where I was placed, prevented my catching more than a few words here and there. Even Dr. Beck, who is a German, did not hear more than about the half of the discourse. I have since read the discourse in print. It is bold and liberal, yet moderate and conciliatory ; pleading for charity and mutual toleration amongst unavoidable differences of opinion, and asserting with energy the right of Jena to the unimpaired enjoyment of her hereditary privilege of *Lehrfreiheit*. “ If she lost that, she would lose what made her what she was, and what they were proud to look back upon that day.” At the conclusion of the service, the procession formed again, and made another long perambulation through the town to the *Markt*, where a recently erected statue of Johann Friedrich of Saxony, the founder of the University, was to be unveiled after a speech by the Curator, Dr. Siebeck. Siebeck’s speech, like Schwartz’s sermon, was printed before it was delivered ; so that though I could not hear it, I was able to read it. The spirit of it, though less marked than that of Schwartz, is liberal, and earnest on behalf of Academic freedom. Another speech was delivered in Latin the following day by Götting, the professor of Eloquence, which I did not stay to hear. I shall get it before I leave Germany. There was a grand dinner in the New Library at 3 p.m., to which I had the opportunity of obtaining admission by paying four dollars ; but I did not think it worth the

price, and preferred quietly dining with Dr. Beck at a table d'hôte in the Inn. From what I saw and heard on passing the New Library late in the evening, on my way to Dr. Siebeck's soirée, I concluded that the banquet must have become rather noisy and tumultuous towards its close, and I was glad I had kept away. I have already spoken of the soirée. It was elegant. I was pleased with the manners of the Grand Duke. He was unaffected and amiable, and received with great courtesy all who were introduced to him. His lady is a Dutch princess. I was told she is "*sehr klug*," but though not at all handsome, she, like her husband, seemed amiable and unpretentious.

In the course of the evening, an enormous *fackelzug* of students passed the Saal where the soirée was held, and sung with excellent effect one of their Student songs; while a party of them entered the Hall and presented an address to the Duke, who made a gracious, and judging by the effect on his own countenance and that of the bystanders (I was myself at a distance and could not hear it), a somewhat playful and humorous reply. The festivities lasted two more days; but I returned to Harzburg on the Monday, quite exhausted with heat, excitement, and want of sleep.

I wished much to have given you some account of two works by two learned Jews, on the history of the Hebrew Bible and of the Septuagint translation, which I have been reading with some attention during this vacation, but I have left myself no room. Let me only say, that they have confirmed me in my previous

resolution to make the *Greek* philology of the Bible a leading study with me henceforth. I have never yet thanked you for the elegant little volume on Latin Inscriptions which I received just before leaving home, and which I read with great delight.

TO REV. JOHN KENRICK.

Ballenstedt, Sept. 10th, 1858.

I have just heard by a letter from one of my sisters at Nottingham, of the event which at last removed from us to a nobler scene of existence my venerated friend and instructor Mr. Wellbeloved. Though I have written to you so lately and so much at length, I should be doing violence to my own feelings did I not express to you how deeply the event, much as it might have been expected in the inevitable course of things, has impressed me. With the death of our revered and excellent friend, the last link of the chain has dropped which connected the present with a former generation of teachers and divines. And how many tender memories and solemn recollections that one consciousness awakens! I was bred up in a circle in which the names of Mr. Wellbeloved and his contemporaries were familiar to me as household words, and in which the ideas associated with them of learning, culture, and courtesy, as the fitting attributes of a Christian Minister grew up with me almost unconsciously from my earliest years. My father, Mr.

Kentish, Mr. Wellby, Mr. Corrie, Dr. Shepherd, Dr. Hincks, were all, I believe, fellow-students at Hackney, and each of them, with very different gifts and in various ways, contributed their share to the work of scholarly instruction and Christian enlightenment in their day. The whole of that generation has now passed away. The painful sense of their removal leaves on those who survive a deepened sense of responsibility. I can only pray from the bottom of my heart, that those of us who have been called to work in some of those positions which they once so eminently filled, may be strengthened to discharge to the extent of their ability, with the same conscientious and unfaltering earnestness, the great task of sustaining and perpetuating the cause of Christian learning, Christian sincerity and Christian seriousness. My wife is writing a few lines to Mrs. Kenrick; and she will convey to her, as earnestly as I do to you, the deep sympathy which we both feel on this occasion, and how strongly our hearts are drawn out by the melancholy tidings of death which reach us from various quarters, towards the dear friends whom we have left behind us in England, and whom we long to see again. I do not know what change this event may make in your own plans of life; but if it should bring you to pass the rest of your days in the midst of your kindred, your old friends and your old pupils—in or near London—I can hardly express to you, my dear Sir, how much happiness such an event would add to my life, and what an accession of strength I should find in it to the work that has to

be now done in London. With grateful, reverent remembrance of the departed, and affectionate sympathy with the surviving, believe me, my dear Sir, your sincerely attached pupil and friend.

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

Ballenstedt, Anhalt-Bernburg, Sept. 13th, 1858.

— Your name has been often in our mouths, and we have again and again wished you had been with us, to animate with a new interest, by your vivid reminiscences of the men and things of the past, many places which we have visited. We approached the Harz through Hanover and Brunswick.

In Hanover, one of the things which most interested me, was the house in which Leibnitz lived. The façade in the rich, elaborate style of the *renaissance* of the 16th and 17th century, is very striking in its way, and remains just as it was left by Leibnitz. How interesting are these old German towns! how picturesque! how full of character! Our modern, smooth-faced, pre-eminently convenient streets, seem to me to stand somewhat in the same relation to them, as the superficial polish and monotony of our present widely diffused culture to the sharp, angular, humorous originality of character in which European society abounded formerly much more than now. Brunswick and Wolfenbüttel possess still more of this antique interest than Hanover. The old *Stadthaus* in the for-

mer affords a fine subject for the pencil. What is the reason of the remarkable picturesqueness of the buildings of this date? Exclusive of antiquarian associations, which of course mingle largely in the general effect, I suppose it must arise in great measure from the rich alternation of deep recesses and bold projections, and the sharp contrasts of broad lights and shades thence arising, for which the buildings that date from the close of the Middle Ages, are so remarkable, and in which our own street architecture up to this time has been so deficient. In Brunswick there is a beautiful statue in bronze to the memory of Lessing, who died there while he was librarian at Wolfenbüttel. It must be confessed, that they succeed better in works of this sort on the continent, than we do in England. The statue of Lessing is simple and majestic, in the costume of his day, telling its own tale, without any conventional additions; yet, in looking on it, you feel that it is full of meaning and poetry. Among the many statues that have been raised to Sir R. Peel in various parts of England, during the last few years, I do not remember to have seen one that was satisfactory; they all seem got up by an effort, and not to spring from feeling—the presence of an inspiring idea—and are hence awkward and prosaic. Wolfenbüttel took me greatly. On different occasions I spent more than two days there. The first time, my wife and daughter were with me, and we saw the curiosities of the library—which are of no ordinary interest—together. As I walked through its quiet,

old-fashioned streets, with the grotesque gables projecting into them—I could not help fancying, such must have been the appearance of the better parts of London in the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Indeed, one of the great sources of interest to me in visiting these old German towns is my strong impression that they preserve a remnant of the form of life that existed among ourselves two hundred years ago. Till now, they have been in a great measure insulated from the spirit of innovation that has been transforming the general face of European society. But this will not last. Already I can perceive a change since I first came to Germany, three and twenty years ago. Railroads and the electric telegraph are the ruling powers of the day; and everything must ultimately yield to them.

TO SAMUEL ROBINSON.

22, Woburn Square, London, Oct. 3rd, 1858.

I was in Germany when the tidings of your great affliction reached me indirectly; but I heard no particulars, and did not know where you might be in this time of heavy sorrow. My first impulse was to write to you at once, but I thought I had better postpone it till I reached England, and now seize the first moment of leisure since my return home, to assure you, dear friend, from my heart how deeply I enter into your grief, and to offer you whatever consolation you can derive from the affectionate sympathy of an

old and sincerely attached friend. The event awakens affecting remembrances in my own bosom. Your excellent partner,* and all her sisters, had been my pupils in early and happy days, when I was myself in the morning of life, and my children in the bloom of infancy, and my future lay bright and full of hope and promise before me.—Three of those whom I then taught, long before the natural limit of life was reached, and my only and most promising son on the threshold of the world, have gone before me to that solemn and mysterious state which lies beyond the grave; and you and I, dear friend, are left to deplore the precariousness of our chief earthly blessings, and to wonder at, without distrusting, the inscrutable providence which seems so constantly to reverse the natural order of events. Surely, if there be an all-wise and benevolent Father at the head of the universe, something must be meant and intended by all this—perhaps a blessing too great and glorious to be revealed to our earthly vision, hidden in the mystery. There are things which we cannot demonstrate, and yet we feel, on the assurance of a voice too deep, too inward, and too solemn to deceive us—*must* be true. When we part for ever here with those whom we have tenderly loved, an irresistible faith lays hold of the life to come as a *reality*, and will not permit us to doubt, that somehow and some where, in the exhaustless resources of the Divine wisdom and love, there will be future recognition and renewed and more blessed in-

* Daughter of John Kennedy, Esq., Ardwick, Manchester.

tercourse. In its emphatic assertion of these inextinguishable trusts of the human soul, Christianity, to my mind, carries with it the clearest evidence of its divine origin and authority. —

TO REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

Sunday Morning, Dec. 19th, 1858.

I do not at all know what is likely to be the result of this day's deliberations at Portland Street,* nor do I wish in any degree to influence your decision; but I cannot refrain from writing you one line to say, that if any proposition should come before you in a form that might dispose you to entertain it, you will find me just as heartily disposed to co-operate with you as I ever was, and quite willing to join, as far as I consistently can, in any application for such an expression of general approval from the Manchester Committee as may suffice to remove your present difficulties.—I need not repeat to you, what I have so often expressed—that it was the prospect so unexpectedly offered, of working with you, my Academical Colleague, in a joint ministry which I believed might not only be of some service in the diffusion of more spiritual views of Christianity, but would also re-act beneficially on the College—that induced me to listen even for a

* Mr. Tayler and Mr. Martineau became joint Ministers of Little Portland Street Chapel, succeeding the Rev. Edward Tagart, who had died on his homeward journey from visiting the Unitarian Churches of Transylvania.

moment to the suggestion of a work which I would not have undertaken alone, or with any other associate than yourself. It was this strong feeling, combined with my perhaps too enthusiastic persuasion, that a distinct opportunity of usefulness, not to be neglected, here offered itself, which made me speak so earnestly and even warmly on the subject, as I have several times done during the last few weeks. * * *

I do not say that either the building or the locality of Portland Street are all that could be desired to realise our *ideal* of what should be. But *more* I do not believe to be attainable at present. We must work up from given and extant facts to something beyond them. It will be a resistless argument bye-and-bye for doing *more*, that a life has been created to which its present external conditions are altogether inadequate. In advancing into a wider future, it is a great thing to have an ascertained *reality* behind us; as on the other hand, nothing is more discouraging than to find great hopes, which have been prematurely indulged, fall short of their expected fulfilment.—If it should ultimately come to this, that we do undertake any joint work—I for my part am prepared to throw myself into it with all the ardour and devotedness of which I am capable, and which my other engagements will admit. We must leave the past out of sight—go to work heartily and in good faith and hope, and resolve to work out from existing materials—a better and nobler future. We must let neither schools, nor congregational activities, nor the systematic training

of the young be forgotten; but rouse the people at once to more vigorous exertion. Possibly this Congregation, and what is destined to grow out of it—may become one of the principal representatives—perhaps the principal representative, of a nobler and more comprehensive Unitarianism in the Metropolis. It will be a great thing in my judgment to have our Academy—the only seat of Theological and Philosophical Learning that we possess—intimately connected with it in a sort of normal discipline and associated activity. When the experiment has been tried for a few years of this union—it will be felt to be not only allowable but indispensable. In future stages of possible progress—you may become head pastor with a young man as your colleague—and be at the same time Principal of the Academy. For after some years I look forward to retirement. These are of course only the possibilities of the future; but I think them something more than dreams. We must work up to them from present facts and existing conditions. My very dear friend, I have spoken to you oftentimes during the last week or two with unreserved frankness and plainness of speech. I thought I could not better shew my regard and affection for you. We all make mistakes of judgment, and let our feelings run away with us. When I err in this way, as I know I often do—speak to me with the same openness in return. Your counsel will ever have value, not only for its intrinsic wisdom, but as coming from a generous and noble heart. I know how very

differently we are constituted : but we may not the less on that account work effectually together. In moral endeavour—in spiritual aspiration—in the final aim of our Theology we are *one*. To co-operate with you in carrying on the noblest work of life is truly a happiness to me. While life's activity remains, may we never be separated in it!

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

April 25th, 1859.

I am leaving for Nottingham to-morrow. The accounts of your uncle Carpenter are much the same ; with perhaps some indications of improvement.—I see nothing now to be done but the resignation of his office, and making the best provision possible for future tranquillity and comfort.

Anxieties and responsibilities—coming in addition to extra work of other kinds, which would not have been too much in itself, make me long for the rest and quiet of the vacation.—Mama has written to inquire about a cottage on the slope of Loughrigg, quite above the fogs and dampness of the valley. It will furnish you with fine opportunities for sketching—for studying colour, light and shade—trees, flowing water and mountains. I shall feel very happy, my dear child, if you enjoy it and profit by it. Amidst this dark and troubled life of ours God gives us many passing gleams of rare beauty—the dim foretaste per-

haps of something better beyond the last great change, awaiting the pure and gentle in heart, the patient and trustful of spirit. It is a sort of impiety to let all this beauty pass over us unimproved. I have often had to reproach myself for doing so. * * *

TO MRS. ROBBERDS, of *Manchester*.

22, *Woburn Square*, May 9th, 1859.

I have been intending to write you a few lines, ever since I heard of the death of your venerable father,* if only for the sake of expressing my own sincere feelings on the occasion. To write a letter of condolence and consolation to one whose own mind is so well furnished with the holiest trust and the sublimest hope, would be superfluous, even if we could look on the retirement of the patriarch who had well nigh counted a hundred years, with any other feelings than those of gratitude to the great Giver of all good for the bestowal of a life so long and honoured and happy, passed in such tranquil contentment and such active usefulness. He is gone whither we must soon follow him: but memory recalls scenes long past, separated from this day by nearly half a century, in which his familiar form and benignant countenance are a conspicuous object to my mind's eye—presiding at our annual examinations at York in the midst

* The Rev. William Turner, formerly of Newcastle.

of other well known figures now like his vanished and gone—and the very tones of his voice seem to recur to me distinctly as he distributed the prizes to the successful competitors, and gave his parting counsels and good wishes when our labours and anxieties were all over. What a wonderful longevity was his! The beginning of his life takes us back to what we now regard as remote history—the days of Aikin and Leechman and Cappe—to the times of the French and the American Revolutions, when England was so different from what it is now, that it seems hardly possible that the same individual should have lived in both periods.—The whole of the generation of ministers which succeeded his, had passed away before him. Mr. Wellbeloved was the last survivor of them. Yet what a point, when it has once vanished, seems the longest span of human years!

‘ ’Tis but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.’

But it is a delightful thought, if it be not presumptuous to express it—that there they are—the friends, the guides and the counsellors of our youth—safe in our Father’s house—serene and happy now in our future home. As life’s shadows gather round us, and we feel that we are ourselves getting old, how precious is this Christian hope! May it burn, dear old friend, with ever, calmer and brighter ray on your evening and on mine! May we never lose or forfeit the love of those who are yet preserved to us, and die in hope of being welcomed by a purer love hereafter!—

TO REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

Gale Cottage, Keswick, August 14th, 1859.

To-morrow I complete my sixty-second year. It sounds very venerable; I can hardly realize it; but so it is. I have been long in writing to you, and answering your kind letter received a fortnight ago: but the fancy took me, early in my vacation, not to write to you till I had reached this point.—I left London at the close of the Session, jaded and even depressed, and with less of *spring* in me, than I ever remember to have experienced; and I was resolved not to exchange any thoughts with you about our common future, till I was refreshed and renovated by rest, and my mind, somewhat out of joint, had *righted* itself, as it never fails to do, with quiet leisure for reflection, fresh air, and the soothing influence of beautiful scenery which is to me like a foretaste of heaven itself. I am glad to say the experiment has succeeded. I never felt myself in better health and spirits. We are delighted with our present situation. The view it commands, is one of the most beautiful in the neighbourhood; and the air is both sweet and bracing. We feel the difference the moment we are down in Keswick. During the hottest days we have never been incommoded by the heat. * * *

I am so enamoured of the sweet and quiet life we now lead, that if duty allowed, and the circumstances of my family at present justified it, I should be tempted to quit the busy world for some peaceful

nook, not altogether beyond the reach of friends and intelligent society, and spend the remnant of my days in the studies that I love, and in working out into form and definiteness, as my small contribution to the cause of truth, some thoughts that have been haunting me for years. But I daresay it is well for me, that this blessing, if it ever comes to me, should be postponed for the present. Our life here flows on in calm and even course. My mornings till dinner are occupied with proper study; after dinner till it is time for a walk, I refresh myself for an hour or so with Apuleius or Montaigne; we then sally forth for an excursion, and happily cannot go wrong in any direction, so full is this neighbourhood of beauties; and on our return we read aloud till bed-time. Speaking of Apuleius, I do not know whether you ever read his *Metamorphoses*. Its beautiful episode of Cupid and Psyche I read some years ago, but the entire story never till now. It is much more like a modern romance than any work of antiquity I am acquainted with. In many passages I have been forcibly reminded of *Gil Blas*. It seems to me much superior in interest, character and power of description to the only Greek novel I ever read, but in point of execution and the working up of the narrative much below the level of even our average novels. Though defiled occasionally with the undisguised grossness of the later Roman civilization, it has many passages of uncommon grace and beauty, but all of the sensuous kind. As a picture of manners in the

second century (and for this purpose I began to read it) it is very graphic and amusing. There is a description of a dinner-party in a provincial town of Greece, which would have done no discredit to Thackeray, had he lived in that remote age.—But to graver matters : I sometimes feel almost oppressed, dear friend, when I think of the many responsibilities I have taken on myself, and am conscious that, perhaps with undiminished mental powers, I have not the same capacity for physical exertion that I had ten years ago. This morning, when the ladies went to church, I put the small edition of your Hymns in my pocket, and climbed under a beautiful sky, bright but dappled with clouds, the huge shoulder of Skiddaw which rises immediately behind our abode, resolved to think quietly over, amidst its inspiring solitudes, the work of various kinds that lies before me in the coming session. It was to me a morning of pure, I could almost say, of holy enjoyment. I never felt so strongly before “the Sabbath-silence of the hills.” I had nature entirely to myself. Not a voice came to me, but the murmur of the brooklet, which only made silence audible, as it leaps gently down the broken declivity of its rocky and fern-tangled bed at the bottom of the deep cove which hollows out the broad bosom of the mountain. All was sweet, calm, and grand. From time to time I seated myself—on some projecting mass of rock, and read one of Charles Wesley’s, Gerhardt’s, Tersteegen’s, or Montgomery’s hymns. My thoughts flowed freely and happily. I

can always think better under such influences, than in a close room or amidst the feverish excitements of a great city. I contemplated what I had to do, and measured it by what I felt I had yet left of power to perform it; and I resolved quietly, but with full conviction, that I would not shrink from the work to which I could not but feel God had in a measure summoned me, though to do it as it ought to be done, would, I knew, demand the utmost effort of which my powers are now capable.—To speak plainly, I had been in doubts whether I had not rashly and with a too sanguine confidence (which I am but too well aware is my constitutional tendency), committed myself to more than I could well sustain, in consenting to share with you—besides our Academic duties, which for me at least are sufficiently heavy and laborious—the additional responsibilities of the ministerial office. If I was mistaken in yielding to an unexpected request, I was beguiled by the earnest wish to bring our Academy and our Church into closer and more vital union, by the pleasure which I feel in working with you (whose fundamental views of religion are so remarkably in accordance with my own) in the effort to infuse a more earnest spirit into our churches, to make the faith which should animate them, at once more free and more spiritual, more rational (not rationalistic) and more devout, and lastly by the refreshment which I experience in exchanging at times the scientific teaching of theology which is almost my daily work through nine months in the year, for more direct con-

verse through prayer and the spoken word with the spiritual realities of the human soul. All this I feel as strongly as ever, but there is not a more difficult point to adjust than the "*ne quid nimis*." What I feel is this, that the proper discharge of my duties to the College requires me still to be a close student; and this I find it difficult to combine, except by such a strain of the faculties as really exhausts and enfeebles me, with such a preparation for the Sunday's duties as ought to be made either to satisfy myself or benefit the public. * * *

What a distressing event is poor William Roscoe's* death! Another beautiful light that was beginning to shine with bright promise on the world is extinguished. * * * I had a very kind letter from Newman a few days ago. He is at Aberystwith, enjoying himself much, but working hard. He still does not give up all faith in L. Napoleon, and thinks Italy benefited by his interference. What say you? For my part I think he has betrayed Italy, and shewn himself, what I always believed him to be, an unprincipled adventurer, who lives from hand to mouth on desperate expedients. The world is in a strange state. Are we going back or going forward?

* William Caldwell Roscoe, grandson of the Historian. See his 'Poems and Essays, with a Prefatory Memoir by Richard Holt Hutton,' 1860.

TO F. W. NEWMAN.

Gale Cottage, Keswick, Aug. 26th, 1859.

Your letter was a very agreeable surprise. I wish your wanderings had brought you northward, that we might have had a few peripatetic discussions, *more antiquo*, in this beautiful scenery and delicious air. I am glad to find that you are enjoying yourself so much where you are. My life must be something like yours. I work every morning till dinner; after dinner lighter reading for an hour or so; then an excursion on the lake or among the hills; and after tea reading aloud till bedtime. It is a delightful kind of life—a happy mixture of study and domestic tranquillity—which if I felt it my duty and had at present the adequate means, I should be strongly tempted to exchange for the more rapid and somewhat feverish flow of existence which is scarcely avoidable in such an enormous accumulation of people, and such a vast conflict of interests, as makes London what it is. Moreover we are not here wholly without some intelligent society. I cannot but think with you that our towns are becoming too large, and that if great cities are really a sign of advanced civilisation, civilisation, as usually understood, is by no means an unmixed good. But I must not get into discussion.

I have read with great pleasure your letter to Herford. Its suggestions seem to me full of calm wisdom, and its spirit excellent. I am afraid, I do not entirely agree with you in your estimate of the service which

Louis Napoleon has rendered to the cause of liberty in Italy. At all events, the Italians themselves seem to have lost all confidence in him ; and if one may trust the reports in the newspapers, the Tuscans are apprehensive that he has some dark design of fastening his cousin upon them. One good, however, has sprung out of this war. It has shewn a capacity for freedom and self-government in the Italians, which many persons previously could not give them credit for. The utmost I ever hoped from Louis Napoleon was, that he might prove a great military *besom* in the hand of Providence to sweep the Austrian nuisance clean out of Italy, though I always looked with apprehension to what might happen then. I confess, I am one of those who look on Louis Napoleon with a distrust and aversion almost amounting to abhorrence. He attains his ends by profound dissimulation and unscrupulous perfidy. No doubt, he possesses remarkable mental powers ; but when a man is reckless about his means—has clear and cool intellect without any conscience or any heart—*immediate* success is more within his reach, of necessity, than with men who are restrained even imperfectly by moral scruples. His career has been that of a successful adventurer ; and on such a basis I cannot believe that his fortunes will endure.—

TO MRS. CARPENTER.

Gale Cottage, Keswick, August 27th, 1859.

I write a few lines immediately, in order to spare you unnecessary alarm, lest you should hear in-

directly of an accident which has occurred to us. Last night H. E. T. and myself went to Keswick to meet our friend, Miss Escher, who had promised to spend a week or two with us, and whom we were expecting by the coach from Windermere. The coach arrived very late, not till near 10 o'clock; and the night was excessively dark. We engaged an open car (one of the usual conveyances of this country) to take us and the luggage, hardly a couple of miles, to Gale Cottage. We apprehended no danger, as we concluded the driver knew his road, and we had a lamp. To save a small distance, the man turned up a new bit of road. Owing to the darkness of the night we got into it and had made some way before I was aware of it, or I should have insisted on his keeping to the usual road, which though a little round is much better and more even. Still we did not think there was anything to fear. But about half a mile from Gale Cottage there is a deep dell with a little stream at the bottom, and thickly shaded with trees, which, added to the cloudy state of the sky, made it pitchy dark. The road descends sharply and rises sharply on the opposite side; but in ascending the road is very narrow, with a stone wall on one hand and a high mound of earth on the other. If the man had known his road, or had had his wits about him, all would have been right; but, in the darkness, though he had still his lamp to guide him, he ran one wheel of the car up the high mound of earth, and in a moment, without any warning, we were all thrown over, the horse down, and the car laid on its

side. The lamp was dashed out, and the horse was kicking and struggling in the road. With some difficulty I found the two ladies, and dragged them after me up the hill to the house. Miss Escher and myself were only stunned for the moment, and have experienced no other injury; but on reaching the house we found our dearest child had received a cut above the left eye, from which the blood was streaming copiously—a fortunate circumstance, which is perhaps the reason that she is so well as she is. We sent for a medical man immediately. He said there was a slight fracture of the bone, but in the most favourable place where it could have occurred, and he gives us strong hope, that with *perfect quiet* for several days, no permanent injury is likely to ensue. He saw her again this morning with another medical man. They both agree in their view of the case, and report very favourably of it. But we shall be in anxiety for a few days, though they speak encouragingly. But she must be kept from all light, heat, noise and excitement of every kind, and take no stimulants. She is, God bless her, very patient and gentle, and all at present is going on well. * * *

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

The Howe, near Keswick, September 6th, 1859.

In the good old days of the Prospective I seemed to have some constant relations with you. Every quarter at least we wrote, and we had great

common interests ; and so we have still ; but I could wish that our opportunities of intercourse were more direct and more frequent. I constantly look back with a feeling in which pain and pleasure are strangely mingled, to those former days when you and Martineau and Wicksteed met so often at my house, which stood fortunately half way between Leeds and Liverpool, when both my children were living and, even young as they were, used to look forward to the meeting of the 'Editors' with a sort of half awe and half delight, and when we were all of us some ten years younger than we now are, full of the zeal and the enterprize which ever accompany the setting afloat of a new undertaking on the uncertain waves of public opinion. * * *

You have seen, no doubt, J. H. Hutton's letter to the Brook Street Congregation, and heard the particulars of his resignation. I had been aware for some time of the change that was taking place in his views, and had had some correspondence with him about them. They are in fact Mr. Maurice's. To me they seem founded on a misconception of the theological value of the Joannean doctrine of the Logos. He has confounded or rather identified—so I think—a *form* of thought, notoriously the product of a particular philosophical school, with *essential* and *eternal* Christian truth. Nothing seems more difficult for some minds to understand, than that forms of thought are something local and secular, which require translation into the equivalent intellectual idioms of other ages and countries, but leave the fundamental truths which underlie

them, wholly untouched. Yet, without this susceptibility of translation, as to form, one cannot conceive how a religion of so marked an historical origin as that of the New Testament, should ever become a *world*-religion, retaining its authority and applicability in all stages of civilisation, and meeting the spiritual wants of very different kinds and orders of intellect. *** There is nothing in his change of opinions to necessitate an interruption of the closest Church fellowship, and the most friendly interchange of pulpits; and if he could have carried a *preponderant majority* of the congregation with him, the terms of the Upper Brook Street Trust Deed would not have demanded his retirement from the pulpit, nor would there have been then, any more than there is now, any reason for his separation from our communion. If he can gather a congregation of sympathising hearers, I hope he will still minister among us. But there is a point where divergency of sentiment between minister and people, especially if it concerns the object of worship, becomes painful and consequently injurious. Where that point lies, the religious consciousness of each congregation must determine for itself. For myself I should have felt it a pain and a privation to separate myself from the spiritual benefit of such services as our friend's, especially as I feel that our bond in worship should be spiritual rather than doctrinal; but here again too, I cannot deny, that there must be a limit. I could not with satisfaction *habitually* attend services where *proper worship* is offered to every being but the Supreme Father, the

God whom Jesus himself worshipped and prayed to ; and here the whole of Scripture and the ecclesiastical usage of at least two centuries and a-half are, I think, clearly on my side. Had I been a member of the congregation, this question of worship would have been the determining point with me.

How strangely our little body is agitated at this time ! Not only the recent lamentable proceedings in Ireland,* but expressions of feeling that every now and then break forth incidentally in our Journals and at our public meetings, make me feel more than ever how much we want a broader and more spiritual conception of what it is that constitutes a man a Christian, than is yet current even among Unitarians. I have long been convinced that it is the simple recognition of the *Divine* in the humanity of Jesus Christ, *however* arrived at, moulding the heart and will through the deep spiritual sympathy of faith and love into *oneness* with Himself, which is the main thing, and not any intellectual conclusion produced or producible by what are called Evidences. I do not believe that the Evidences ever *tell*, till the inner man is previously touched and already won by a deep feeling of spiritual want. Yet I hardly ever met with an Unitarian of the old school who did not regard such a statement as mystical and almost incomprehensible ; while to my mind it flashes with all the conclusiveness of the clearest light. It is the want of this broader and more genial view of

* Some attempts to exclude heresy by some of the *non-subscribing* Presbyterians.

Christianity, which keeps, I think, many good men from carrying out their naturally liberal tendencies to their full and legitimate extent. * * *

I suppose you have read Martineau's letter to Macdonald of Chester, which appeared in the *Inquirer* of Saturday before last. I need hardly say to *you*, that with the substance of most of it I entirely agree. It expresses sentiments which I have entertained and uttered for years past. I wish, however, he had brought out rather more clearly and strongly what is the real value of the *Unitarian* element in our faith. Monotheism is not indeed a *specific Christian* truth, but it is a *very grand* truth of reason and natural religion; and the whole history of the Church shews how indispensable it is as a co-existent condition of the healthy working of the proper Christian idea of *God in Christ*—how *without* it the proper Christian idea inevitably lapses into some form of idolatry and polytheism, with the whole mass of consequential errors; and our clinging firmly to this great truth of universal religion necessitates our worshipping apart from those who have allowed it to be obscured and corrupted, and, so long as this is the case, renders inevitable to some extent our having directly or indirectly a corresponding name. * * * I think we make too much potter about a *name*. Let us in our Academical Institutions, in the constitution of our Churches, and in our theological recognition of one another, keep true to the *broad principle* of our Presbyterian forefathers, and the name by which we are *de facto* known will right itself; it

will either die away and be succeeded, through the natural working of events, by another and more appropriate one, or the old name will itself expand into a broader and nobler significance. All names are to a certain extent inadequate and inappropriate. But usage and long possession partially rectify the evil. Any deliberate attempt to suppress a name already in wide circulation, and *artificially* to substitute another, which must be coined for the occasion, would do more harm than good, and expose us to more suspicion and ridicule than ever. * * *

TO HENRY ENFIELD, ESQ.

The Howe Farm, Keswick, September 8th, 1859.

Only yesterday we learned the heavy affliction which has fallen on you and Mrs. Enfield in the loss of your dear child. Having ourselves had experience of similar griefs, we can well appreciate your's; and I cannot refrain from writing one line to say, how deeply we sympathize with you in this sore trial. You and Mrs. Enfield have so long been familiar with spiritual thoughts—have so long been convinced, that there is a higher and a purer world, invisible and surpassing this, ever around us and only hidden from us by a thin veil of sense, in which we have the deepest interest, and which is the destined home of the immortal within us—that you will instinctively know where to turn for those consolations which the earthly

and the perishing cannot give.—You will doubtless feel, as we have done, that when these dark clouds come over the brightness of our domestic happiness, the soul goes down at once through the superficial crust, if I may so call it, of our human dogmas, to the grand and eternal truths underlying it, which bring us into direct contact with the spirit of the living God, and furnish an immutable basis for perfect rest and trust. It is the embodiment of these eternal truths to which our inmost souls bear witness in the person and work of Christ, which makes him to all who so believe, a present help in time of need, and a deliverer out of the darkest and deepest whirlpool of earthly trouble. His Father is our Father, his God is our God; and there is unspeakable comfort in the reflection, that we are in the hands of such a Father and such a God. Doubtless there is some silent blessing hidden for us in these severe trials, which will come to us sooner or later, if only with patience and submission and silent trust we wait for it.

TO HIS WIFE.

Greenheys, Manchester, Jan. 3rd, 1860.

My whole journey was saddened by the thought of having left you and my dear child behind, for the first time in our lives, on this periodical visit to our dear old friends in Manchester. My own regret was shared by every one to whom I spoke last night.—We

must look right and left for some suitable rest for our old age, where you can enjoy purer air and more quiet, and I shall not be too far from my duties, to discharge them comfortably and efficiently—and where, if possible, you and Hannah can have the entertainment and refreshing of a small garden.—Before deciding on removal, I must know what my future income is likely to be; and that I cannot know till after the annual meeting of the College, which is, I think, on the 16th of this month. As soon as we have finally *fixed* our plans, I shall wish to make our future home, wherever it be, as comfortable and simply elegant, as it will be in my power to make it, for your's and dear Hannah's sake. Let us only be trustful and patient, and all will be right at last.—Good bye, dearest wife. Let me hear how you are going on. I shall see you again at tea-time (I hope) on Monday. My best love to my dearest child. Beg her to be less anxious and more hopeful. There is *One* who takes care of us, who is wiser and better than we. He will never forsake us, if we do not forsake Him.

TO HIS WIFE.*

Nottingham, Jan. 27th, 1860.

— The people here are exceedingly kind—full of respectful attention in every way. We had a printed circular sent us this morning from which we learn,

* On the death of the Rev. Benjamin Carpenter, husband of his sister.

that the Directors of the General Cemetery mean to attend the funeral, out of personal respect to our good Carpenter, as one of the original founders of the Institution. It is gratifying to see how real goodness—genuine uprightness and consistency of conduct—command the respect of the world without brilliant qualities of any kind. It teaches us, in spite of the false estimate of things so prevalent among men—that after all religious virtue is the one thing needful.

TO SAMUEL ROBINSON, ESQ.

March 4th, 1860.

It was a great pleasure to me to see your well-known handwriting, familiar to me now—it is even so—for a good fifty years. I wish you would let me see it more frequently, for as we get older we cling more and more—so at least I find it—to the friends of early life. How is it that the scenes of youth and even of childhood become more vivid to us as we go down into the vale of years—as if the soul had possessions, especially when consecrated by the affections, which *could not* perish!

Thank you for your kind expressions of sympathy relative to the controversy* in which I have been

* In the Christian Reformer, owing to strictures on an Article by Mr. Tayler in the National Review on Ewald's Apostolic Age, especially on Mr. Tayler's Views of the Nature and the Evidence of our Lord's resurrection, as personal and spiritual, but not 'of the Body' in the ordinary human sense.

involved. It has given me no annoyance—I am surprised myself how little, when I remember how sensitive I used to be five-and-twenty years ago. One gets wiser, or, if you like, more hardened, as one gets older. I know that I have had no object, in speaking as I have done on a serious and difficult subject, but to serve the truth and to present it in a form as free from difficulties as possible; and with that consciousness I am quite at ease. I never claimed for my own views the merit of completely settling the question, which I have ever considered to involve a choice of difficulties; but I ask liberty—and if it is not granted me I shall take it without leave—to state the views which to my own mind, taking all things into consideration, involve the fewest and slightest difficulties, and which as I can testify from experience, have had the effect of settling and strengthening my faith on a subject of unspeakable comfort and support to my own mind. I neither expect nor wish all men to coincide with me; for I know how much these things depend on mental temperament and early association. I am however a little surprised at the tone taken by some men, who would be very indignant if you questioned their title to the largest liberality. All *sects* appear to me to have very much the same spirit. It is more the *object* than the *animus* which distinguishes them. I except wholly from these remarks my two last opponents, Mr. Bache and Mr. Means; they are both excellent men, and write with the purest love of truth and with the deepest feeling of religion.—With regard to our *Lay Friend*, I shall

pass him over in silence. He gives one nothing to reply to except personal insinuations and unsupported assertions—not even the semblance of an argument. He is not worth “powder and shot.”

I have had great anxiety lately about my dear wife, and this has diverted my thoughts, though sadly enough, from all other topics. I am happy to add, that within the last day or two, she has rallied wonderfully, and is getting like herself again. But she will require very careful treatment, and must be guarded against all undue excitement.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

Norwood, near London, April 15th, 1860.

I have been intending to write to you for weeks past. We have been here for a week for the sake of my dear wife's health. I return to my work in London to-morrow. I have had more than ordinary sorrow for the last twelve months. My poor brother-in-law, Carpenter of Nottingham, a right worthy creature, a true Christian soul, without any remarkable intellectual gifts, but the best of husbands and brothers, for a whole year lay in a state approaching mental and bodily helplessness, which it was painful to contemplate. During this period, the management of his private affairs fell very much into my hands; and this was a source of anxiety. Since Christmas my dear wife has been attacked with a series of painful seizures

which seriously affect her general health and keep me and my child in a constant state of anxiety. And now within the last few weeks, I have had to inter and preach the funeral sermon for my dear and valued friend, Dr. Hutton, the intimate friend of our family for more than forty years, who in my early youth when he settled in Nottingham as colleague to my father, first seriously opened my mind by the beauty and fervour of his preaching, so different from any that I till then had heard, to religious impressions and a sense of the value of religious truth.—As we draw towards the evening of life, sorrows like these must multiply around us. We need them to chasten us—to wean us from what is vain and perishable, and to make us better know ourselves and the Great God in whom is our only trust. I mention these circumstances, to explain why it is that I have not earlier thanked you for the acceptable present of your little volume on ‘The Revelation of God and Man in Christ.’ Unfortunately these private sorrows came on me at a time when I had just increased my burden of public duty by undertaking the joint pastorate of Little Portland Street with Martineau—which, though a divided duty, is no sinecure. At times during the last few months I have felt the demand on heart and brain almost more than I could stand. Were it not for a rest of three months every autumn, I must really give it up. But when this session is over, I hope I shall be able to maintain this *double* duty for at least a year or two longer. I have no desire even then, should health and

strength remain, to abandon my *College* work, which has the first claim on me, and for which I am by nature best fitted.—But enough of myself.

Sometimes you have been feeling after an idea, and know whereabouts it lies, but cannot distinctly lay hold of it ; when a friend whose mind has been ranging in the same quarter, catches the right point of view, gives form and delivery to the thought that has been dimly struggling into existence in your own mind—and performs for you, if I may adopt a Socratic figure, the function of spiritual midwife. You have placed the *religious* value of the proper humanity to Christ, in many hands so barren and dry a doctrine—in a clearer light than I ever saw it before—and fully satisfied, so it seems to me, the double demand of the highest reason and the deepest reverence. I think your little volume very seasonably occurs to check—by meeting a religious want which the old Priestleyan Unitarians did not supply—that tendency to revive an exploded dogma of the Philo-Alexandrian school, which Mr. Maurice's example has done so much to recommend. Yet your doctrine is strictly Unitarian. The manifestation of Deity in and through Humanity is evidently *the* revelation of Christianity—the realisation of the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth—what explains and justifies the vague, indefinite reverence we all feel for the person of Christ, and opens an access to partial reconciliation, or at least mutual understanding, with spiritual-minded Trinitarians. This is certainly the pervading idea of the Joannean writings, which exhibit the highest develop-

ment of Christianity within the Apostolic age. The foundation of the view which you have so well and clearly put forth, is the perfect humanity of Christ, resulting from perfect harmony between the human and the divine. I have heard those who take the purely critical standing point, say that this is an assumption—that we are not justified in drawing so grand and unprecedented a conclusion from such *fragmentary* notices of Christ as are alone preserved to us in the New Testament, and that we cannot tell how much of the beautiful portraiture is due to history, and how much to the unquestioning love and reverence of the recording mind. Some years ago that objection occupied me as having considerable plausibility. I turned it over in my own mind, and resolved it in the following way. I should like to know how the matter appears to you.—So long as we stand barely on the historical and critical ground, I do not think we can fully meet the objection. There is always the possibility of the question, what is subjective? what is objective? What is *given*, and what we ourselves *give*. Not till we take the proper *spiritual* ground, not till our mind is kindled by *faith* into *sympathy* with the mind of Christ, can we rightly interpret that mind, and see not only what it *was*, but what it *must have been*. Yet this is no arbitrary creation of our own—it is an impression produced *upon* us not *by* us. What I mean is this: Words and acts are recorded of Christ which, though in themselves slight and fragmentary, when taken in connection with the

effect they produced on contemporaries are full of the deepest and richest moral significance and excite, through the affinity which binds together all spiritual nature, a corresponding reflection of moral feeling in us.—We feel that more is *implied* than is actually *shewn*, in those grand outlines and salient features of a divine life. Our own sympathy, in proportion to its strength, fills up the outline and colours the features, and makes us feel, through the intuitions of our own moral consciousness, what the real man must have been. What is best and noblest in us is roused out of its latent, semi-conscious state by the awakening touch of a kindred but higher spirit: so that the more our own moral nature is enlarged, the further we see into the unsearchable riches of the nature of Christ. The ideal of our humanity glows out of dimness into distinctness before us—through the consenting witness and contributing light of our awakened spiritual consciousness. As in the natural world we half create the beauty that we feel, though the inspiring touch still comes from God—so there is a spiritual tact and divination which sees what must have been through the indication of a few suggesting lines and touches, and repels the idea of whatever is at variance with, or destructive of, the essential necessary perfection implied, with the same instinctive rejection as a Cuvier or an Owen cast out from their conception of an organisation, which they have restored from a tooth or a claw or the fragment of a bone, any structural form that would contradict its presiding and con-

trolling law. What we *do* see and know of Christ, is so pure, so lovely, so heavenly, that what we do *not* see and know, we are sure must be in harmony with it. Any thing contrary would render what is seen and known incredible. The character could not else be a *consistent whole*, a *reality*, a *possibility*. This consideration has great weight with me; and it is strengthened by what at first view may seem a defect of historical evidence—by a reference to the purely *popular*, for a long time perhaps even *traditional* channels through which our knowledge of the historical Jesus is derived. Had there been any thing of a lower nature in his character, it must have reached us through so many, such various and such unconscious channels. That all should conspire to yield so pure and beautiful a result, can be explained only by their common emanation from a wonderful reality at their origin, which overpowered ordinary minds by its heavenly brightness, and shot its pure rays through the thickest and darkest folds of their ignorance and prejudice. A more complete *objective* type would have been less stimulating and suggestive, and would sooner have exhausted its effect. I think, too, I can see a reason why the human manifestation of the divine life in Christ, should have been only partially and fragmentarily disclosed to us, and that our own spiritual conception should be called into active exercise to supply the lacking details. Faith becomes thus a more intensely *personal* act, and in its clearness and steadiness is the reward of personal purity and faithfulness.—I can see too, I think,

a reason in the great order of divine providence, why man's ideas of the eternal and permanent relations of our humanity to God, should be fixed once for all in the eye of successive ages by their historical realisation in a *perfect* human life—perfect, I mean, in its relations with God and the spiritual world, for *intellectual* perfection is quite another thing and can never be reached by man; his very immortality precludes it. I have written, as you will perceive, rather hastily, for I have not time now to write otherwise. But I really wished to say to you what I have thought on this subject; and when you have leisure, I shall be glad to have your ideas in reply.

I am beginning to wish ardently for a little more quiet and leisure, to gather up a few thoughts that lie scattered in my mind, and to complete a few inquiries that I have been brooding over for years. In the course of a year, I hope to give up some of my present occupations, and get a little way out of London. Railways afford facilities for such plans that formerly could not be thought of. Moreover, in the course of another year I shall have got pretty well mapped out and written down the grand outlines of the new lectures which I have had to write, since the new arrangements on the withdrawal of Mr. Vance Smith. This will be a great relief, and afford the leisure which I earnestly court. But all these things are not wholly in our power. We must entertain our fondest hopes submissively and patiently. The last twelve months have made me feel more than ever the uncertainties of life, how weak we are, and how little we can do!

TO REV. J. MARTINEAU.*

Heathside Cottage, Northend, Hampstead, Aug. 3rd, 1860.

I postponed writing for some time, till I could send you an account of myself on which you might rely. The progress of convalescence is certainly slow, but I have no doubt it is steady. All friends who have not seen me for several days, are struck with my improved appearance. * * *

I am beginning gradually to resume my old studies and to take up again my old books; and this transition from a regular invalid state is delightful and refreshing: but I am obliged at present to do every thing moderately and carefully. Last night was the best that I have had since I began to recover—less broken and disturbed than my nights have usually been; and I feel proportionately better this morning. That in the course of another month or six weeks I shall be quite well again—unless something quite unforeseen should happen—I have not a doubt, nor has Dr. Kirby. Nevertheless, this severe attack has been a warning to me; and if I am to secure ten or fifteen more years of active service to the world, I must arrange my future plans with a corresponding prudence. During the last eighteen months I am conscious, that I have taken on me more than my limited strength will bear; and if I am to preserve my health, and my capacity for usefulness, I must diminish the burden. So my medical adviser and all my most expe-

* After severe illness.

rienced friends strongly urge on me. You know what pain it gives me to separate myself from any work in which I have once engaged with you; but I have now *finally made up my mind* to relinquish the *habitual* exercise of the Ministry. * * *

Should it be possible, I should wish to terminate my ministerial connection with Portland Street at Christmas next: but I shall take no steps relative thereto till your return. Therefore do not let this matter disturb you in anywise. Go, I beseech you, dear friend, with your mind free and unembarrassed—and with a joyous, elastic spirit to the interesting career which now lies before you—sure that all will go on well at home in the interval—and come back to us in October, richly laden with health, strength, spirits and noble reputation, to serve the cause of truth and freedom with new power and wider success in your own country.* My heartiest good wishes are with you, I assure you. My wife is not quite well; she is generally ailing at this time of the year. But dear H. is the strength and support of both of us. I don't know what we should do without her.

August 27th, 1860.

My interest in, and my efforts on behalf of the Schools† which we have jointly raised, and which give such an omen of ultimate success, will not, I trust, in any degree be interrupted.

— In the course of the ensuing spring, I propose,

* Mr. Martineau was at this time contemplating a visit to America.

† Portland British, Day and Sunday, Schools.

if we can find a suitable house, to effect a change of residence. My dear wife's health renders it indispensable that we should lead a life of rather more retirement and repose, and breathe habitually a purer and sweeter air than is attainable in the most favoured situations in London. I had always looked forwards to this, after spending ten years in London. Events have anticipated by a year or two the final change. For myself I could live very agreeably in London; and town life, with a long vacation like ours, is not without its charms for me. Nevertheless even in my own case, I believe the change will be desirable, preserve my health and secure me more leisure and quiet for effectual study. * * *

The great ambition of the remainder of my life would be in conjunction with you to raise our Academy into the highest repute for the *thoroughness* of its teaching, and the *efficiency* of its results. I should throw my whole soul into this work, and make it the great business of my life. I agree with every word you say as to the necessity of imbuing our students with more spiritual fire and earnestness, that they may exert a prophetic influence on the religious deadness of the world. With this view we must perhaps select our students more carefully than we have hitherto done; but most will depend on our making them see the subserviency of thorough scholarship to high spiritual purposes—and on the spiritual tendency of our own lectures and our own personal intercourse with them. * * *

The Americans have doubtless a great superiority over us as orators—they make what they know tell wonderfully on a popular audience ; and I am far indeed from undervaluing this gift, especially at the present day ; but their most accomplished men, with one or two exceptions, seem to me to get their learning at second hand, from French and German sources. * * *

I am steadily improving, but am not yet strong and well. I have still invalidish feelings hanging about me. I am soon tired and exhausted.—The intolerable thirst from which at one time I suffered, is considerably abated. My progress is sure and constant ; but I wished you to know exactly how I feel. In a fortnight we go to Eastbourne for the benefit of sea-breezes during the last month of the vacation.

TO MISS S. GREG.

4, *Grand Parade, Eastbourne, Sussex, Oct. 4th, 1860.*

It was exceedingly kind of you to think of writing to me on my birthday ; and I ought before now to have expressed my sense of your kindness ; but till quite recently writing has been a pain to me, and I have wished to escape as much of it as did not come within the range of necessary duty, and writing to a friend should be a pleasure, not a burden. I hope, however, that my daughter assured you, how much I felt gratified by your kind remembrance of me, and gave you all particulars about our present state. My

wife and I have been much benefited by this place—I more especially ; my dear wife, I am sorry to say, has for the last day or two been suffering slightly from her habitual complaint—disordered action of the liver. We like Eastbourne as much as it is possible to like any regular watering-place. There is a glorious sea, and the air is some of the purest and most invigorating I ever breathed. Our lodgings are right on the beach, and command a delightful sea view. The environs are charming, abounding in beautiful walks and rides. I knew nothing of Sussex before. The Downs—soft, swelling elevations, clothed with herbage to the top, sprinkled over with numerous flocks of sheep, the tinkling of whose bells delightfully breaks the silence of the hills—and their sides shaded by fine-grown woods—form a delicious element in the scenery, different from any thing I have seen before. The farms and farm-buildings are old-fashioned and picturesque—usually sheltered by a cluster of fine old trees, and the deep red-tiled roofs are clothed with a rich orange-coloured lichen which blends harmoniously with the green of the trees and the warm grey of the stone-houses, and furnishes a perfect feast of colour to the eye of an artist. We have made pretty good use of our time, though the weather has been so unfavourable, and have seen most of the places of interest within the immediate neighbourhood. Locomotion in an open carriage through this pure, sweet air, with delightful views opening on every side—has done me a world of good. What I am now chiefly

suffering from, is a weak and sensitive stomach accompanied with frequent feeling of nausea, which makes food, except in a liquid or sodden form, still distasteful to me ; and this I suspect is a consequence of the severe, though I do not doubt necessary, discipline I have passed through, and the quantity of medicine I have taken. I have swallowed enough of quinine, iodine and nitric acid during the last two months to disorder one's natural system completely. I am returning now as rapidly as I can to natural influences ; as my original disorder is almost entirely subdued, and I have little doubt will in time disappear altogether. All I shall need, will be caution and prudence—and strict attention to the prescriptions of the best of all physicians—Nature herself—fresh air, bodily exercise, early hours, wholesome diet.

I am looking forward with much interest and not without good hope, to the resumption of my duties in about ten days. The delight I take in them, and the regular quiet stimulus they supply—will, I quite expect, promote, instead of retarding, my recovery. I have, however, after due consideration thought it advisable to send in my resignation as one of the Ministers of Little Portland Street Chapel—proposing to close my engagement sometime between this and Christmas. * * * I shall still hope to preach occasionally both in London and elsewhere ; but I find that if I remain in the regular ministry, I must make it the principal object of my time and thoughts, and that would be quite inconsistent with the other and not less

important duties which I have to perform. Moreover, I remember that I am getting fast into years—already sixty-three ; and that if I am to collect and digest into any form useful to my fellow-creatures—the fruits of the studies and thoughts of my whole life—I must lose no more time, but husband my resources, and seek a little more leisure and quiet and collectedness of thought, than the necessary engagements of a Metropolitan Ministry would leave me. If God intended me for any thing, it was for a scholar ; by which I do not mean a literary dilettante and epicure—but one whose business is to read and think, that as far as possible he may instruct others. I may be deluding myself with an old man's vain imaginations ; but I feel my mental vigour and my capacity for literary work quite unabated—and I will at least try to make some use for others' good of the studies of my whole life. After all, it is very possible, I may disappoint both myself and others ; but age tempers the disappointments which would have been very bitter in earlier years.—

TO REV. J. KENRICK.

Woburn Square, Dec. 23rd, 1860.

I this morning preached my farewell sermon at Little Portland Street. Though it has in some respects been a pain to me to give up the regular exercise of the Ministry, yet already my mind feels relief at having this heavy responsibility removed, and an increase of power and spirit to be devoted to remaining duties.—

Before I received your last welcome letter, I had

heard from Mr. R. D. Darbishire of your wish to resign the Visitorship.*—Your name alone is exceedingly valuable to us—as marking the continuity of interest and aim which still subsists, and which I hope will never be broken, between York and London. I for one am proud of our historical descent, and hope we of this day shall not prove ourselves unworthy of it.

What you say about the classical training in University College has hitherto been found only too true. I think matters are better now. At least I hear fewer complaints. The evil would be less, if our students came in general better prepared and more thoroughly grounded. The students admitted this session are superior in this respect to the average of their predecessors. One or two of them have had a regular grammar school training. One or two of them, moreover, are drawn from a more respectable social position, and are distinguished by a greater refinement of manners and bearing. * * * I shall be very glad to send you from time to time some account of the state of things here, both Academical and general.—It will give me the opportunity sometimes of asking questions growing out of my studies, which no one could answer like yourself.

TO REV. J. MARTINEAU.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, August 18th, 1861.

You will be wishing to hear some tidings of us. I should have written before, but we have only just

* Of Manchester New College.

settled down into something like order. * * * My dear wife has not suffered, I am glad to say, from the change, but she is weak and incapable of much exertion—especially during hot relaxing weather. Happily the energy and spirit of H. have never failed, and it is mainly owing to her exertions that her mother and I find ourselves in the comparatively advanced state of comfort on which we are able to congratulate ourselves. I am very well satisfied with our new abode. It is comfortable, commodious and for a builder's house, well and solidly built—in excellent air (of which we feel the good effect already) and within five minutes walk of open fields and delightful views. It makes no pretence to being country; but it combines the nearest approach to it with constant facility of access to London that was possible to a person in my situation. I confess the determining consideration to the purchase of it was a very prosaic one—the passing of omnibuses past my gate, to and fro, from eight o'clock in the morning till a late hour at night. * * * As our present house is quite new, there are endless things to do ever springing up afresh; and the papering and painting of some of the principal rooms and the staircase will not be finished till the spring. Nevertheless I feel already a sort of rest and contentment in the reflection, that I am now in all human possibility fairly housed in my last earthly home. I have a very cheerful, spacious and convenient study with a dressing-room opening out of it. Here I have put up and distributed all my

books and arranged all my papers ; so that I can at once lay my hand on what I want ; a convenience which, as you know from experience, is an immense saving of time to a student, and which, as I removed to London in a hurry eight years ago, and with a doubt whether I should long remain in the house which I first occupied, and so stowed away my books and papers as I could best find a place for them, I constantly missed in Woburn Square. And now, dear friend, sitting reflectingly at the desk, where so many hours will henceforth have to be spent—I seem to see a tranquil but not inactive, and I hope not wholly unfruitful, future opening before me. God has given me jointly with you, were I only less unequal to it, a noble work to do—that of breathing light and power into younger minds, and fitting them through God’s spirit and co-operating providence, to do a work nobler still. I assure you, I feel myself happy in having such a work to do, in such companionship. If I can preserve health of body and peace of mind and competence of worldly good, I would not exchange it for one more conspicuous and more remunerative. I have enough to occupy all my powers and engage all my aspirations, but not enough to oppress and confound them ; and I feel at this moment very grateful. But enough of sentimentality. Let me turn to something practical. * * *

I think the prospects of the College on the whole encouraging. I find our young men are liked, and giving satisfaction where they are settled. What I feel strongly we must aim at combining with scholastic

thoroughness and accomplishment is power and impressiveness in speaking and preaching. The main condition of this is a judicious selection of men in the first instance, and a kindly recommendation of withdrawal in case of proved unfitness—but above everything, in inspiring them with a soul of earnestness and deep devotion to their work, as the greatest that can be committed to man. In this matter I feel with a painful sense of responsibility, how much depends on the spirit that we ourselves put into our work, and the silent, undefinable influence of the obvious aim and tendency of our instructions. Our constant endeavour must be to make our men feel—that their main business is not only to *know* but also to *speak* and *act*—not merely to possess knowledge, but to make it tell with a kindling effect on the convictions and aspirations of others! Without this I feel more and more every day, how cold and formal all Elocution Lessons and Debating Societies are.—After all, there is nothing like reality and contact with human sympathies, for calling out young men's earnestness, and inspiring them with genuine interest. On this account, I am very anxious, that early next session the plan you have so often alluded to, should be carried out, of having—at least during the winter and early spring—Sunday evening services for the parents and friends of our school-children—either at the schools, or in the chapel, whichever you thought best—and of engaging our Senior students to take part in them—with the understanding that they should acquire the

habit of speaking to this class of hearers in a plain, simple, familiar and extemporaneous address. I will gladly take my share in such a service. Our schools might in this way serve as an introduction for our young men to the practical side of their future profession, and help to break the hardness and dryness of an Academic frame of mind. Do think of this in your present retirement, that we may talk it over with a view to some practical result when we meet. And this leads me to a kindred subject. I think the Hibbert Trust an excellent institution, and capable of the best fruits. I also have the best opinion of the intentions of the present managers. But I am not perfectly satisfied with its present working. Its connection with the spiritual wants of our churches does not seem to me sufficiently direct and close. I think it very undesirable that a young man who obtains a scholarship under this Trust, should have a prospect of indefinite leisure before him for the prosecution of his studies. * * *

From what I remember of my own youth, I can well conceive how seductive such opportunities may prove. Moreover, if not kept distinctly to certain objects the working of this Institution may tend to substitute purely literary tastes, perhaps even a feeble *dilettantism*—for that deep and serious interest in religious and theological subjects which ought to be the chief aim and thought of the future pastor and preacher. E—, who is a simple-hearted, right-minded young man, who can in no sense be charged with having

neglected the opportunities of his scholarship, and whose reports gave great satisfaction to the Trustees—confessed to a friend, as I know, that had he enjoyed the opportunities for general study which his scholarship afforded him—much longer—he should have lost altogether the taste for his future vocation in life. I found this last summer in conversing with some of our ministers from the North, * * * that an idea had occurred to them, which seemed to me an excellent one, and capable of being worked out into very good results—viz., that it should be part of the application of the Hibbert Trust to place its Scholars for a time as assistants to ministers of experience in large and influential congregations, where they could put their scholastic acquirements to use and be initiated under guidance and without the full weight of ministerial responsibility into the active duties of their profession as pastors and preachers. I cannot conceive of a better plan for introducing a young minister into the world. * * *

With regard to the increasing demands of the University of London and the necessities thence resulting for cram—I think we shall do best if we can act in conjunction with other Academic bodies, to obtain some diminution or choice of subjects. De Morgan is heartily with us in his hostility to the “Useful Knowledge” principle of the University of London.—I have little local news to tell. London is almost deserted—and friends are fled in all directions. I occasionally go into town on business: I cannot conceive of anything more positively disagreeable than Oxford Street on a

glorious August afternoon, with the blue sky over-head, reminding you of fresh-breathing gales and heath-clad mountain sides far away. Happy you, thrice happy who enjoy them. * * * Partly with the worry of removal and partly through some other anxieties, I have been troubled with sleeplessness at night. I want change of scene and a new direction to my thoughts. I shall soon have this now, and all things are already getting quite straight. As yet I don't feel that I have had any holiday. I have had a short Latin communication from Tischendorf, in answer to my claim on behalf of the College for a copy of the Imperial edition of the Codex Sinaiticus, in which to use his own words, "Significat se Collegii illustris Novi Mancuniensis causam acturum;" so that by having interest at headquarters we shall have some chance.

I have written you an awful long letter in the style of our great-grandfathers; but you are now living, I presume, in the old world, amidst primitive formations, and it is natural you should be addressed in the old world style. * * * I suppose your portfolios will come back filled with glens and friths and mountains. We are at the very antipodes of scenery. Yet Hampstead has great charms in its way. We saw this evening a most glorious sunset over the wide-stretching blue distance, which we look over from the hill at the back of our house.

TO REV. J. KENRICK.

Hampstead, Aug. 25th, 1861.

* * * I have every reason to be grateful for the prospect of comfort which seems opening on the concluding years of my life. I am particularly fortunate in my study, where I have found room conveniently to arrange my books and papers, so that I can at once lay my hand on what I want. We have also many kind friends around us. I only wish it would occur to you and Mrs. Kenrick to take a house in this neighbourhood. We should, then, want nothing more.

My vacations, as I have often before told you, are my most important seasons for close unbroken study, when I arrange and prepare my work for the coming Session. This summer, like the last, has been an exception. Last summer from illness, and this from the confusion and bustle of removal, I have been able to do comparatively little. I have not, however, been wholly idle; I quite hope in this comparative retreat, to realize to some extent, the dream of long years, and to be able to devote the remainder of my life to more regular and consecutive study than I have ever yet enjoyed. I am particularly anxious to *read myself into* (if I may so express myself) the thought and belief of the early centuries of the Christian era, by studying the principal sources carefully for myself. I propose to read backwards from the time of Eusebius; and this year, with such leisure as I could command, I have begun with his "*Preparatio Evangelica*," of which I have read about half. Euse-

bius's Greek, I need not say to you, is abominable—wordy, turgid and involved, and notwithstanding some good *general* sentiments (which, I observe, weak minds often readily appropriate), with such a thin vein of thought underlying his prolixity, as sometimes to raise a doubt whether it is always worth while to disentangle his involved skein of words. I wish, however, tedious as the task is, to familiarize myself with the mode of conceiving and speaking of religious topics in that great age of transition. The most valuable part of his book I find in the extracts, especially those from Porphyry and the later philosophical exponents of the old heathenism, which are very curious and instructive. It is quite clear to me, that during these remarkable centuries—from Augustus to Constantine—a great change was taking place in the religious thought of the upper classes, contemporary with, and to a large extent independent of, the still greater revolution which was transforming the belief of the lower classes. Greek, biblical and ecclesiastical, at all events the *κοινὴ διάλεκτος*—is the chief philological instrument with which I shall have to work; and of course I am very desirous, as far as is now possible, to perfect my knowledge of it. To read ordinary Greek is one thing; to handle a particular form of it, at all like a scholar, is quite another. But how little time there is in a life, spent as the greater part of mine has been in the active duties of a preacher and pastor, for developing and completing the rudiments acquired at College! I am very grateful for the opportunity afforded me of

supplying in some degree these deficiencies, in the latter part of my life. I find one thing—that to understand the degenerate Greek of the Lower Empire, it is necessary to keep up one's acquaintance with the classical standards. We can only measure the deflection by the contrast. I find also that reading over the more recent grammars is very improving. I have just gone through Ahrens' *Griechische Formlehre*, which strikes me as rather too theoretical and unnecessarily divergent from received usage. I like *Curtius's Schulgrammatik*, which I am now reading, much better. How different is the present mode of teaching the dead languages from what was usual when we were young! It is like a new study; such minute attention to the value and affinities of letters, to accentuation and the laws of derivation and combination! To read and write correctly with a due observation of quantity, was the old measure of scholarship. The present mode of study is infinitely nobler and more interesting; but it sometimes occurs to me as a doubt whether, with the numberless questions that have to be attended to in the modern philology, we shall ever again witness such a range of scholarship and so firm a grasp of the practice of a language, as distinguished the great scholars of former generations. Of this I am convinced, that constant and varied reading must go along with the knowledge of grammatical rules, even the best established, to secure any proficiency. Like a true Ὀφθαλμολόγος, I practise double translation on Plato every morning. I comfort myself with the reflection

of old Cato, "Senem fieri quotidie aliquid addiscen-tem." I have been put up to these exercises by reading since the vacation Bentley's Correspondence, which was a legacy to me from Mr. Kentish's library—and over again, what I had not read for years, Porson's preface and supplement to the Hecuba. What marvellous men these were! Yet their example serves rather to deter than to excite. Ordinary men must be content to learn from them, without attempting even at a vast distance to imitate them. It requires their strength of brain to carry their weight of learning! And what rubbish they must have held with much that was precious! A feebler mind would be buried under the load. It is a comfort, therefore, to have a definite, useful object in view, and to use such learning as we can acquire and hold, for more effectually attaining that. The words of the old Book occur most opportunely to the mind: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding." I have written, I fear, a strange rambling letter; but when I write to you, the spirit of old tastes and studies revives in me, and I am quite carried away. You will be glad to hear that I have received a short but very civil note from Tischendorf, in which he assures me he will plead the cause (*causam acturum*) of the *illustrious* M. New College for a copy of the Imperial Edition of the Codex Sinaiticus.

We are leaving home on Monday for four or five weeks. I really feel, that I require relaxation and change of scene. We take my wife down to Clevedon,

where she will join her sister Emma. H. E. and I shall then wend our way through Wales up to Glyn-Garth on the Menai, where we are to spend some time with our old friend Mrs. Schwabe.—

TO HIS WIFE.

Haverfordwest, Sept. 5th, 1861.

* * * The whole coast of S. Wales from before you reach Newport almost to Carmarthen, is one crowded hive of industry, teeming with mineral wealth, and rapidly increasing in population. This is the district which the line of railway traverses—cutting through the ancient woods, and sweeping past the old-fashioned residences of the native gentry, and rapidly revolutionizing the whole face of the country. Perhaps you remember Newport was the scene of the great Chartist movement some twenty or thirty years ago, when the Mayor was wounded by a bullet shot, as he was reading the Riot Act from the windows of the Westgate Hotel, where we slept last night. The pillars supporting the entrance are still perforated by the bullet marks made in it by the mob. We took a car, and went this morning three or four miles along the bank of the Usk to Caerleon, a celebrated Roman station, the seat of the earliest British metropolitan bishop, and the traditional court of King Arthur and his knights. It is now a dull, quiet village, with fragments of an old wall and gateway, which I cannot myself believe to be Roman—and a grassy mound just

outside the wall, which, but for its diminutive size, one might suppose to be the remains of an amphitheatre. There is a Museum of Roman antiquities in the place, which is really interesting, especially for some curious inscriptions, and a collection of Roman ornaments and utensils dug up on the spot. We left Newport at one to-day by the railway for this place, and to-morrow morning we are going to St. David's, of which I will give you an account before I close this letter, after our return. Good-bye, my own dear Hannah—God grant you may yet recover a portion at least of your former health and strength, and have much placid enjoyment in your remaining years. A thousand times to-day, your old beaming eye and happy face—reflecting the beauty of the scene on which it glanced—has come back to my memory, and made me think of happy days long passed. Let us hope that quite as happy, if more quiet, are still in store for us ere we go hence.

Sept. 6th, Friday Evening.

I must add a very few lines before I go to bed. We have had a very beautiful journey to St. David's. The weather was fine, with floating clouds, and just a few drops of rain in the course of the day. The sea views were glorious. St. Bride's Bay is magnificent—though the general character of this part of Pembroke-shire is somewhat dreary. You see nothing of St. David's head till you come right upon it. The cathedral, with the remains of the bishop's palace and

the college are seated in a deep hollow, with the little town overhanging them on the slope of a hill. The cathedral is a magnificent relic of the past—but only a relic; for though a portion of it is still used for service, the greater part is but a ruin. It impresses one deeply with the penetrating influence of medieval piety which reached this secluded spot, and filled it with the richest architectural beauty. I attended the afternoon service. Hannah preferred drawing outside; and I think she had the best bargain of the two. There was no organ to-day, and the choristers had tuneless voices. The entire congregation consisted of the Dean, one Canon, eight singing boys and myself. This operation goes on all through the year. Much as I admire in general the Cathedral service, I could not but feel that here at least the past was dead and gone. The country is studded over with small Dissenting chapels, ugly in the extreme.

Bellevue Royal Hotel, Aberystwith, Sept. 9th, 1861.

* * * This place calls to mind, with a mingled feeling of pain and pleasure, the impressions of more than thirty years ago; when *both* our dear children were infants. How vividly I remember that time! You and aunt Emma and the nurse and children, with Hannah Hawkes and aunt Lizzie, had preceded me by a week at Aberystwith—and I walked through North Wales to meet you there. Dear John was then a tiny little fellow, and in the absence had almost forgotten me, especially as I was pretty well sun-burnt by my pedestrian tour. I recollect, as if it were but yester-

day, his innocent look of inquiring hesitation, as I approached him, and his sudden smile of recognition when he saw who I was. These are sweet remembrances : I hope, not unreal elements of a distant hope. But I must not moralise—especially with this wretched pen, the only one I can for the moment lay hold of. I do not think this place much changed ; I think I can recognise the very house we were in. To-morrow we go forward by coach to Dolgelly and so on to Tan-y-Bwlch and Festiniog, where we hope to stay a day or two quietly before going on to Mrs. Schwabe's. All the way from Cardigan to this place we have been compelled from the failure of other modes of conveyance to travel post, which has considerably run away with my money ; but we have enjoyed the journey through quiet secluded country exceedingly. I am very glad we have been at Cardigan. It is a place which no regular tourist would visit ; but the banks of the Tivy are beautifully wooded, and the town is a clean, quiet old-world sort of place which took my fancy amazingly. I believe I am half a Tory, the old is to me so infinitely more interesting than the new. Moreover the growth of morals by no means keeps pace with that of wealth and population. At Cardigan the calendar at the assizes is often a blank, whereas of Cardiff, where industry has been wonderfully developed within the last few years, Murray says, it is the most thriving and the most immoral town in the Principality. We attended church at Cardigan yesterday. Sunday is

kept there with the greatest propriety and strictness. We wished to have got a boat and gone up the river a mile or two to see the ruins of Kilgorran Castle, but as it was Sunday we found it impossible. Near a century ago a fête-champêtre was given to the barristers on the circuit near these ruins. I remembered some lines of a song, written by Sir W. Jones—then a young barrister, on the occasion :

Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods and green eglantine bowers,
Thy banks with the blush rose and amaranth glowing
While Fancy and Friendship enliven the hours.

TO HIS WIFE.

Harlech, Sunday Evening, Sept. 15th, 1861.

Here are we, confined, for the first time, by the weather for a whole day to the house. Hannah has perhaps told you, that in travelling from Barmouth to Tan-y-Bwlch, we were so charmed by the magnificent panorama of this place, with the venerable Castle for the centre of the picture, standing out in bold dark relief against the exquisite light which then clothed the northern mountains, that we resolved, after having spent a day or two at Tan-y-Bwlch, to return hither for the remainder of our time, before proceeding to our final destination at Glyn Garth. But the weather has been unfavourable ever since we came—the only drawback that we have hitherto had in the whole of our little tour. Yesterday, notwithstanding the lowering

aspect of the heavens, we walked to Llanbadr, a pretty little country inn about three miles from this place, on the road to Barmouth. It is a favourite resort for anglers, and we dined there and spent the morning and afternoon in the neighbourhood. We walked up a beautiful wooded glen, with a rocky stream dashing through it. Hannah made a sketch of a pretty turn of it, where the stream dashes through a picturesque bridge. We had rain and wind on our return to Harlech; but I would not have missed the walk for the world. It was one of the grandest scenes I ever witnessed. The northern mountains were robed in deep and solemn purple, against which the old Castle stood out in yellowish green, bright with the reflected radiance of a few broken sunbeams which fell on it; the sea was a beautiful expanse of varied hues—purple and a delicious green—while portions of it gleamed with silvery light, and across the sky was sweeping a dark shower, sombre and awful—a fit subject for Turner—with effects that I have seen represented in some pictures of the Deluge. Our time, therefore, has not been wholly lost. I should recommend any one who wished to study sea and mountain effects, with a fine old ruin for the central object, and a beautiful sweep of yellow sands bordered by the foaming surf, to come to Harlech. Though the weather has been so unfavourable, I do not in the least regret it. The house is very comfortable—rather an old-fashioned inn—and the people exceedingly obliging and attentive.—

As I brought books with me, I did not so much

mind being kept indoors, as I enjoyed myself much reading quietly by *the fire*, for a fire we really required. But I am very sorry for dear Hannah, as she has missed one of the objects for which we came here—a sketch of the Castle with its mountain background. I hope, however, it may be fine to-morrow, so that she may do something with her pencil before we set out on our journey. Two gentlemen have been in the coffee-room this evening, whose conversation has much amused us, as they have been wanderers far and wide over the earth; one of them a sportsman in the forests and prairies of California, shooting elks and bears, trafficking with Indian tribes, and travelling for seventeen days through pathless woods by the single direction of a compass. California was in a dreadful state when he first reached it. There was literally no law; every man did what was right in his own eyes; and provisions were brought on mules across the Rocky Mountains from the United States. But the thirst for gold counterbalanced all these discouragements.—

TO REV. C. WICKSTEED.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Jan. 1st, 1862.

Let me thank you, as I do most heartily, for your kind letter received yesterday morning. Though I am become comparatively indifferent to such attacks as those of Dr. Montgomery,* when I am conscious

* On Mr. Tayler's views of our Lord's resurrection as real and personal, but not bodily.

of being actuated by a sincere desire to penetrate, as far as I can see my way, into the living essence of our Christian faith—yet the sympathy of cultivated and thoughtful minds that have struggled with the same difficulties and doubts, is, I can assure you, very sweet and refreshing. I should have more comfort and encouragement in the knowledge that you and our dear friend Thom felt with me in my search after truth, though you might not adopt all my conclusions, than in all the popularity that is so easily obtained by *emphasizing* truisms or bolstering up with specious arguments traditional forms of belief. Martineau, I find, has long entertained substantially the same views on this subject, though I was not aware of the fact till the controversy of eighteen months ago. Indeed, I have been surprised to find how much secret sympathy was latent, and in the minds of devout and religious men. I received a letter on the former occasion from a gentleman unknown to me—thanking me for having broached the subject, and assuring me that my views kept him within the limits of Christianity, from which he felt himself repelled by the ground ordinarily taken in books on the Evidences.

Were I a private individual, I should not think it necessary or desirable to take any notice of Dr. Montgomery; but occupying as I do a public position and sustaining a sort of public responsibility, I cannot allow gross misrepresentations to go forth unrebuked, which might damage the Institution I am connected with, by conveying a false impression of my real views. As

for changing his own views, and making him reasonable and candid—that, I agree with you, is out of the question. In any reply which I may find it necessary to make, I shall not consider him but others. It is a thousand pities, that he could not be satisfied to live on the fame which he had so justly acquired a quarter of a century ago. He is a man of remarkable gifts, of great courage and determination. Give him a good cause to start with, and let it be his only task to carry it through, against the prejudice and opposition of his fellow-men, and no man will acquit himself more nobly. But he is not content with his own proper sphere. He is, as you remark, utterly deficient in modern scholarship, and not largely, I think, gifted with the philosophical faculty. Action is his proper field; but unfortunately he does not know when he has filled it. His incurable appetite for power, and love of domination, are blighting the early wreaths which he so gloriously won. Considering his years and his long services—any indignation I might else feel, I find smothered in sorrowing regret and commiseration.

Let me, dear friend, offer you and your's the best wishes of the season. The new year in more senses than one opens somewhat gloomily upon us. I am sorry to say, my poor wife is still in a very precarious condition, and keeps me very anxious night and day.

TO REV. J. MARTINEAU.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Feb. 17th, 1862.

The sad event we have long been looking for, has occurred. My dearest wife, my sweet companion and most faithful friend for thirty-seven years, passed from us yesterday afternoon, a little before five—and is gone, I trust and believe, to receive the reward of as gentle and unselfish a spirit as ever brightened a human home. In this darkest shade of life, there is no trust to sustain us but one ;—and you whose powerful mind constantly embraces the highest abstractions of philosophy, know well that the vital elements and the imperishable roots of the truth by which we must all, the wisest and the simplest, live and die—are only to be found in the religion of the heart and conscience, which is our last refuge in the deep sorrow and irreparable bereavements of life. I write to you now, in full reliance on the kind sympathy which has never failed me when I have appealed to it—to ask you to perform the last offices for us at Highgate. My dearest wife will be laid by the side of our son. This will probably be the final resting-place of us all. There will be room in the vault for the two that now survive. * * * I must take *one week* of quiet rest and silent sorrow. On Monday next I shall resume my usual duties. Our young men are all kind and good ; and the fulfilment of my holy and peaceful duties towards them, will be a relief rather than a burden to my mind—which might droop,

if left to the unsupported weight of its own sad thoughts. * * *

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

The Times, Feb. 18th, 1862.

The tidings must have reached you by this time of our bitter trial and irreparable loss. I would have written sooner, but the heart has been so full and the hands so busy with writing to relatives, that I could not find time. I do not, however, like that you should have no direct communication from us on an occasion when, I know, your kind nature will deeply sympathize with me and my poor child.

You will be always closely associated in our minds with the dear memory of one who is now gone. She enjoyed your society much ; and her sweet face, always bright, looked brighter, when you came, as you often did, to take your place at our tea-table in Woburn Square. These will be happy recollections for the rest of our days. I daresay, dear Sir, you have felt in your long experience of life, how the moral atmosphere we breathe becomes sweeter, as it were, by the fragrant memories left in it by the good and kind, who have been taken from us. I feel that this will be the case with my dearest wife, whose spirit was the most loving and unselfish that it was ever my happiness to know.

When this sad week is over, and we have to resume the ordinary business of life, we shall then begin to feel the greatness of our loss. Now I shall try to find

relief in active occupation and renewed devotion to the proper studies of my life. I feel it a happiness, that my habitual pursuits are of so calm and elevating a nature.

When this sad week has passed away, perhaps with your usual kindness you will come and spend a quiet evening with us. To see you once more at our tea-table will be like a breath coming over us from former happy days.

TO REV. J. MARTINEAU.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Feb. 21st, 1862.

Let me thank you most sincerely for the sustaining and consoling words which you spoke to us when we most needed them, in the solemn services of this sad day. Now the unavoidable excitement of the last few days is over, my real trial will begin in the hourly sense of my irreparable loss. The sweet and healing influence which I have enjoyed for thirty-seven years, is gone, and nothing on earth will replace it. On Monday I shall take up again the holy and ennobling business of my life, which happily is not out of harmony with the irrepressible tendency of my thoughts at this time, and concentrate the care and interest of my inner life on the happiness of my sole remaining child, in whose affection and devotedness I must seek my best compensation for the removal of her dearest mother. I find it mercifully ordered, that the trusts and convictions, by which

alone we can truly live, while often weakened, at least not strengthened and rendered more conclusive, by reasoning and disputation—come out with a sort of spontaneous evidence from the witness of the soul itself, when most needed. I felt this to-day in listening to your words and those of Paul. * * *

TO SIR CHARLES LYELL, BART.

The Limes, Hampstead, Feb. 23rd, 1862.

I have not forgotten the interesting and suggestive conversation that I had with you, when you favoured me with a call a week or two ago. You did me the honour then to request, that, if anything occurred to me in relation to some of the questions raised, I would communicate it to you. Under ordinary circumstances I should probably never have ventured to do this, as thinking I could have nothing new or important to say on themes that have been so constantly discussed. But deep sorrow, and irreparable worldly loss have given, as you may well suppose, peculiar intensity at this time to my sense of the moral and spiritual aspects of the universe. I find my mind dwelling on them continually, and catching with eagerness at the tranquillising and consolatory side which they present. The truths that lie nearest to the human consciousness, seem now to reveal themselves with peculiar force, and to possess a reality which on other occasions we do not so clearly discern in them. What is written in this state of mind,

is transcribed direct from living, personal experience, and may derive from the profound sincerity of affliction, a value which higher speculative faculty and greater philosophical powers might not of themselves confer.

What I feel strongly, and what affords me unspeakable comfort, at the present moment, is this—that what is highest and noblest in ourselves is, and must remain, a *reality*, witnessed as it is by the most *direct* of all evidence, our ever present consciousness,—whatever may become of the relations of *external* things either to one another, or to us. We surely find *in ourselves* the nearest and most indubitable of all realities. We grow up, we know not how, in some respects almost unconsciously,—implanted tendencies, voluntary efforts and outward influences acting with and against each other—into a certain individual unity, the mysterious *ego* of the philosophers; and here we have a fact, ever present in the light of consciousness, and the most certain of all facts, from which, as from a fixed point of view, I cannot but think, we ought to construct our general theory of the meaning and final purpose of the Universe, rather than leaving our minds a blank, a purely negative receptivity, take from them all positive individuality, and regard all their utterances as a mere echoing back to us, in a more concentrated form and through a finer organisation, of the last results of physical laws. A voice speaks to us from our inner mental being, in moods of calm thoughtfulness, of holy affection and of deep sorrow—and all the highest art and highest

poetry, to say nothing of prophetic influences, have taken up and perpetuated its accents—which tells us of something, akin to what is noblest in ourselves, which lies behind and beyond all physical phenomena, and which we feel in such moments is needed to give them their true significance and most perfect expression; and it would seem to me strange indeed, and contrary to all the analogies which pervade this vast and wonderful but still harmonious Universe, to suppose that such moods,—which represent the highest conditions of our human consciousness, with which all our best and finest feelings, our most unselfish and least worldly efforts, our noblest aspirations after what is great and good, are associated, in which, as it were, “the bright, consummate flower” of our moral being blossoms forth,—are mere delusions sent to mock us with unreality, rather than glimpses of the sublimest truth, which we therefore only dimly discern and feebly grasp because it is too wonderful and too glorious for our faculties in their present state of incipient development to embrace. The sense of an invisible Power to which we owe a solemn moral responsibility—the expectation of unfailing moral retribution—the feeling that pure and noble moral character is something more enduring than a mere combination of physical elements and conditions, and must survive when this is broken up and dissipated,—are convictions, dim it may be but indestructible, which none can ever entirely shake off, and which break forth at times from the coldest and most doubting when the stroke of some strong natural

affection throws them off the guard of their philosophic caution and reserve. For myself I cannot but abide humbly, but trustingly, by this inward witness of the highest truth, which then, when I most need its support, when the solemn realities of life are most strongly present to me, when the dazzling fascinations of the world are most completely dispersed—shines in upon me with the clearest and steadiest light. The strongest hold of Christianity on the minds of good men is its beautiful embodiment, in the life and spirit of Christ, of these imperishable trusts and convictions of the human soul—giving it its strongest evidence, not in the elaborate defences of divines, but in the ever-present testimony of our human consciousness.

Now, if this spiritual constitution of the human soul, evolving the highest truths within itself, and holding them there by an evidence of their own, be a *fact*—if this be the normal condition of man's nature, for which he is plainly intended, and in some degree always gradually preparing—it is not the less a fact in itself, because there are many things connected with it, which we cannot explain or comprehend—because we cannot tell when our individuality, our personal consciousness and responsibility, properly began, or how it may be related to the possible developments of inferior orders of being. What concerns us in the present inquiry, is the *accomplished result*, with the capacities and aspirations involved in it, not the possible, and by us at present irrecoverable, stages of *pre-*

paratory development by which it may have been reached. A *fact* is not the less a fact, because there may be other facts which we cannot as yet embrace with it in one connected system of thought. The presence to our mind of facts alike indisputable, but in different spheres of thought, between which we cannot as yet trace the logical relations—is not this the unavoidable condition of incipient and progressive knowledge, implying, rather than excluding, the idea of a Future which may yet await us? I often recur on this subject to a fine observation of Paley's, towards the close of the fifth chapter of his *Natural Theology*, which is strongly marked by his characteristic good sense. "True fortitude of understanding consists in not suffering what we know to be disturbed by what we do not know"—"The uncertainty of one thing does not necessarily affect the certainty of another thing. Our ignorance of many points need not suspend our assurance of a few."

It is true, that all our conclusions respecting ourselves and our possible destiny in this Universe, are perplexed by many exceptions to the data from which we draw our conclusions; but then the very fact, that they are exceptions, implies that the other cases which furnish the rule greatly transcend them in number and weight; and as rational beings our views must be governed, and our conduct in life be determined, not by the exception, but by the rule. Moreover, to say nothing of the common-place maxim that the exception establishes the rule—is it not conceivable,

that what we call exceptions may only be consequences of some broader rule, including both them and the narrower rule, which to the eye of higher beings may reveal a grander harmony and more perfect law? Science appears at first view fearfully to multiply exceptions and increase our difficulties; but science multiplies and increases in an equal ratio our means of meeting and disposing of them. The difficulties which would have been crushing and absolutely destructive on the old cosmical view of things, when creation was limited to some six thousand years, and shut up within the narrow boundaries of the Ptolemaic system, are reduced to *zero*, when Astronomy and Geology assure us, that we may draw on space and time *ad libitum* in framing our theories of the Universe—when surveying the past so far as we can trace it back, as one vast development, we can assign no limit, even at the demand of the severest scientific logic, to the extent, the range and the multiplicity of still higher developments in the Infinity which lies before us. Our very inability to group together here in one systematic view the ever-widening relations of things, carries with it to my mind an implicit proof of our immortality. For why, on any other supposition, should so disproportionate a knowledge have been permitted to dawn on us? Would it not have been reasonable to expect a range of ideas more limited, but more complete in itself and more self-consistent, such as seems to suffice for the lower existence of the brutes? My highest trust is in the Infinite Wisdom and the

Infinite Love, who will gradually, in His own time and way, as we are prepared for it, remove all difficulties, dissipate all doubts, and make all things plain and clear to patient, faithful, self-improving and progressive natures. I am thankful beyond expression for the religious views which it has pleased the Almighty Giver of life and thought to infuse into my mind, because they enable me to accept without fear, nay even to rejoice in, the most startling results of a free and unfettered science—sure that all noxious error will work its own cure, and the highest and purest truth finally assert itself—and in perfect trust that its results, whatever in the first instance they may *seem* to be, can never touch that inner sanctuary of the soul, where nestle, safe under the guardianship of the ever-present and inspiring God, those sweet affections, those high resolves and animating motives, those sustaining and glorious hopes, without which our daily life would be in danger of becoming hard, worldly and sensual, and in seasons of affliction, such as I am now passing through, would sink into blank desolation.

TO W. C. HENRY, ESQ., M.D.

March 25th, 1862.

* * Your kind and sympathizing letter moved me deeply, for it reached me in the midst of fresh and poignant grief when words of sympathy from an old and valued friend are unspeakably soothing and delightful. The memories of former days, and of con-

stant kindnesses experienced from both your parents are still vivid to my mind, and seem even to acquire a new freshness with the lapse of time. Our paths in life, dear Sir, since that early period have been somewhat widely divergent; but the sorrows and losses which multiply on us with years seem to open anew the old sources of affectionate interest, to revive early sympathies, and to draw closely together once more in spirit and feeling those whom a different outward lot had kept in presence apart. Sorrow takes us deep down to the root of our common humanity and the natural piety which grows out of it, and which takes us all in our mortal weakness and helplessness to the hope, the trust, the heavenly consolation, which we are all brought to feel is the one thing needful at last. Time and its solemn *realities* I have found to be the great teachers of a living faith—the religion of the inmost heart—reaching it when the *words* of speculative theologians and the controversies of rival Churches cannot get into it or satisfy it. ‘Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.’ When we feel the evanescence of life and the transitoriness of its most cherished objects, and the awful solemnity of that unknown state into which they are carried away opens upon us in all its grandeur—how indifferent we become to the fruitless questions which perplex the understanding without touching the conscience and the heart;—and what a witness do we feel is borne by the response of our deepest nature to those everlasting trusts and convictions which underlie the peculiar dogmas of individuals

and of sects,—which carry their own evidence along with them in their irrepressible demands on our faith, and which the logic of the schools is as incompetent to prove, as it is unable to deny! It is this witness of the spirit within to the life and teaching of Christ, which is to my view the unanswerable argument for the divinity which we cannot but feel, whatever may be the issue of critical and historical questions, was in both. I have deeply felt recently the comfort of this spiritual faith. It will not let me doubt that things invisible are not only a reality, but the nearest and most certain of all realities.

You must take it, my dear old friend, as one of the strongest proofs of my undiminished regard for you, that I venture to send you a little piece which I wrote in the sad interval between death and interment, to occupy my thoughts and relieve my feelings. You must take it for what it is—a mere gush of strong natural affection. You cannot, of course, share in the memories which are unspeakably precious to me; but some of the feelings intermixed with those memories, which poured themselves out at the moment in a sort of spontaneous utterance, may possibly through common sympathies interest and console you and Mrs. Henry. You will of course regard it as something *sacred*, only meant for those whom common sorrows bring spiritually near to me, and not to go beyond their own private and most intimate circle. Till the last two years, when sickness kept us in England, we have always passed our long vacation somewhere on the

Continent. But be assured, my dear friend, if I and my daughter ever come near Haffield, we shall not fail to accept with pleasure your kind invitation.

TO S. ROBINSON, ESQ.

Nottingham, April 21st, 1862.

*** Let me thank you very sincerely for the kind and sympathizing letter which I received from you some weeks ago. Such utterances of deep and generous feeling from those whom we have known and valued long, are the best solace of such grief as I have had to experience—by far the heaviest that I have ever yet had to bear. At the time—in the sad interval between death and the grave—I tried to relieve my mind by recording my most vivid remembrances and giving written utterance to my feelings. It was a vent for the pent up sorrow which oppressed me. I had a very few copies struck off as a memorial of my dearest wife for my own family and a few of my most chosen friends. Among them, dear Robinson, I shall ever include yourself. I send you a copy as the best proof I can give you of the unaltered affection and regard which years only deepen. You will regard it as something sacred, and keep it to yourself. It is a simple breathing of the heart, which came from me almost spontaneously at a gush, and which no stranger could understand. You and I have had a common sorrow ; and only those who have gone through it can tell how deep and how sacred

it is—how it transforms the aspect of this evanescent life, and makes the futurity which awaits us the one great reality of our being. May the searching hand of affliction make both you and me purer, nobler, and stronger men !

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, March 2nd, 1862.

Your two most kind and affectionate letters should have been replied to before now ; but, as you will readily suppose, I have had much to do and to think of since the light of our house was quenched, and I and my poor child have, in one sense, been left alone in the world. I cannot thank you sufficiently for the refreshment and comfort which your words brought to me—particularly those in your second note, because they came to me at a time when I most needed them,—when the inevitable excitement which fills up the interval between death and interment having passed away, the resumption of ordinary occupation reminded me at every turn of the sweet and gentle presence that was gone, and gave me the oppressive sense of a loss that must be lifelong. I am glad you knew and appreciated my dearest wife. I shall henceforth feel it one of the sacred links of sympathy which bind me to you, my excellent friend. My remembrance of her is mingled of bitterness and delight—of bitterness, that I did not more prize her and improve by her while she was here—of delight, in the thought that one so

thoroughly loving and unselfish can only have passed through a change of unspeakable advantage to her—of change from weakness and suffering, and the loss of power to enjoy as once this terrestrial life, to that blessed but still conscious and calmly progressive rest which remaineth for the people of God. These sad separations lower our opinion of ourselves, and heighten to an almost ideal beauty that of the departed. It is perhaps part of the deeper reason of Providence that they should do so, that in the long retrospect of six-and-thirty years, the infirmities and passions from which I suppose no human intercourse can hope to be free—every hasty word, every selfish exaction—should rise up with poignant anguish to the quickened memory, and deeply humble us under the sense of our neglect of the choicest of God's mercies, and breathe into us a profounder seriousness—an intenser craving after spiritual redemption, and a closer walk with God than we ever felt before; and that, on the other hand, the cherished image of the departed, as it floats round us day and night, should seem to have dropped the cleaving elements of human imperfection, to combine in it only the rare essence of the brightest, holiest, happiest hours lived with her on earth—and so to give to our deepest thoughts a foretaste of that glorified presence in which we may hope to recognize our virtuous friends hereafter. This is now my constant feeling day by day. It is the feeling which I suppose we all have of the difference between the life that we must to some extent lead here, surrounded as we are with

infirmity and temptation, and that more glorious life to which we aspire hereafter, when purified by the quickening spirit of God, we shall be permitted to join the blessed society of the 'just made perfect.'

We have the good fortune to possess a beautiful coloured photograph of my dear wife—one of the most successful I ever saw—which preserves for us the sweet, sunny expression of features on which it is delightful to dwell.

We propose to remain quietly at home till our short Easter vacation, when, if it would be convenient to you and Mrs. Thom to receive us, we should enjoy particularly passing two or three quiet days with you, and with the dear old friends of my early life at Greenbank.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, June 12th, 1862.

You are yet, I believe, intending to spend some weeks longer in Germany. Hannah has written a few lines to Mrs. Thom. I add a couple more just to say what a delight it would be to my dear child and myself if you could contrive to give us the meeting, and spend some time in the same place with us before you return to England.—At the recommendation of some friends, who know the place, we are intending to spend the summer months at Liebenstein in the Thüringer-Wald, not far from Eisenach and the Wartburg where Luther was confined. From the latter place we looked over this beautiful tract of country some three years ago, and said decidedly it must be a charming *séjour* for a month or two in the summer. There are

mineral springs which occasion it to be resorted to by the Germans, but it is exceedingly quiet and retired. It abounds, so our friends tell us, in clear and beautiful springs and fine old woods, and the air is said to be very pure and salubrious. I always devote the morning till the early German dinner to work, but spend the latter part of the day in recreation and exercise. Do, dearest friend, think seriously of it. How delightful it would be to discuss innumerable English themes with the philosophic calmness of distance, under the old Hereynian shades!

TO REV. J. MARTINEAU.

Wangemannsburg, Liebenstein, Saxe Meiningen, July 31st, 1862.

*** On Monday, July 7th, we got *under weigh*, having under our charge, as far as Brussels, a young German lady whose friends live in this neighbourhood. * * * Our route from Brussels was as follows:—We took the railway direct to Luxembourg. It passes through the forests of Soignées and Ardennes; and the country is very interesting. Luxembourg is a very extraordinary place—a wonderful natural fortress, rendered impregnable by all the resources of consummate art. It is invested with many historical associations; and there it stands to this day as proud and defiant as ever, held in joint occupation by Prussia and Holland—a witness of the anxious jealousy with which the Germanic populations of Europe watch the uncertain and unprincipled movements of French ambition.

Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine is another witness of the same kind.

A chief source of interest in travelling on the Continent arises from the close juxta-position in which the historic past and the possible future of Europe are constantly brought so vividly before the imagination. But it requires a particular cast of mind to feel this. I could not inspire my dear child with my interest. She feels and enjoys more the pure and simple beauty of nature. From Luxembourg we proceeded to Trêves, a most interesting place, which we had already seen some years before, but were very glad to have an opportunity of seeing again. By 'voiture' we travelled from Trêves to Berncastel on the Moselle, an excellent centre for exploring the scenery of that beautiful river, crowned on a precipitous hill which overhangs the town with the ruins of a *Schloss*, which once belonged to the Elector of Trêves. In the town itself are the spacious cellars which were formerly filled with the produce of the vineyards which he then possessed in this neighbourhood, where the finest Moselle wine is made. His table had once almost a monopoly of this luxury. Here was another instance of change that has occurred almost within the memory of men. In the time of our fathers, the Archbishop of Trêves was a sovereign prince; he is now a salaried officer of the Prussian government.

From Berncastel we took the steamer to Coblenz. It rained hard the whole day. The same was our fate when we ascended the same river four or five years

ago ; so that we have yet seen this charming region only through a veil. We spent half a day at Coblenz. We occupied the identical rooms, "*Zum Weissen Ross*," at Ehrenbreitstein, that were ours when we first visited Germany seven and twenty years before. When I stood on the balcony, and saw the same Rhine flowing at my feet, and the same towers beyond it rising clear against the evening sky, which I then looked upon—memory, you may be sure, awoke with painful vividness within me. I thought of those who were then with us, but who were now with us no more. Such things cannot be talked of. You know them, dear friend, in part ; but you do not know them, as I have known them.—We intended to sleep Sunday night in Frankfort, where I wanted next day to get a circular note changed. But it was the height of the great "*Schützenfest*," and every hotel was full. As we were expressing our anxiety very strongly to the conductor of the omnibus, after several unsuccessful attempts to obtain accommodation—a decently dressed but not very prepossessing man came up, and said he had a couple of clean and comfortable chambers at our disposal, where we could pass the night ; and the conductor said we had better accept his offer, as it was our only chance. Thither accordingly the omnibus took us ; but such a horrible, repulsive, cut-throat-looking sort of place I never set my eyes on, in a mean, dark, narrow street, adjoining a slaughter-house, and filled with an abominable stench. Our senses decided us at once ; and we returned to the railway station, determined to

take the first train that evening in the direction of Eisenach. It was what we should call in England an excursion train—crowded to excess with noisy passengers, singing all the way under the double inspiration of *Vaterland* and Beer. I was, fortunately, able to secure a first-class carriage, which we had to ourselves; though I had literally to fight my way to the Bureau through a ruder and coarser and worse conducted crowd, which the police absolutely did nothing to control and regulate, than I ever encountered in England—in order to get tickets, with some chance of losing my money in the general pushing and jostling which accompanied the operation. I succeeded, however, in attaining my object without the loss of anything but a large amount of natural moisture.—Notwithstanding our vexation and annoyance, it was worth while to be carried about Frankfort for three quarters of an hour, were it only to see the old city arranged, as in medieval times, for a popular festival. The front of every house was hung with festoons and chaplets; tapestries were suspended from the balconies; and in many cases tall evergreens were planted at the doors. The streets were crowded with persons in holiday attire, every one looking pleased and in good humour. I do not know whether the English papers have taken any notice of this *réunion* of riflemen from every part of Germany. For ten days past the German papers of these parts have been filled with little else. It is evidently understood to be a significant expression of political feeling in favour of liberty and an united Germany. The

Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, brother of our late Prince Albert, has put himself at the head of this movement, and is immensely popular with the liberals, and of course disliked in the same degree by the other German princes. Very ardent, and some really eloquent, speeches have been made on the occasion; and the feeling which animated them is in itself a natural and healthy one. But, for myself, I cannot but feel there is some danger of all this evaporating in sentiment; and the more so, as I see great difficulties in the way of any practical solution of the question. I cannot see in what form or under what conditions the *whole* of Germany is to be united—separated as north and south are by such strong religious and other differences. Then again, the little princes who constitute a natural aristocracy, and would furnish such good elements for an Upper House, as far as I can learn, seem dead set against any surrender of their sovereign rights and the petty ceremonial of their little courts. Of course I cannot enter fully into the feelings of a German; but looking at the question with the eyes of a disinterested foreigner, who desires nothing but the peace and progress of Europe under constitutional government and a well-balanced distribution of political power, I cannot but think Prussia is the natural head of Northern and Protestant Germany. She already furnishes its intellectual strength; has got into practical working her municipal and representative institutions; owes many of her distinctive features to the more recent civilization of Europe so vigorously appropriated and applied

by Frederick the Great ; and, like Piedmont in Italy, seems to form a sort of constitutional nucleus around which the smaller states might naturally gather and consolidate themselves—losing their territorial nomenclature not in that of Prussia, should that be felt insuperably objectionable—but in some more comprehensive and less offensive designation. On the other hand, I observe great jealousy throughout central Germany of the political ascendancy of Prussia, for which Prussia herself perhaps affords some pretext by a certain hardness and arrogance in her bearing and undisguised ambition in her tendencies. Again it may be objected, that there is no distinct and positive line of demarcation between northern and southern Germany—neither that of language, as between the Teutonic and the Slavonic races, nor of mountains, like the Alps for Italy, nor a great river like the Rhine, which seems the natural boundary between Germany and France. Altogether the question is beset with practical difficulties. It is impossible to predict its solution. Amidst these difficulties there is some danger of German enthusiasm evaporating in foam, like breakers on the rocks.

One result of my inability to stay at Frankfort was, that I reached Eisenach with just three *silbergroschen** in my pocket. The good natured *Wirth* readily understood and promptly relieved my embarrassment, and furnished me with the means of going to Meiningen, where my circular notes could be cashed, and where the banker gave me letters of introduction to this

* Three-tenths of a shilling.

place. Here then all the difficulties of my journey vanished.—My first impression of Liebenstein was one of considerable disappointment. The general outline of the hills on the horizon, which nowhere rise to any great height, wants variety and boldness; and the woods, as seen from a distance, lie in too large, heavy and unbroken masses on the tops and sides of the hills to be picturesque. But in *detail* this country, like that of the Hartz, is full of beauty, and the more you become acquainted with its interior, the better you like it. It is one vast forest in all directions—a relic, I presume, of the old Hercynian. The beech is here the predominant tree, and it grows to a great size and in great beauty. We had letters from a friend to the head of the principal hotel in Liebenstein. She was exceedingly obliging, but, fortunately for us, could not find us accommodation in her own establishment, and recommended us to the very comfortable and far preferable quarters where we now are. They are in a recently erected *Wirthschaft*, about a mile out of Liebenstein, commanding a beautiful wooded valley, with a fine bold mass of limestone, pine-crowned rock (Altenstein) right before us. The house is built in the Swiss style, with an open balcony in front, but is warm, dry and substantial.* * * On fine afternoons people come to drink coffee and beer in the adjoining garden, but do not encroach on the apartments which we occupy. In the morning we are as undisturbed as possible, and I can work without interruption every day till dinner; and am never prevented from doing what I wish, even after

that time. We have an introduction to a gentleman and lady who live in a large and handsome chateau in a beautiful garden, close adjoining our lodgings. They are refined and cultivated people, the principal persons in the village—M. von Weiss being the head of a considerable establishment for the spinning of wool. Through them I have been introduced to the clergyman of the place, Dr. Rückert, a man of learning and refinement, a former pupil of Welcker's at Göttingen—from whom he imbibed a taste for archæological studies which he still retains—and a cousin of the well-known poet Rückert. I soon found that we had strong sympathies in theological matters. He has not been carried away by the orthodox re-action, and seems equally to dislike the so-called rationalistic and supernaturalistic schools. I expect to have much pleasure in his society. The last thing I heard before leaving England was, that you had been asked to preach in Manchester on the 24th of August, in commemoration of the Two Thousand. I hope you have consented. You know well how little I am of a sectary, but I *do* think it a great privilege to have a noble religious ancestry; and the more I observe the religious condition of other countries, and consider the state of the Establishment and of the Orthodox Dissenters in our own, the more I am convinced, no religious body has a more glorious historical origin than our own, or contains in it richer elements, as yet imperfectly developed, of spiritual power and beauty. *Ne defueris ipsi tibi.*—

TO HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

*Wangemannsburg, Liebenstein, Saxe Meiningen,
August 24th, 1862.*

Ever since our removal to London, now almost nine years ago, you have taken such a kindly interest in our family, and procured us so many pleasant evenings by your lively conversation, that we regard you in some sense as one of our *oldest* friends, though there are several whom we have known longer—sympathy in taste and feeling making up for deficiency in duration. We cannot, therefore, be so long away from London without letting you know what we are doing, and assuring you that we have not forgotten you. Since we first travelled abroad, our domestic circle has been sadly thinned; and pleasant as our residence is here, it is constantly haunted by the dear memories of those that are gone. So much the more reason that we should cling to the valued friends, who knew us *all*, and can appreciate the loss of the survivors.

We are here in the Thüringer-Wald, a delightful region, shaded with woods and fresh with streams, where the air is singularly sweet and pure, and where, though we are within a mile of the little *Bad-ort* of Liebenstein, we live quite retired, and I can occupy myself wholly undisturbed all the morning with my books. Our afternoons are devoted to exercise and society, and the reading aloud of lighter literature. I am reading to H. in the evening the “Extracts” from Ruskin’s Works, which I remember you saw on our

table at Hampstead some time ago, and said you should get. I never knew much of Ruskin before. I have found a treasure in his writings. Though I dissent from much of his criticism, as exceedingly one-sided and paradoxical, and though his tone is sometimes offensively dogmatic, and, as the Germans say, "*gebietetisch*," yet he is one of those original and suggestive writers who teach you more by their errors and absurdities than other men by their truth; for at the bottom of all they write, whether right or wrong in its immediate application, there is a living and fruitful idea. What I particularly like in him is his fervid love, almost amounting to a worship, of Nature. He has in this much of the spirit of Wordsworth. When he gives himself up unreservedly to the impressions of Nature, and forgets his theories, I think he is one of the most vivid describers of scenery I ever read. His description of a scene in the Jura, of the Campagna of Rome, and of a singular tract of country in the Canton of Fribourg, occur to me at this moment as perfect pictures in their way. He makes you not only see, but feel, the scenery. I am also now reading for the first time a modernized version of the *Nibelungen lied*, which has been lent me by a friend in this neighbourhood. I am charmed with it. It is more epic than anything I ever read but Homer—more so than the *Æneid* of Virgil. Modern epics, and I include in them the *Æneid*, have all something stiff and conventional about them, and want the air of *reality*. They are the product of *after thought*, not of *direct*

impression. This, like the *Iliad*, is a draught from life itself, and breathes the spirit of the age in which its wild legends were conceived. The characters are very strongly marked and well preserved, and cast in heroic mould ; and there is enough of the supernatural and the savage intermingled with the story to separate it by an unmistakeable line from all modern life, and clothe it with the mysterious awe of dim antiquity. Some of the terrific scenes with the Icelandic princess, Brunhilde, would have furnished a fitting subject for the wild and weird pencil of Fuseli. We are here in the immediate neighbourhood of Saxe Weimar. It and Saxe Meiningen are border states. Jena, where you studied in early life, is the University of this land. The other day we made an excursion to Wilhelmsthal near Eisenach, a favourite summer residence of the Dukes of Saxe Weimar, built by Karl August, and we thought of you there, and wondered whether you had ever visited it in the days when you had many friends at the little Court of Weimar. The second son of Karl August, Duke Bernhard, who distinguished himself during the French war at Leipsic and Waterloo, was living at Liebenstein, where he had a residence, when we first arrived, and died only a week or two ago. He seems to have been a liberal, enlightened, and noble-minded man, and is much regretted here.—

TO THE VERY REVEREND JOHN KRIZA, BISHOP OF THE
UNITARIAN CHURCHES IN TRANSYLVANIA.

Patri in Christo admodum Reverendo, Johanni Krizæ,
Ecclesiarum in Transylvania Unitariorum Episcopo.*

J. J. T. A. B. Nov. Coll. Mancun. Londini. Præpositus.

Serius multo quam voluissem communicatio mea solennis cum vestris ecclesiis fit. Antecessori tuo, viro eximio, Mosi Székely, aliquot abhinc mensibus scripseram, in optatis mihi esse, ut quotannis inter nos Anglos vosque Transylvanos commercium quoddam literarum intercederet. Ne huic consilio maturius obtemperarem, multæ, neque leves illæ, causæ impediabant; primo, ut solitum, maximæ muneris mei Academici occupationes; deinde, quod huic anno ætatis meæ vulnus ineffabile inflixit, uxoris dilectissimæ mihiq̃ue nexu suavissimo per quadraginta prope annos conjunctæ acerbissima mors.

Accipe sero tamen, vir reverendissime, declarationem quam ex animo profero, imminutæ meæ in te tuasque ecclesias benevolentia. Deum. Opt. Max. imploro et obtestor, ut fausta omnia, felicia, fortunata in rempublicam tuam Christianam effundat.

Quamquam longo distantes spatio ecclesiæ vestræ nostræque, sensu, propositoque et summæ veritatis conscientia proximæ sunt; quæ quidem inter nos necessitudo utinam semper beneficiis reciprocandis vires novas sumat, confirmatorque fiat.

* Of late years one or more Transylvanian students from the College of Clausenburg have been received into the classes of Manchester New College, London, for the completion of their education.

Rediit tandem ad vos optimæ spei juvenis Simén Demokos, qui quales apud nos in literis humanis ac divinis profectus fecerit, ipsi experti deprehendetis; qui quum tales sint, utinam profecto plures ex Transylvanis vestris nos in posterum visitaturi forent. Nullus dubito quin multum et incitamenti et roboris ex istâ apud nos vestratium commemoratione ecclesiis vestris redundârit; neque ulla ex re majorem puto vos adjuvandi opportunitatem nobis exsistere posse. Præcipue nunc temporis in votis mihi est, ut Simén noster in omni vitæ ratione, qua ut præceptor, qua ut verbi divini præco, summo patriæ suæ ecclesiæque et adjumento et decori sit. Id certo affirmare ausim, nihil nostra ex parte, quoad vires sufficiant, unquam defuturum ad vestra commoda promovenda, eamque quæ bono omine inter nos exorta est benevolentiam conciliandam confirmandamque.

Haud multum adjiciendum habeo. Librorum fasciculus quem paucis abhinc mensibus ego et vir reverendus R. B. Aspland vobis expediendum curavimus, jamdudum, ut spero, oris vestris tuto allatus fuit. Librorum rariorum, vel manuscript. vel impress. qui, ut audivimus, de antiqua ecclesiæ vestræ historia multi adhuc in bibliotheca Claudiopil. latent, si catalogum accuratiorem describendum nobisque transmittendum statueritis, gratissimum, crede mihi, Unitariis Anglicis feceritis.

Jamque Vale. Me, quanquam tibi ignotum, ut amicum et in Christo fratrem semper habeas.

Vale.

Datum Londini. a. d. Sext. Non. August. MDCCCLXII.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

16, Forst Strasse, Dresden, Sept. 15th, 1862.

Though I have not written to you till now, you and your dear wife have been much in our thoughts and often on our tongues in our wanderings through regions which you had so recently visited; but I thought I should have more to make a letter worth sending you, after we had completed our sojourn in the Thüringer Wald, and had been a week or so in Dresden. Our first impression of Liebenstein was rather disappointing. We thought the outline of the hills rather tame, and the thick woods which clothe them somewhat sombre and monotonous. But the country improves wonderfully on nearer acquaintance, and we became at last completely enamoured of its sylvan walks, its deliciously green meadows, and its soft-gushing streamlets.—I do not know whether you ever rode or walked from Liebenstein to Altenstein, the summer residence of the Duke of Saxe Meiningen. If so, you will probably remember, at the turn of the road just by Glücksbrunn, a newly built *Wirthshaus* on a knoll just opposite a fine bold mass of limestone rock, called the Morgenthor—built in the Swiss style, and known at Leibenstein as the *Schweizer-haus*. There we obtained very clean and comfortable apartments, nicely furnished—two bed-rooms adjoining each other, with the command for our meals of a spacious saloon opening on to a balcony, where in fine weather we constantly took our breakfast and tea. We paid highly

for these rooms ; but on the whole we thought ourselves very fortunate. The parties who came in the afternoons and evenings to drink coffee and beer in the garden and in the rooms below, had no access to our suite of apartments. Our mornings and the greater part of our afternoons were wholly undisturbed ; and I never enjoyed six weeks of more delightful rest and leisure for reading and writing, to which I always devoted my mornings till dinner. Sometimes in the evening there was a little innocent merriment below, but chiefly of large family parties ; and once or twice we were rather annoyed by somewhat noisy and protracted singing. But we never once witnessed an instance of drunkenness and excess. The situation had much to recommend it to us besides its comparative retirement. It was in the immediate neighbourhood of charming walks in every direction. We had letters of introduction to the family Von Weiss, who live in the adjoining Schloss Glücksbrunn, and who treated us with great kindness and hospitality. Through them we became acquainted with the Pastor of the adjoining village of Schweina—a learned and liberal-minded man, whose opinions on theological matters I found very much in harmony with my own.—Dr. Rückert has published some learned monographs on archaeological subjects. For one of these—on the historical existence and probable seat of the Nibelungen—he was presented with a medal by the King of the Belgians. Dr. Rückert told me he was sure the present theological reaction in Germany would not endure—that it

was political in its origin—that it was confined to a portion of the clergy, and women strongly influenced by them—that the intelligence and knowledge of the laity were against it. I should add, to give the more value to his testimony, that he is a sincere believer in the divine character and teaching of Christ, and quite opposed to Strauss, and all the tendencies of the Hegelian School. We became so fond of the Thüringer Wald that we left it with sincere regret. We took our departure at the beginning of this month, through Coburg, Hof (where Jean Paul once resided) and Leipsic to Dresden, and had a very interesting journey. We were delighted with the old fashioned and picturesque town of Coburg, with its beautiful environs and the magnificent view from its *Festung*. We visited Rosenau, a beautiful rural residence, very simple and unpretending, where our Prince Albert was born and reared, and where, as well as in Coburg itself, he has left behind him, from his extensive charities, of which we heard much, a tenderly cherished and venerated memory. In a sweet little village about a mile from Coburg, the poet Rückert has a charming residence in the midst of a garden, embosomed in trees and flowers. It is quite a retreat for the old age of a scholar and a poet, with every sign of ease and comfort, and yet marked by the primitive simplicity of the German life. The old man is upwards of eighty, and works in his garden at five o'clock in the morning. We brought a kind of introduction to him from his cousin, the clergyman, who thinks more

highly of him as a scholar than as a poet. He has a wonderful memory, and possesses, I am told, an extraordinary knowledge of the Oriental languages, particularly Sanscrit and Arabic. The only thing of his I ever read, was many years ago—called, I think, ‘Die Weisheit der Inder,’ sort of a transfusion of Braminical philosophy into German verse. The old gentleman received us very kindly. He has a fine, strongly marked countenance, indicative of great mental power, with an expression of latent benignity—shaded with long grey locks hanging in profusion over his shoulders. I thought of the head of Thor, when I looked at him. At Leipsic we went over the vast establishment of Brockhaus, the greatest publishers, I suppose, in the world. The premises occupy the four sides of a large quadrangle. They do every thing for themselves, from the casting of the types to the woodcutting and lithographing, which furnish the illustrations of books. They are gradually introducing steam-power into all their processes. We saw a die worked by steam, which turns out 18,000 letters in one day. With all our multiplication of books, journals and newspapers—to which, I am aware, we may now apply the measurement of tons—I should still not have thought it possible, there could have been a demand requiring such a supply. If I am not mistaken, the house of Brockhaus a century ago was chiefly concerned in sending out *learned* books. It was a sign of the times to observe how much of their machinery is now employed in putting forth works designed for the diffu-

sion and popularisation of knowledge and especially of modern science, with cheap but admirably executed illustrations. It was a suggestive sight to see their presses at work, turning off page after page of scientific matter and illustration, with the rapidity that a spinning machine turns off cotton twist. Their books for sale—for they are booksellers as well as publishers—are distributed into different departments—scientific, learned, popular, etc. etc.—each under its own head; and so sharp is the division of labour, that when I asked the person who had the charge of one of these departments, about a certain work, he could give me no answer, and evidently had no knowledge of it, but referred me to the department where I should get the information I desired. I have observed something of this kind among the learned themselves in Germany. I have met with men profoundly learned in their own *fach* (and that might be a narrow one) who really knew next to nothing beyond it. With less depth and thoroughness, we have certainly far more general culture, and therefore, I think, more real enlightenment in England.

When in Leipsic, I took the opportunity of calling on Tischendorf, who, as you know, is bringing out a splendid facsimile edition of the Codex Sinaiticus of the New Testament, and the greater part of the Old. As I had had some correspondence with him on this subject, I had no difficulty in introducing myself; and he received me very cordially, and produced the letter which I had written him

some months since. This great work is nearly complete. The names of those who sent in requests for copies, will be laid before the Emperor of Russia, under whose auspices and at whose sole expense the work is coming out, and he will have the selection. Tischendorf told me, he could not interfere in this matter. He shewed us a portion of this precious MS. and permitted us to compare it with the facsimile which he is about to publish. The resemblance is wonderfully close, even to the colour of the paper and the ink. The original is beautifully written, in a clear and elegant character, and easy legible, except where the parchment is worn, and the characters in consequence become faint and dim. Tischendorf himself is fully of opinion that this MS. is as old as the early part of the 4th century in the time of Eusebius—and he even ventured on a supposition, that it might be a transcript of the very edition that was prepared for the Emperor Constantine under the supervision of Eusebius himself. Tischendorf is evidently a man of sanguine and enthusiastic temperament. He is of a strong *physique*, and overflowing with animal spirits, hearty and genial, the very man to carry through such a work, and to encounter all the difficulties and disappointments which he passed through before getting possession of the MS. on which it is founded. He speaks with a tenderness almost approaching a human affection, of the precious deposit that has been confided to his charge. He told me, that when he first shewed this MS. to Tregelles, he knelt down and kissed it.

I find my life in Dresden very different from that which I spent in the forests of Thuringia—very agreeable but not so favourable to work and study ; though I still continue to do something in the morning. Unfortunately many of the collections are open only in the morning, which interferes with the previous arrangement of my time. But it would be absurd to be here, and not improve and enjoy to the utmost the singular treasures of art which this place contains. We go constantly to the picture gallery, and examine portions of it at a time. I think as a whole it is superior to that of Munich. With the Italian collections I cannot compare it. I must confess too, that the Opera and Theatre here have great attractions for us. We hear the first music exquisitely performed at a very moderate cost. We were present the other night at the performance of Glück's *Iphigenia in Aulis*. It was one of the most refined enjoyments of which I ever partook. On Saturday we saw Lessing's *Emilia Galotti* admirably performed. I do not know whether you are acquainted with the piece. It is a finely conceived and finely wrought out domestic tragedy of the deepest pathos, and gives one a very high idea of Lessing's dramatic power. For it is pure drama, no music, no spectacle—the interest arising entirely from the action and the sentiment. It was admirably performed, every character well sustained, and the whole acting in harmony—nothing vulgar or coarse in any part. It was a treat one cannot often enjoy.—

TO REV. J. KENRICK.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Nov. 19th, 1862.

We have now been at work, several weeks ; and I think you may perhaps like to hear something of us, and to know with what prospects we commence the present Session. We have now seventeen regular Divinity students (besides two or three laymen that attend different classes), the three that we lost on the conclusion of their course last Midsummer, being replaced by three new admissions. * * *

With regard to myself, I am happy to say, that my long Midsummer vacation has completely set me up. I am quite conscious now, that I broke down some years ago from attempting too much, and overstraining my powers. It was a lesson to me which I think I shall not soon forget. * * *

I am sorry to say the classes of University College are unusually small this Session. There is some reason to fear, that the mischievously radical policy of the University of London in dispensing with the necessity of a regular College course for taking a degree, which, you recollect, we did all we could to prevent by petitioning against it—is now beginning to tell injuriously on the College. I am told, advertisements may now constantly be seen in the papers of men who undertake to prepare, in other words to *cram*, youths for an University Degree. Good old York, adhering to the traditions of our learned forefathers, was far wiser in her system ; she gave to her *alumni* at least

the aim and spirit of scholarship. Even now Manchester New College and University College are among the most conservative of the Institutions connected with the University of London—more so than King's College. I look more and more to the old Universities for preserving the true scholarship of England. De Morgan gave the inaugural address at the opening of University College. He shewed up the mischiefs of the modern system of cram, with uncommon humour, going, I thought, at times to the extreme verge of propriety for an Academic occasion. I have heard him on the same subject before, when he was graver, and I liked him better. * * *

We are getting into years, but the world is moving on. When I look back forty years, and consider what was the state of theological opinion and the relation of religious parties at the time I began life, and compare them with the changes now in progress, and still more when I think of the quarter from which they are proceeding—Oxford, then the stronghold of dogged orthodoxy and toryism—I am filled with astonishment, and almost feel myself at times the inhabitant of another planet.

Let me say one thing before I conclude, lest I should forget it. It came into my mind with great force the other day. Have you never thought of collecting, and revising, perhaps amplifying—in a separate volume, the papers which you communicated many years ago to the Philological Museum—on some very interesting questions of archæology and mythology, and of some

of which papers I perfectly well remember hearing Welcker speak with high approval some six or seven and twenty years ago. It would be a most acceptable present not only to scholars in general, but more especially to many of your personal friends and warmly attached old pupils.

TO REV. J. KENRICK.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Feb. 18th, 1863.

I believe I have not exchanged a word with you, since the two very pleasant half-days which I spent in York at Christmas. I have not much to communicate; for our College session, like that of Parliament, gives no great promise of stirring incidents, to diversify the even tenor of its way. Perhaps it is a good sign—a proof that we are quietly and efficiently doing our work and accomplishing our purpose, with no great triumphs and no great disasters to record. * * * Since I saw you I have had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Colenso at Dr. Carpenter's.—I understood him to say, that he thought the date of the Pentateuch might be referred to the age of Samuel. If he means the book, as we now have it—especially as embracing Deuteronomy,—and Joshua—I do not believe it possible to assign it to any *one* date. It seems to me a strictly *cumulative* work, with legislative strata, if I may so express myself, of different ages underlying each other. I suspect Dr. Colenso is new to inquiries of this nature. They have come on him with all the

charm and wonderment of unexpected novelty. This may possibly precipitate him into some hasty judgments: but he is a simple-minded lover of truth, ashamed of the equivocations and compromises, which disgrace so much of the liberal thought of the day, and which disguise without concealing the real sentiments of the writer. To me there was something delightful in the unworn freshness and child-like ingenuousness of spirit in Colenso's first volume. His real earnestness to know the truth, should atone for any failures in the discovery of it.—I am now reading a book of a very different character: Dr. Stanley's "Lectures on the Jewish Church," admirable for its liberal spirit and the graphic force of its style. But he goes nowhere, so far as I have observed, to the bottom of his subject. He uses the results of critical works, without being critical himself. I do not believe he is really startled at them himself, but he constantly evades either accepting or solving them. He is, however, doing a good work in his own way, which Colenso's more downright mode of proceeding prevents him from doing equally well. He is helping to shew, how little the religious aspects and influences of the Bible are affected by these questions of history and criticism—how religion lies above and below them all; and as familiarizing religious minds with this view of the subject, I cannot but think Stanley, without possessing any great depth or originality, one of the most useful theological writers of the present day.

You have probably by this time seen and read Sir Charles Lyell's work on the Antiquity of Man. He was so kind as to send me a copy ; and though I was engaged on another book at the time, I could not resist the temptation of giving it forthwith a cursory perusal. Parts of it I must read again more leisurely. I think it impossible to resist the evidence which he has accumulated, that the antiquity of man's appearance on this planet greatly transcends all our previous notions ; and that although a recent geological phenomenon, his existence on this earth may possibly be reckoned by tens of thousands of years. Sir Charles seems to think there are traces of his existence as far back as the Post-Pliocene period, immediately following the great glacial period. When we can use time so liberally, questions which seemed insoluble while we were shut up within a space of 6000 years, become comparatively easy of solution. It is evident from the concluding chapters of his book, that he inclines, though he expresses himself cautiously, to Darwin's theory of the origin of species. This is certainly a more startling conclusion to contemplate ; but believing, as I do profoundly, that creation is not so much the result of a single *fiat* as a progressive and continuous work of God, all such questions seem to me to resolve themselves at last into the simple question—which is one of *fact*—of the actual *order* of the divine agency. I cannot comprehend *growth* and *development*, especially if orderly and progressive, apart from *mind*, apart from *God*. Therefore my faith is not disturbed

by the possibility of such a theory as Darwin's being shewn ultimately to be true. A mighty mystery which religion only can solve, still remains behind; and I feel strongly with Lyell himself, that "it is the *order* of the phenomena, and not their *cause*, which we are able to refer to the usual course of nature."*

TO MRS. SHUTTLEWORTH, *Manchester.*

Mrs. Prentice's, Startforth, near Barnard Castle, Aug. 2nd, 1863.

It was only last night that we heard quite accidentally from one of my sisters of the heavy loss which you have recently sustained. This will explain why you have not earlier received from us an expression of the deep sympathy which you must be sure we should have with you on this sad occasion. Your dear sister was one of the excellent friends whom we most regretted to part with, on our leaving Manchester, now ten years ago. My own dear wife and my child were greatly attached to her, and have constantly spoken of her, along with yourself, with strong affection and regard. I have now arrived at that time of life, when the world seems to be thinning, daily almost, of my earliest and best friends, and I have to seek my interest, as best I may, in a new generation. Were it not for higher consolations than this world can offer—for the cherished hope of final reunion with those we have lost, in some happier state of being—I could only express my feeling in the melancholy words of the old prophet: 'Woe is me, for the day hasteth away, for

* P. 505.

the shadows of the evening are stretched out.' Happily, dear friend, you and I, under the irreparable losses of this transitory life, have a better and a holier trust. May it yield you now all the support and consolation which you need !

Pray give my kindest remembrances to my valued old friend, Mr. Shuttleworth. He will deeply share with you the grief of this sad bereavement; and he will seek with you the same source of consolation. Pray tell him from me, that I look back among the pleasantest of my remembrances of dear old Manchester, on the many agreeable hours that I have passed with old friends, and with some who are now no more, at his hospitable table. Though I have much to be thankful for, though the special object of my removal to London has been more than realized, and my dear child does every thing that anxious affection can do, to repair to me her dearest mother's irreparable loss; yet I must confess, what I have ever felt, that perhaps the happiest years of my life were the ten which elapsed before I went to London, when actively engaged in the service of an attached congregation, I was surrounded by a circle of valued friends and neighbours, and the prospects of my own home were as yet undimmed by the shadow which death always leaves behind it; when my dear boy's early promise was brightening every day, and my sweet and gentle wife shed the sunshine of her heavenly temper and bright intelligence on my daily path. I am ashamed to find, my dear Mrs. Shuttleworth, how I have been betrayed into the utter-

ance of personal feeling in writing to condole with you : but it results from the fact that you and your circle are intimately associated with all the remembrances of my earlier life, and that I cannot think of your heavy loss without awakening again the unabated sense of my own.—Once more, my dear old friend, I beg you and Mr. Shuttleworth to accept from my heart the utterance of my deepest and most affectionate sympathy.

TO REV. J. MARTINEAU.

Startforth, Barnard Castle, Aug. 22nd, 1863.

* * * After we set out on our proper Midsummer journey we were a fortnight rambling up and down the beautiful vallies of the Swale and the Ure, in the neighbourhood of Richmond and Leyburn, in search of a *habitat*, without being able to find a single nook in which we could take root. Not that our time was lost, for we were in constant agreeable locomotion, breathing the purest air and surrounded by the most delightful scenery, all which has told most advantageously on our health. The whole of this part of England was unknown to me ; but I can assure you it is well worth a visit. These insulated dales have as yet undergone less change than other parts of the country. The villages retain much of their primitive character, and the cottages are beautifully clean and neat. The inhabitants are a downright, intelligent set of people, whose rustic plainness of speech, concealing a genuine

kindness of heart, presents an amusing contrast to the smooth and dapper servility that one too often meets with in the corresponding class of the South. We made several ineffectual attempts to get accommodation in some very attractive looking farm-houses in lovely situations ; but it was the midst of the hay-harvest, and though our inquiries were always met with perfect civility, we constantly received the very decisive answer—" We canna do wi' ye just noo." By a mere chance we got our present lodgings on the banks of the 'Tees. Had we been a day later in our application, they would have been gone. We are very comfortably situated in a farm-house, belonging to a respectable yeoman. There is an old-fashioned garden in front, full of birds and fruit, looking on a beautifully wooded foreground, and russet moors in the distance. On one side we catch a view of the picturesque old towers of Barnard Castle, with a corner of the town, and a most impertinently intrusive tall chimney, which we should be glad to shut out altogether. But we are not obliged to look that way. The chief objection to the house is its *aspect*—a circumstance of which I never duly appreciated the importance till now. It is placed with such ingenious absurdity, that the sun never enters the rooms at any time of the day. The consequence is, that though not in themselves uncomfortable, they have a chilly, cellar-like feeling, which have rendered it necessary to have a fire during some of our late rainy days. On the whole, however, we have done, and are doing, very well. The external

air is delicious. The great recommendation of the neighbourhood is the delightful scenery, with charming walks in every direction close to your door—with which it abounds. We are on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, about a mile and a-half from the beautiful remains of Eggleston Abbey, and about three from Rokeby and Greta Bridge, all within reach of an easy walk or pleasant drive. The neighbourhood still retains trace of old Scandinavian population. Hard by our cottage is the beautiful wooded glen of *Thor-gill*. Higher up the Tees is *Balder-dale*, and in the same vicinity is *Woden-croft*. My life here is much to my taste. I am naturally inclined to study and quiet contemplation; and I think these tendencies come out more strongly with advancing years. My mornings, till dinner at two, are devoted to my books; the afternoons are given to the ladies to walk or drive or read aloud, as they like best or the weather allows. I am reading to them in the evening—besides occasional interludes of poetry—Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. I do not know whether you are acquainted with it. With the exception of an occasional affectation of Carlylism, it is an able and very vigorously written book, and founded, as appears, on a very thorough and conscientious examination of original sources, some of them as yet only in MS. I am constantly reminded, not by this book alone, how much history has still to be truly written—and not least that which half the world think they have on the authority of inspiration, I mean that of the Old Testament, which I am now diligently working through, with a view to a course

next Session. I cannot resist the impression, that even the books of Samuel and Kings (to say nothing of Chronicles, where there can be no doubt) contain a later, theocratical interpretation of ancient records, which still shew themselves here and there through the mosaic work of the actual text, and give the impression of a state of things very different from that which is evidently intended to be conveyed; and, in particular, that the higher and purer Jehovism expressed by Isaiah and the later prophets was of *gradual development*,—and that the grosser Jehovism, cultivated at the high places, and, as I believe, symbolically represented by the calves at Bethel and Dan—which is so sternly reprobated throughout our extant historical books—was the primitive religion of the Hebrews, upheld originally by Samuel and the Schools of the prophets—and the very faith that was asserted in the northern kingdom by Elijah, Elisha, and Jehu against the intrusive Baal worship of Ahab. The question at issue in the religious history of the Hebrews, was the *single, exclusive*, ascendancy of Jehovism, first in its grosser, afterwards in its purer form. Monotheism, in the *earlier* stages of its existence, must of necessity be exclusive and intolerant. The toleration introduced by the prosperous commercial age of Solomon, if permitted to continue, would have endangered its existence, and intercepted the conditions of a future Christianity. Such are some aspects of the subject which I am endeavouring to develope into something like clearness and consistency.

You are probably aware, that there is a small Uni-

tarian Society in this place, consisting almost wholly of working men and shop-keepers. The only exception is Mr. George Brown—a local barrister—connected by birth and education with the Wesleyan Methodists, who has raised himself by native talent and excellence of character from an humble origin to a high social position in the town and neighbourhood. He is a very interesting man, with a fine intelligent countenance, and an unaffected courtesy of manners which speaks him one of nature's born gentlemen. The congregation have no stated minister, and only meet in the evening in a small chapel, where John Wesley has many times preached. Mr. Brown often addresses them. We have heard him twice—and were greatly pleased; and I will venture to add, I am sure you would have been so too. His views on Scripture and Inspiration and the relative value of speculative theology to the religion of the conscience and the heart—astonished me by their boldness and precision—they are precisely what the Prospective Review was considered little better than Deistical for asserting some fifteen years ago. Yet his prayers are full of the deepest devotional sentiment—breathing love and trust and penitential humility in the presence of the Father who is ever in us and around us. He combines a Wesleyan fervour of spirit with the undogmatic theology which inevitably results from our modern criticism.* He told me how pained he was, when he first inclined to Unitarian views, with the

* A posthumous volume of Mr. Brown's Sermons, entitled, 'Words from a Layman's Ministry at Barnard Castle,' with a Preface by Mr. Tayler, reached a Second Edition in 1871.

hard necessarian and materialistic theories of the older school—and what a relief it was to him to meet with another spirit in the Prospective, which he has taken from the commencement. I have promised to address this little flock one evening in September.—I shall also, before I leave, go and see the nascent church at Middleton about ten miles off up the Tees. They are building a place of worship partly by the contributions of their own labour. At present they conduct their simple worship in the open air, and are much respected by the neighbourhood. These are to me most interesting phenomena, and give me hope for the future of my country. I need not say to you, how utterly distasteful to me was the old Unitarian proselytism so rife when I first began my ministry, now more than forty years ago, in Lancashire—so aggressive and destructive, with so little sympathy for what is profoundly latent in all earnest forms of faith—so inflated with the assumption of superior wisdom and superior learning, to which it had often no claim whatever. When I come here, and see what is going on among humble, unlearned men—notice the doctrine given them, and the eagerness with which they imbibe it—how devout, earnest and loving they are—I am perfectly astonished at the progress which has been silently making. The thing is even interesting to me philosophically. For I see in the fresh, spontaneous suggestions of the religious life in these simple and honest hearts—their strong convictions, their deep trust, their fervent and

irrepressible aspirations—the postulates of a true religious psychology which philosophy must adopt if she is to have any spiritual basis whatever to stand upon—which her own abstractions can never replace, and which if we reject, nothing is left for us, so far as I can see, but helpless, hopeless scepticism. I remember Lamartine saying, during the late French revolution—in recommending the appeal to Universal Suffrage—that they renounced all previous systems, and went down into the depths of the popular heart for the basis of a constitution. This is nonsense in politics, which concern society rather than individuals; but it expresses to my mind, the truth of truths in religion. I am sure, there must be a great reformation of all existing Theologies, if religion is henceforth to strike a living root amongst us.

One other subject of some importance before I close. Indeed I should have written to you before, but wished to have something definite to suggest before I did so. You are perhaps aware, that Aspland is giving up the *Christian Reformer* at Christmas. Mr. Kenrick mentioned it to me before I left London; and I have since heard it direct from Mr. Aspland himself. Mr. Kenrick thinks—and I quite agree with him therein—that it will be quite disgraceful to us to have no denominational organ—that represents our learning and higher thought—nothing to shew us worthy representatives of the old English Presbyterians. * * * The *Prospective*, and still less the *National*, never pretended to

be denominational organs; and perhaps the particular good they have done, has arisen in good measure from their not being so. * * *

I suggested, in a conversation with Mr. Kenrick, C. Beard's name as a very suitable person as editor. The fact, that the National has now passed out of our hands, and represents really a section of the Broad Church party (though I am willing to write for it still, as I presume you will do) seems to me to render it more than ever desirable that we should maintain a respectable denominational Periodical.* Indeed, I do not see how we could do even simple justice to our body without one, in its present critical state.

TO REV. J. MARTINEAU.

Startforth, Barnard Castle, Sept. 3rd, 1863.

* * * I believe no one is less of a sectary than I am; but I see clearly that *practical* good—the diffusion of a religious *life*—is only to be promoted through the medium of *existing* organizations, which have already a place and history in the world; and the organization† with which we are traditionally connected, and which has a noble history of some two hundred years behind it, seems to me to offer at the present crisis as fair an

* The first number of 'The Theological Review: A Journal of Religious Thought and Life,' which is not however a *denominational* Periodical, appeared in March, 1864. Williams and Norgate.

† The English Presbyterian Non-subscribing Churches, dating from the ejection of the Two Thousand on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662.

opportunity of doing extensive good as any organization anywhere to be found in the whole Christian world. I am convinced *our* work is not yet done, *our* special mission not yet accomplished. We have been *behind* the claims, the opportunities, and the traditions of our section of the old Protestant Dissent. I am persuaded that the spirit originally circulated by the Prospective and the National has already pervaded our body to a far wider extent than is often supposed. I am myself surprised at the indications of it which I constantly meet with. 'I am anxious that this tendency should be taken up, and developed, and applied to our own institutions, by an adequate organ representative of the culture and intelligence of our body—and that the fruits which some among us have been striving to rear for the last twenty-five years should not all be appropriated by others, and go to swell the triumphs of those who on some points at least have learned from us, and who are only too ready to ignore any predecessors. We at least can say what we think without violating any prior implied obligation. The only limit to perfect freedom of speech among us has been the narrowness of our own public opinion, and that is now clearly expanding to an extent no one could have anticipated even ten years ago.

The controversies and conflicts which have occurred in that interval have cleared the atmosphere and enabled us all to breathe more freely. Shall we be doing right to leave our old churches and our now venerable Academy, with all the memories and tra-

ditions attached to them—so dear to you and me—without coming to their aid at this juncture—rescuing them from the chilling torpor breathed into them by what I may call the Priestleian episode in our history—putting them once more in the track which Baxter, Lardner, Aikin, and Price were pursuing—and helping them to reach another step in the progress of their spiritual development. I have every good wish for the “National,” and I will serve it to the best of my power ; but, if I am not mistaken, it will not henceforth handle some questions with the perfect freedom and *Rücksichtslosigkeit* to which we have been accustomed, and which are indispensable to the discovery of the whole truth. Already I think I perceive a sort of *arrière pensée* in some of the Articles.

TO REV. J. MARTINEAU.

The Limes, Hampstead, July 30th, 1864.

* * * We have been arranging our vacation, for several reasons, on a different principle from former years—spending the first part of it at home, and devoting only the latter half of it to travel. I am not sure that it has succeeded, or that I shall be inclined to repeat the experiment another year. At the close of a session of nine months, I find my mind cuts very much like a blunt knife, and I need the quickening effect of some more decided change, than simply going from home for a couple of days in the immediate vicinity, to give me the full and pleasant use

of all my powers. The same newspapers, the same omnibuses, and the same barrel-organs and broken-winded brass-bands day after day—leave a terribly monotonous impression, and tend to reduce one almost to the condition of a human oyster, conscious of little but the constant pulsation of the sea-wave against its gaping shell. Yet I must do Hampstead itself justice. The old beauty still hangs about it. H. and I have discovered in various directions delicious walks, green and shady, with delightful glimpses of blue distance between the trees. How long the all-devouring town will leave us these, must depend on the continuance of England's prosperity, qualified by the conservative tendencies of the Metropolitan Commissioners. I cannot, however, say that I have been idle. My mornings invariably till dinner, and sometimes part of the afternoon or evening, are devoted to work; and before we finally leave home for the Continent, I shall have despatched a good deal, which will greatly relieve my labour for next session. My business with my class will then be to read the Acts in connexion with the four principal Epistles of Paul, which fit into its history. With this view, I have just finished an analysis of Zeller's very thorough and elaborate work, "Die Apostelgeschichte, etc." I have little doubt of the soundness of his general view—viz. that Acts is composed to a large extent of traditional and legendary materials, with some written documents (*e. g.* the diary of a sea voyage)—all worked up from the compiler's particular point of view, with the desire to produce a

particular result. My objection is, that he has worked his theory too hard. Assuming a particular principle in Paul, and another in the author of Acts—he has reasoned from those principles in both cases with too rigid a consequentiality. He seems to forget that a man of action like Paul does not reason like the German *Gelehrte* in his closet, with nothing but abstract premises before him; but that one half of his impression on human history results from a glorious defiance of logical consistency. My assent therefore to Zeller's conclusions is qualified *cum grano salis*. I am examining again, with reference to the principal Epistles, Paley's famous argument in the *Horæ Paulinæ*. So far as I have yet gone, the evidence from the undesigned coincidences seems to me to establish the authenticity of the Epistles, but not so clearly the historical reliability of Acts. From the cautious way in which he sometimes words his arguments, I am inclined to think that Paley himself was aware that this was the case. Paley's learning and criticism are not to be compared for one moment with the profundity of Zeller's, and his spiritual philosophy is not mine—but I must confess it is rather a relief to exchange the long involved periods, the minutely subtle references, and the thoroughness to weariness—of some five or six hundred closely printed pages of German learning, for the clear and simple style, the broad and luminous statement, and the practical common sense of a mind so completely English as Paley's. Do I shock you by this confession? Perhaps it is wrung from me in the weakness of mental fatigue—I

have also been reading a fanciful but original and suggestive work by Watkiss Lloyd, "Christianity in the Cartoons." The idea is a new one—that of penetrating to the facts which lie at the root of Christianity, through the traditional representations of Art. I do not know whether you have seen this work. If not, and it should happen to fall in your way, I think it would interest you. * * *

A Miss Gifford, who died lately near Exeter, has left a bequest of £100 free of duty to Manchester New College. I had a letter from her lawyer announcing it—which I forwarded at once to Aspden.* I regard with much satisfaction the accumulation of bequests to our Alma Mater, and hope it will be the policy of the Committee to let them accumulate and be well invested; because—though it will not be in my time, and I should regard any precipitate forestalling of such a result, positively mischievous and likely to retard rather than advance the cause of true religious liberty—I hold it to be nearly inevitable in the course of future events, that our dear old College, with its accumulated memories of Warrington, York, Manchester, and London, will become ultimately an independent foundation in one of our ancient seats of learning.

H. E. and I spent a part of two days at Cambridge a month ago. It is a charming place. More memories of my early life are associated with Cambridge than with Oxford, which has lately taken the breath

* The zealous stipendiary secretary of Manchester New College, since deceased.

out of her sister's sails ; and as we grow older the feelings of youth seem to come back on us anew. Single colleges, especially those on the Cam, with their delightful gardens, are more attractive than anything at Oxford, though the *tout ensemble* is inferior. As we walked through the silent halls and lonely gardens (for it was vacation time) and thought of Milton, Cudworth, Bentley, and some names nearer to our personal remembrances, Wakefield, Lindsay and Frend—I felt a strange yearning that it is impossible to express. * * *

Old friends are gone since you left us. You have doubtless heard of the departure of good Mr. Esdaile. He failed rapidly at last, and was buried last week—at the Abney Park Cemetery. He was a simple-minded, kind-hearted, excellent man—an admirable specimen of that thorough social respectability which has ever formed the strength of English Nonconformity. My dear old friend Mrs. G. W. Wood is also gone. I am going down to Manchester to-morrow evening to attend her funeral on Monday. She and her noble-minded husband had almost a parental kindness towards me during the first years of my ministerial life in Manchester, and with great tenderness I cherish both their memories. * * *

On the 15th (if we all live and be well) H. E. and I set out for the Tyrol. The 15th of August is my birthday. I shall then be sixty-seven. I can hardly fancy it ; and find myself such a child as I still am in so many things.

TO H. C. ROBINSON.

Botzen, September 4th, 1864.

*** We witnessed in one of the suburbs of Inspruck a curious dramatic representation by peasants in the open air. This is a practice, we were told, of some hundred years' standing. It was interesting as illustrating the rude origin of our own stage, and possibly the way in which some of the earliest plays of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson—certainly of their immediate predecessors—were brought out. The performance was in a kind of booth, with rude scenery, and the spectators sat on wooden benches with their feet on the bare ground, and an awning stretched over them to keep off the sun and rain. The performance began at three p.m. and lasted till six. The subject was taken from the "Ritter-leben" of the middle ages. Each Act was preceded by a dumb-show, indicating its general purport—as you will remember is the case in *Gorboduc*, the earliest English tragedy by Lord Buckhurst, in Queen Elizabeth's reign. This dumb-show was interpreted in an accompanying song by a Genius, crowned with flowers, and bearing a branch in her hand, whose office was something like that of the ancient Chorus of the Greeks. The performance would have been more interesting had it retained more of its primitive peasant character. But there was too great an attempt to assimilate the performance to the refinements of the regular modern drama. The actresses to my great disgust wore crinolines! There was, how-

ever, a genuine remnant of the old stock in a buffoon (though the piece was eminently tragic, with much fighting and killing) like the clowns in Shakespeare, whose jokes, being in the native *patois*, were wholly lost on us, though they were relished above everything else by the rest of the audience.

TO MRS. LEISLER, *Manchester.*

Verona, September 7th, 1864.

We have only this evening heard by a letter from London, of the terrible affliction which has befallen you and my excellent friend, Mr. Leisler.*—I have known you and Mr. Leisler in seasons of heavy sorrow before now. You wrote words of comfort to us, when we were suffering under a similar stroke; and I cannot forget that for many years I stood to you and yours in a relation which made it both my privilege and my duty to nourish and strengthen those high principles of Christian hope and trust, from which alone support and consolation can come. * * *

I shrink from dilating on the common places of religious consolation at times like these. For I have often remarked that the vain words of human speech only disturb those still and holy depths of inward trust and hope, where the blessed spirit of God is felt in its serenest power. I will only utter what comes at this moment directly from my heart—that your most poig-

* The death of their only son, killed by a fall at Llandudno.

nant anguish is sweetened with the divinest consolations. You have lost, not a worthless, but a good and amiable son. If this aggravates your present loss, only consider what a compensation it brings with it, to that other side of our mysterious life which belongs to the invisible and eternal world.* * * The life protracted to the extremest verge of human years, and the life cut off, as it seems to us, by the merest accident, in the bloom and promise of early manhood, will both appear to us hereafter but as the transient childhood which leads through death to a more glorious maturity in the future life. This faith deepens in me with increasing years. Without it, this transient scene of earth, with its deep affections, its fervent longings, and its earnest aspirations, would be to me little better than an incoherent dream, unworthy of the Great Power which gave, and the mysterious Soul which has received it. You have often heard me say this. It is one of the deepest convictions of my being. I cannot reason about it. I *feel* its truth. Life's experience confirms it. Life's gathering shadows bring it out with new brightness, as the approach of night reveals the stars which we cannot see by day. It is to me a spiritual reality, which in my best moments—the moments when I am most truly myself—I can no more doubt, than the presence of the air which I breathe, or of the sun which shines into my eyes by day.

TO REV. J. KENRICK.

Lugano, September 18th, 1864.

* * * For grandeur and sublimity the upper end of the Lago di Garda far surpasses anything I have ever yet seen of the Italian lakes, though at the lower end it becomes tame. There are comparatively few villas on its banks, till you come to the lower end; and this adds to the wild sternness of its character. We took the steamer from Riva to Peschiera. The morning was lovely, and the water smooth as a molten mirror—not at all justifying on that occasion Virgil's description of it in the *Georgics*:—

“*Fluctibus ac fremitu adsurgens, Benace, marino.*”

Twice we got a capital view of Sirmio—

“*Peninsularum, insularumque, ocellus.*”

It is a promontory jutting far out into the Lake, and connected with the mainland by a low narrow isthmus. We did not land; but from its position we saw it must command the most magnificent view of the mountains at the head of the Lake. The poet shewed his taste in selecting such a spot for his villa. I brought a small pocket edition of his poems with me, which I nearly read through on my journey. It is surprising that though there are constant allusions to Sirmio and Verona in his poems, I do not recollect a single passage in which he even hints at the glorious beauty of this scenery. His chief association with Sirmio, at least as expressed in his extant verses, is the comfort of finding

himself once more in his accustomed bed, after the fatigues and anxieties of his Bithynian journey. Is it not the fact, that we find little sense of what we call the picturesque before the time of Virgil? There are already dawnings of it in Lucretius. I sometimes fancy it must have sprung up with the cultivation of landscape painting. As I have alluded to Catullus, I must add that this recent perusal of him has confirmed the impression which he left on me when I read him for the first time at York more than forty years ago—that he is in his best pieces one of the sweetest and tenderest of Roman poets. I know nothing in my limited range of Latin literature more deeply pathetic than his lines on his brother's death, or more touching than the address of Quintilia to the shade of her deceased lover. Both in his defects (his gross impurities) and in his exquisite tenderness, he reminds me of our own Herrick.—At Verona we found ourselves in a world of interesting associations—the amphitheatre, the Roman archways, the birthplace of Catullus, the retreat of Dante, the original seat of the Scaligers—Padua and Mantua not far off—Vicenza, on one hand, from which, I think, the Socini originally came—and Brescia, with the recollections of its bold reformer, on the other. We had little time to indulge these pleasant associations and inquiries—the chief annoyance in so rapid a journey as ours. However, to have only seen a place always leaves behind a more vivid impression of its histories. At Verona we found ourselves actually only five hours by rail from Venice. The

temptation was too great to be resisted. To Venice therefore we went, and spent there the better part of three days. I have left no time nor space to describe the intense interest of this short visit. One glorious evening we paid a visit to the Armenian monastery, over which we were shewn, and where I purchased a translation of Armenian popular songs into English, and also a copy of their Liturgy, which they affirm is very ancient—the English on one page and the Armenian on the other. The monk who shewed us over the convent spoke French, so that we could converse. * * *

TO MRS. STURCH.

September, 1864.

* * * The next night we rowed to the Armenian Convent. The silence and the sweet odours wafted through the corridors from their well kept garden made a striking contrast to the noise and unsavoury smells of the streets of Venice.—They are in communion with the Church of Rome, but have a Liturgy of their own, which they affirm is very old, and which they use in their native tongue.—They have special masters for the languages, among which English is regularly taught. This is one of the silent agencies through which Europe is reacting on Asia, and paying back the long debt of centuries.—From an eminence at the end of their garden we saw another beautiful sunset behind Venice. The whole scene was to us singularly unique and striking—grand, silent, and

solemn. As we rowed back over the still waters in the clear pure dark of that almost Eastern sky, with the bright moon weaving her silvery chain over the gentle ripple which our gondola left behind it, the bell of the convent began its booming sound for evening prayer, and added to the strange enchantment of the scene; while the glittering lights from the gay cafés of St. Mark's Place in the opposite direction, and the voice of jovial singing from a neighbouring gondola, impressed us as nothing had ever done before, and probably will never do again, with a vivid sense of the difference between a life of contemplative repose and the feverish tumultuous life of great cities.—I do not think we enjoyed anything more than the two evenings we spent on the water. They were really glorious poetry for once in one's life converted into a transient reality. The sun set behind Venice in a blaze of golden light, which gradually melted into a lovely roseate hue pierced by the softly dark forms of the domes and towers of this queen of the waters, and behind them in the far horizon the violet-coloured mountains of Padua and Friuli. * * *

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. CARPENTER.

The Limes, Hampstead, Oct. 2nd, 1864.

We arrived at home quite safely last night, when we found your kind letter awaiting us. * * * Our journey has been a very successful one, without any accident or

disappointment, till last night, when owing to a stupid opposition between the South Eastern and the London Chatham and Dover Railways, we got too late to Charing Cross to have our luggage examined. This first impression of the English Railway system (leaving everything to free competition) after recent experience of the Continent, was not much in its favour.

The consequence is, we cannot get our boxes till to-morrow, to our very great inconvenience, for we had everything in them—all my shaving apparatus for instance—so that this morning I had to lather my face with an old tooth-brush and then take off my beard with an old razor that had no more edge than Hodge's at the fair.—

TO REV. J. KENRICK.

The Limes, Hampstead, Feb. 26th, 1865.

The question which you have raised in your last letter about the origin and proper import of the "Son of Man," seems to me one of the most obscure and difficult in the New Testament. What was the relation of this expression to the other, "Son of God,"—what rule can be discovered for their respective application, and what are the different sides which they are intended to bring into view, of the Messianic character of Jesus, seems to me equally difficult of solution. Perhaps if we could explain the one, we should find out by the same process the meaning of the other. Whatever may have been the original sig-

nification and reference of "Son of Man" in Daniel vii. 13, 14—when I observe how the same expression is used, Revel. i. 13, and xiv. 14, and how throughout the four Gospels it is applied to Jesus, I cannot doubt that at the time the books of the New Testament were written, it had become a current designation for the Messiah—put into circulation perhaps by the traditional exegesis of the Rabbinical schools, our ignorance of which, I suspect, occasions much of the obscurity that we find in many passages of the New Testament—and a very suggestive glimpse of which we catch in the Targum on Ps. lxxx. 17, referred to in your letter. There is another consideration, also a source of difficulty, which forces itself on the mind the more intimately we become acquainted with the actual texture of our canonical books,—and that is, the probability that the primitive tradition of the words of Christ may in some instances have been overlaid by the later belief and conception of those who reduced their original materials into the form in which we now possess them. I am fully aware of the danger of this hypothesis, because it is so purely subjective in its application, and opens so wide a door to arbitrary conjecture, whenever we are pressed with an exegetical difficulty. But it is hardly possible to resist the evidence that in some instances such a modification of the primitive record has taken place. Founded partly on the assumption of some such subsequent change of primitive meaning, and therefore not entirely clear and satisfactory in the result which it attempts to work out—the

late Baur of Tübingen communicated a very ingenious and suggestive article to the third number of *Hilgenfeld's Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Theologie* for 1860—"Die Bedeutung des Ausdruck's: ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου." He thinks that Jesus assumed this title to himself, not in the traditional Messianic sense of his age, but to express his pure and genuine humanity—his sympathy with human wrongs and sufferings—his cheerful acceptance of all the conditions of humanity that he might thus more effectually instruct and deliver it; but that this title, so simply human in its original application, was happily selected (whether in Christ's own intention or by providential appointment, he does not very clearly intimate) so as to be capable of blending, as the Messianic consciousness developed itself within him, with the more distinct meaning which it carried with it in the popular apprehension—only excluding, from the very way in which he approached and appropriated this distincter meaning, the grosser popular conceptions that had been connected with it. He does not deny that in Matt. xxiv. 30, and xxvi. 64, "Son of Man" is used in its full traditional Messianic signification derived from Daniel—and that, if all the passages where it occurs in Matthew were like these, there could not be a doubt that it had been from the first adopted by Jesus, in the sense of Daniel.—Notwithstanding the superinduction of a later belief on the actual text of the Gospels, he thinks there are still traces of the original and purely human meaning of the expression. In particular he lays stress on the

awkwardness of the question Matt. xvi. 13,* on the ordinary interpretation of the phrase—as it takes for granted the very point for which the question is asked. Baur says nothing in this Essay of the origin of the phrase. He takes it for granted that it had already got into circulation as an expression for Messiah; but endeavours to shew that Jesus himself did not—at least in the first instance—adopt it in that sense. In the lectures which Martineau is about to deliver on the progress of Jewish opinion in the centuries before Christ, he will no doubt touch on this point; and if his views are not reported in any of our journals, I will write and tell you what he says.

The Lectures at University Hall have so far been what is called in modern phrase “a success.” Though the weather every night was most unfavourable, the room was always quite full. Your friend, Mr. Goodwin, delivered a very interesting lecture last Tuesday. There is a summary of it in the *Inquirer* to-day. He differs from our friend Mr. Sharpe, in lengthening instead of contracting Egyptian chronology. He thinks we have reliable historical monuments 4000 years B.C., and that these imply a long previous course of civilization.

Tischendorf is now in London exploring the MS. treasures of the British Museum. I called on him at his hotel the other day, and sat with him a quarter of an hour. After a rapid visit to Oxford and Cambridge for the same purpose, he is going to Paris, and then into Italy, and after that into the East, to explore and

* “Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?”

examine old MSS. ; mainly with a view of completing his materials for a work on which he has been employed, I think he said, for thirty years—a complete *Palæographia Græca*, to take the place of Montfaucon's, which inadequately represents the present state of our knowledge. Among other things which he is about to bring out is a new and more accurate edition of the *Codex Laudianus Act. Apostol.* in the Bodleian, of which you may perhaps remember that we have a copy of Hearne's edition in our Library—now a rare book—for only a limited number of copies were printed. He made himself exceedingly merry with the gross mistakes of some Oxford man, whose name I cannot now recollect, who has lately been publishing, with very incompetent critical skill, some portions of the *Codex Sinaiticus*.

I am now reading through with some care Welcker's *Griechische Götterlehre*. I do not know whether you have yet looked into it. It is a work of immense learning and of fine feeling, pervaded throughout by a deep religiousness of spirit. But the style is intolerable, almost as bad as Ewald's. One cannot say anything worse of it. His words seem to labour under the enormous mass of his materials. There is no structure in his sentences. One proposition stands beside another, in most inartificial order, sometimes without interpunction—almost as if he had transferred to his pages the contents of his *adversaria* just as they were originally jotted down. This is the more to be regretted, as his matter is most interesting, and his fine taste and noble

feeling would often make him eloquent with a little more attention to style. The German scholars most culpably neglect the art of expression ; and this inflicts a great deal of unnecessary toil and suffering on their readers. Judging from the preface to his *Theognis*, Welcker's Latin style is as bad as his German.

TO MRS. GREG, *Norcliffe*.

Pendyffryn, N. Wales, April 19th, 1865.

Although Hannah has already expressed our deep and affectionate sympathy with you and Mr. Greg on occasion of your recent grievous loss, I cannot refrain from adding a line from myself, to tell you, as I do from my heart, how deeply I was touched, even to tears, when the tidings reached me of the death of your dear child. The sad intelligence brought back old memories ; and I could not but feel how mysterious a thing it is in the ways of providence, that the children of our youth should so constantly go before us to the future home of us all. All my poor daughter's earliest friends and companions, with a very few exceptions, are now gone, and have joined her dear brother in that unseen world, where it is the most delightful trust of my own soul—a trust which deepens as I myself advance in years—that we shall hereafter meet them all again. Were it not for this hope, earth would become to the aged little better than a churchyard rapidly filling with comfortless graves. Dear Caroline's simplicity and rectitude of mind, her clear

moral sense, her ingenuousness of spirit, and hearty affections for her friends, had something so genuine and unworldly about them, something so refreshingly unlike what we constantly meet with in the hollow and conventional manners of society—that we cannot but think of her, without, I trust, any undue presumption, as already not unprepared for admission into that kingdom of heaven, the spirit of which Christ beautifully compares with the pure and simple spirit of a child.

I am aware that I am considered something of a heretic and free-thinker even by many of my own denomination ; but I thank God more than I can well express, that the course which my mind has ever been more decidedly taking for the last quarter of a century, has tended to give my holiest convictions and trusts a deep spiritual root in the very centre of my moral being, which I do not believe any change of speculative opinion, or any discovery of science will ever be able to weaken, still less to tear up ; and to make me feel profoundly that there are some truths which, though Theology cannot *prove* them to the *understanding*, the religion of the *heart*, when touched with sorrow and illuminated with faith, pronounces to be beyond the reach of doubt and distrust. It is to this indestructible faith of the heart, this voice of the Father speaking audibly in our inmost soul, that we all flee for consolation, when that dark shadow of humanity comes over us, through which you are now passing. How sweetly consolatory are these lines of Miss Procter's !

“ And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see ;
Wisdom and sight are slow
In poor humanity.
If thou could'st *trust*, poor Soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou would'st find peace and rest :
Wisdom and sight are well, but Trust is best.”

Nothing can be added to this. Perfect trust in the all-wise and all-loving Father is the sum and substance of true religion.

Once more accept the hearty expression of my sorrowing sympathy with yourself and my valued old friend Mr. Greg, and your surviving children: in all which Hannah joins with, my dear Mrs. Greg, your's ever most truly.

TO REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

Weissbad, Canton Appenzell, Switzerland, Sept. 3rd, 1865.

I think you will like to know something about us—what we have been doing, and what we have been thinking of, since we parted from you at the end of June. I conclude that this will find you at your old quarters in N. Wales, near our friends the Darbishires; and not knowing your exact address, I shall forward this letter to you through them. We came to this part of Switzerland because it is the least visited by tourists, especially from England—and because we wanted rest, quiet, and freshness of impression. In our immediate

objects we have not been disappointed. We are dividing our time pretty equally between the Protestant and the Catholic part of this primitive Canton—*Ausser-Rhoden* and *Inner-Rhoden*. The latter part of July and the greater part of August we spent at Heiden, a sort of bathing-place in the former district, where for a long time we consorted almost wholly with Germans, Swiss, and Prussians. We were at length joined by a single English family. At present we are in the mountains, in the midst of a simple people, who live on the produce of their flocks and herds. The inhabitants of *Inner-Rhoden* still wear the picturesque costume of their ancestors, which we had the opportunity of seeing to advantage at a sort of peasants' ball, which was given last week in a large room attached to this *Cur-haus*, and which began at three in the afternoon and lasted till two in the morning, considerably to the disadvantage of our slumbers—as the kind of whoop with which the dancing is accompanied became very obstreperous before the close. We saw it to still more advantage this morning in the large church of Appenzell, which was filled with women in their best attire, beautifully neat and clean, the married and the unmarried distinguished by a corresponding head-dress.—Though we have not met many regular tourists, we have fortunately encountered several persons whom we knew—among others, a lady, an old friend of ours in Manchester, and now a widow, who has a beautiful villa on the bank of the Lake of Constance, just opposite our residence at Heiden, with

whom we passed two or three days most agreeably. I fell in also with a very interesting person—a cousin of a former pupil of mine many years ago in Manchester—who has a country-house at Trogen, the chief town of Ausser-Rhoden. Of this gentleman, M. Ulric Zellweger; I must give you a more particular account when we meet. He is a pietist and a philanthropist, and a great benefactor to his native canton in founding schools, and improving the industry of its inhabitants—the most remarkable instance I have ever met with, of the union of the fervent, undoubting faith of a Christian of the first century—firmly believing in the constant personal presence of Christ and the direct efficacy of prayer—with the clear head, the business habits, and the long-sighted economical views of a merchant and banker (he is both) of the 19th century. * * *

This place is very beautiful—embosomed in wood, and shut in by magnificent mountains on three sides. It would perhaps be too close for the height of summer and a long continued residence. It has also the recommendation of being exceedingly retired and quiet. I enjoy my mornings exceedingly, looking out undisturbed through my window on green wooded slopes and mountain peaks. There are no permanent guests here at present except our two selves, and a very agreeable, intelligent old lady from Holstein—the Baroness von Ahlfeldt, with her companion. The old lady has been in England, and speaks a little English, which she practises on me, as I practise German on her in return. So we get on very well together. H.

speaks fluently. I am more familiar with the language of books than of ordinary life. I sometimes fancy, I should find it more easy to deliver a lecture in German than it is to carry on a protracted conversation on miscellaneous subjects. We are compelled to rise early, for the manners of the country require it. I always give my mornings till dinner, and occasionally an hour or two in the afternoon, to work.—My serious work has been the Dialogues of Plato, and Brandis's *Geschichte der Entwicklungen der Griechische Philosophie*. It is a great satisfaction to me to find that I can now read Plato with nearly the same readiness and the same immediate feeling of the exquisite charm of his language, as the philosophical works of Cicero. Brandis's book (the last he has published, a condensation of his earlier work) is very thorough and learned, and written in a clear and simple style, (a great contrast in this respect to Welcker's profound book, "Griechische Götteslehre," which I worked through last session); not so deep and searching, I suspect, as Zeller's work, to which he always refers, even when differing, as he constantly does, with great respect—but an excellent introduction to a comprehensive view of the subject. I do not know whether you are acquainted with Brandis's book. I got it from my profound respect for the excellent author. Zeller's book I must reserve for a future occasion. He is, I presume, a disciple of Hegel. Brandis's philosophy goes quite in the opposite direction, pervaded by a deep sense of *personal* deity, and is therefore in harmony with my own.

In the intervals of thought I have again and again recurred with much earnestness to the present condition of our own religious body, and the efforts we must all make during the next nine months to prevent a disastrous disruption into the two extremes of a vague, aimless assertion of mere free inquiry on one hand, and of a narrow, uncritical and untenable dogmatism on the other. I confess to you, I think the crisis a grave one*—involving in its issue more important consequences, not in a sectarian point of view, but in its bearing on the general progress of Christian truth, than may strike one on a hasty superficial view. It will require courage, judgment, temper, reverence, and the deepest tenderest religious feeling. I have no sympathy—I believe you have none—with the thin, abstract, unhistorical theism to which some excellent minds seem tending from pure reaction—unreasonable reaction as I think—against the superstitious scripturalism of our popular Protestantism. I fear our excellent friend—the pure-minded, noble-hearted F. Newman—has gone irrecoverably, the victim of a narrow logic in himself and others. The more I read and think and observe, the more I become attached to Christianity—by which I mean the *living spirit* of self-sacrificing love and unreserved devotedness to God, in which Christ and his Apostles lived and taught, as distinguishable from the mere forms in which their

* The expansion of the Unitarian Association into a Free Christian Union; or the co-existence of a doctrinal Association and a Catholic Church;—was in contemplation. The latter alternative was adopted.

thought and consciousness clothed itself. I see nothing to take its place for the mass of human beings. It is to me the greatest of all the traditions which the past has bequeathed to us. In the life of Jesus Christ, and in the inextinguishable beliefs which have sprung phoenix-like out of his death, and shot a new light and heat through humanity—I recognise the greatest fact in all history—mysterious and unsearchable in much that accompanies it, but evidently to me the birth-throe of a new spiritual development of our race, which has yet to work out its unexhausted results. My faith in the *spiritual* of Christianity—in the spirit which made Jesus and Paul what they were, and in its adaptation to the deepest wants of our deepest nature—grows with my lengthening experience and with my closer observation of myself and others; and I can say with truth has continually risen, the more freely and fearlessly I have examined the historical documents and witnesses of Christianity. Free *outward* search has been the aliment with me of deeper *inward* faith. The spirit of Christ having been once revealed to me, I feel it in itself so true, so real, so healing, that it can never go from me again, while I continue what I am. So that, to take the extremest of all cases, were the Scriptures to perish, or to prove (what I hold to be impossible) a mere legendary dream—in hope, in trust, in my view of God and my fellow-men, in earnest however often unavailing endeavour—I should still be a Christian. Now it is this *positive* element of Christian faith (reduced almost to *nihilism* by unfruitful word-

controversy), which we must strive to bring out clearly and strongly, and infuse into men's minds, as the only thing worth contending for—the only thing that can endure as a permanent and operative Christianity in the world; and we must try to make them see, that this *living* element—not the *caput mortuum* of old creeds—is more richly developed, is more freely evolved, and imbued with new force and vitality—not crushed, enfeebled and annihilated—by critical inquiry, in other words, by historical and philological science, honestly and reverently applied. Free inquiry is a *condition*, not a *principle*. It can never itself be the bond of a religious community, or the source of a religious life. Sought or rested in as an end, it can only lead to weakness and dissolution, and the strife of irresponsible self-will. We must exhibit therefore some positive vital principle, which free inquiry is properly used in more fully endeavouring to attain—some principle which will command and subdue the heart and the life, and unite men to each other in a bond of vital sympathy. I have written what to you will seem little better than truisms; but in these truisms is contained the problem which we have to work out in our little section of the Christian world—the possibility of uniting the freest and honestest criticism with the deepest, truest, most genuine religious life—the most vivid expression of the spirit of Christ himself. I believe no greater problem awaits the solution of good and religious men than this; and I further believe that there is no Christian church in the world which—from the

circumstances of its origin and its history, and its hereditary principles, and its inherent capabilities—is better fitted, did we understand the worth of our position, for working it out than our own. Happy shall we be if we can do anything in our day towards the accomplishment of so great a result. You know what my views and my wishes are with regard to our old Universities and our National Church ; but everything convinces me that behind the very respectable party that shews itself on the front of public opinion, there is a heavy mass of dogged conservatism, which it will take years to overcome and transform ; and that the necessity for a brave, earnest, self-consistent and learned Nonconformity has not yet ceased, and that it will probably last my time and yours. We shall only damage the ultimate result by exhibiting a willingness to keep back great principles, and to compromise matters prematurely. Every tendency to liberal views and a broad comprehension I would heartily welcome and encourage. The change we desire will not come the less soon, because we in the meanwhile stand firm by the noble principles of the old Dissent. I cannot but desire that we should throw ardour and enthusiasm into this work, in the feeling that we are endeavouring to emancipate and spiritualize the Church of our country. I know you sympathise with me in these views ; but I cannot refrain from expressing to you the feelings with which I desire to throw myself into the work of the College and our little church next session, and how ardently I look to your sympathy, encouragement and co-operation.—

TO REV. ROBERT CROMPTON JONES.*

The Limes, January 14th, 1866.

— I have long believed that true Poetry and true Religion flow from a kindred source, that hidden world of reality within the soul itself, which science with all its demonstrations can never reach, but where alone lies the unassailable basis of our holiest trusts and divinest consolations, and the ultimate, only complete, verification of Christianity itself.

Thank you personally for your contribution in this graceful form to the enforcement of so great a truth.

TO REV. W. H. HERFORD.

The Limes, January 23rd, 1866.

— Before I proceed to answer the particular question you put to me, let me first say what a very great satisfaction it is to me to feel that I may now look on you as *virtually* the future Minister of Upper Brook Street.—In regard to such a congregation, I have much more hope from the steady, continuous, well-directed and judicious efforts of a thoroughly educated man, inspiring personal respect and confidence, acquiring social influence and position, and leaving, small it may be at first but, permanent results behind them year by year, than from the glib and flashy talk of some half educated man, who has got the common-places of Unitarianism at his fingers' ends, but has not

* In acknowledging, 'Poems of the Inner Life : Selected chiefly from modern Authors, 1866.'

the remotest idea of the solid and learned basis on which alone it can be defended at the present day, and who would undoubtedly be floored on his first serious encounter with any competent defender of orthodoxy either in the Church or out of it. Will you allow me to suggest a few things from my own past experience?

I would have a clear understanding with the Congregation from the first, that they must not expect more than *one* original composition on a Sunday ; and would suggest that, in place of the ordinary dull second service, should be substituted something simpler, fresher, more elementary and more popular—specially adapted to the young and the less instructed—some introduction to, or exposition of, different books of Scripture—some statement of first principles of belief—or some brief outline of the History of the Christian Church in our own country, at the time of the Reformation, or in the first Ages. Preparations for such brief lectures would be both interesting and instructive to the Minister, and replenish instead of exhausting his mind, and very usefully compel him to give his professional reading a particular direction, and confine it for a time to one channel. Well up in his subject, he need not write more than a few brief notes, but might trust himself to extempore utterance at the moment.

You would begin a thing of this kind very advantageously now, for the public is better prepared for it ; but even in my time I went through most of the books of the New Testament, and I believe the whole of the Prophets in this way, and the notes which I then made

I find serviceable to me now. You will in this way provide for the suitable religious instruction of the young and the poor, and institute a closer spiritual intercourse and sympathy with them. The religious training of the young is a productive nursery for the future Church. I should certainly make this a prime object, and from time to time, when you believe them prepared for it, I should select a certain number of the young people attending my lectures, and explaining to them the nature of the Christian Eucharist, invite them to partake of it—and then at some fixed term of the year, say Christmas or Easter, or Whitsuntide, introduce them with a special service to the Lord's Table. This would become in time, managed with correct feeling and good judgment, a sort of annual Church Festival, that would be looked forward to with interest through all the rest of the year. Our dry, rationalistic worship needs to have a little more of the living poetry of devotion infused into it.—So far from thinking it an evil, that you are engaged partially through the week with classes of general instruction, I think, if you do not overtask mind and body, that you will find it an advantage. It will extend and confirm your social influence, refresh your mind by presenting it with varied objects of interest, and keep it from being *drugged*, if I may be pardoned such an expression, with technical theology. It is sometimes forgotten that in poetry, history, and even in science, there is more religion, not indeed than in the Bible which is steeped in the intensest spirit of religion

throughout, but certainly than in the arid systems and thorny polemics of *mere theologians*—a class of men, I sometimes think, that have done more harm to religion, and more misrepresented true Christianity, than all the unbelievers put together. I had private classes from the beginning to the end of my career as a Minister, and always found the greatest interest in them; and many of the topics which I afterwards found most fruitful and effective for the pulpit, suggested themselves to me in the excitement of teaching. I always made a list of such subjects as they occurred to me.——

You have a most interesting future before you.—No one who understands what the work of a Christian Minister may be, and ought to be, in this age of growing light and freedom and charity, can have a nobler task confided to his hands. When I call to mind how many happy and active years I passed in the prime of life in the very sphere which you are about to fill, in the strength and vigour of life yet unconsumed before you, I feel almost inclined to envy you. But I am well aware that for such a task I am no longer fit. I have got into the evening of life, and the studious contemplative pursuits which befit life's evening must be my employment for the remainder of my days. But my interest in the work itself, and in those who undertake it, is as warm as ever.——

TO REV. EDMUND KELL, *Southampton*.

The Limes, Hampstead, July 7th, 1866.

Let me thank you very sincerely for the papers on Archæological subjects which you have been kind enough to send me. All of them I have not yet been able to read; but I will not defer answering your kind letter any longer. I find that you are of the same opinion with regard to the origin of Stonehenge with Fergusson. I read at the time a controversy in the pages of the *Athenæum* between him and Sir John Lubbock on this subject. As one of the *uninitiated*, I thought Fergusson did not quite make his case good against his opponent. He seemed to me somewhat visionary and hypothetical. But if a Roman road can actually be *traced under* Stonehenge, of course the matter is settled, and there is no use in arguing any longer.

I wish I could give you any help in regard to the question of the manufacture of glass in Britain in Roman times. There seems to me no *a priori* improbability in the supposition, as the Romans seem to have brought all their luxuries and most advanced arts with them into the remotest provinces. I have an impression, that somewhere in Bede's Ecclesiastical History—though at this moment I cannot give the exact reference, and have not time just now to look for it—I have read an account of some Anglo-Saxon bishop importing *glass* from France for the adornment of a newly erected Church. In one of the earlier volumes

of the Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, there are some very learned papers by Dr. Falkner on the manufacture of glass by the ancients.—

TO REV. J. MARTINEAU.

The Limes, Hampstead, August 11th, 1866.

Mr. Samuel Sharpe came and drank tea with me last night, to talk over the matter of your candidship for the Chair of Logic and Mental Philosophy in University College. He was the only one—or I believe nearly the only one—of our body present at the last meeting of the Council when your case came on for consideration. * * * But the final decision stands over to November.—He tells me, that the *Senate* strongly recommended you for the professorship above all the other candidates; that your appointment was negatived (*i. e. provisionally*, for the final decision has yet to come) by the *Council*, solely on the ground of your being a minister of religion, and that your very eminence in that capacity would make the college look Unitarian. He further said that the whole debate was most complimentary to you—adding in his own peculiar way, “I really felt proud of belonging to the same denomination with Mr. Martineau.” When the question comes on again in November, he hopes there will be a rallying of all your friends on the occasion. In the meanwhile, he strongly recommends that nothing be said or done either by yourself or

by your friends in your name; above all, that you should not on this account withdraw your name from the competition—the more so, as no name comparable to your's was put forward. To use Mr. Sharpe's own strong language, he considers it "a simple case of injustice, to invent an objection on general grounds against an individual." As Mr. Sharpe was present at the meeting of the Council, I have thought it might interest you to know exactly what his impressions were. I believe I have given them faithfully. I know that Mr. Crabb Robinson, who was unfortunately but unavoidably absent, fully shares them. *** I confess, I am not a little disgusted at the philosophical liberalism of the day, which prefers an absolutely *negative* position on the grandest of all themes, to earnestness of individual conviction and profession however broad and liberal. I cannot think of any thing worse for University College, or that would tend to sink it still lower as a *godless* College in future estimation—than this undisguised avowal, that all earnestness and honesty of religious profession is a disqualification for Academic usefulness. The bearing of this on the future action of University College seems to me most momentous. I would take exactly the same ground, in regard to a Jew, a Baptist, or a Swedenborgian, if I thought their fitness for a particular Chair was as unquestionable as yours. I thought the great principle of University College was that *all* religions should stand on an *equal* footing; that *none* should be considered a disqualification. But according to the new ground, they *are* a

disqualification till they are frozen down to *zero*. Anglicanism would probably be regarded by our philosophers as an exception, because in their scientific nomenclature it is already regarded as $= 0$. An Atheist would probably with such men have a much better chance. I am sorry, my dear old friend, that you should again have to undergo any annoyance, or make any sacrifice of personal ease and tranquillity in the cause of right and freedom, for which you have long done so much—but this seems to me a vital crisis, and whatever the immediate issue may be, I am sure it ought to be fully and boldly encountered.

We should have left home before now, but have been detained by the lingering illness and subsequent death of my dear sister-in-law Mrs. Osler. I am to officiate at her funeral at Bath on Tuesday next, and on the evening of Wednesday I hope we shall start by way of Dover and Calais for Seelisberg above Lucerne.

TO H. C. ROBINSON, ESQ.

Engelberg, Canton Unterwalden, September 15th, 1866.

—— I do not know whether you ever visited Seelisberg. It is on the top of high, precipitous cliffs, overhanging that part of the Lake of the Four Cantons, which runs up from Brunnen into the Canton of Uri to Flüellen. The celebrated meadow of Grütli, which the Federal Government has recently purchased, as a

national property for ever, lies just below. There is a large hotel on the top furnished with all modern comforts and luxuries, including a Billiard room and a *Salon de Dames*. We thought we should enjoy more quiet and retirement at a smaller Pension further down, where we found ourselves very comfortable. A German artist, and his wife from Naples, were the only constant inmates beside ourselves. There is, as yet, no carriage road from the Lake to Seelisberg. You have to walk between two and three miles to reach the Pensions, along a winding and stony way, not at all dangerous nor very difficult, but what the French call *pénible*, especially in a warm sunshiny day, as we found to our cost more than once. The fresh air, the magnificent mountain views, and the delightful woodland walks in the neighbourhood were perfectly enchanting; and we were sorry when we left Seelisberg. Our host, M. Hauser, was a worthy substantial peasant of Uri, speaking an awful *patois*, and with all the simplicity of manners which once belonged universally to the Swiss, and which the importation of foreign ways and foreign costumes by tourists has still left unspoiled in a few instances.

You know Lord Wentworth, Lady Byron's grandson. He has rooms in the modest Pension that we inhabited, which he holds in perpetuity, and where he often spends his winters, in entire seclusion from the civilized world, accommodating himself to the manners and usages of the inhabitants, even wearing clothes, we were told, made in the district, and speaking their rude *patois*

to perfection. We were shewn his apartments, which were in another part of the house from that which we occupied. He has a piano and a collection of elegant and learned books up in these mountains and among these simple peasants, who look on him with a sort of wonder as an "English Lord." He is, however, liked and respected. An old woman tried to convert him to the Catholic faith, but he was inaccessible to her addresses. To complete his other eccentricities, he has purchased a "Gut" on the Seelisberg, most picturesquely situated, which we visited. It sustains twelve cows, besides some goats, and yields an excellent crop of hay. What income he derives from this estate I am unable to say. Our former worthy host, Hauser, is his *Verwalter* or Steward. Is not this eccentric? In his rooms we saw a finely executed design of his coat of arms, and a portrait of his very handsome grandfather, Lord King.——

TO REV. J. KENRICK.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Oct. 21st, 1866.

Your letter duly reached me in Switzerland. It was forwarded from Engelberg to Meyringen, where I got it. I am greatly obliged by your compliance with my request. I am now submitting my MS.* to a care-

* 'An Attempt to ascertain the Character of the Fourth Gospel; especially in its relation to the Three First. Williams and Norgate, 1867.' A second edition appeared in 1870, the year after his death.

ful revision before putting it into the hands of the publisher, which, I trust, will be in the course of next week.

We had proposed to cross the Joch pass from Engelberg to Imhof in the valley of Oberhasli. But the weather was so unfavourable—constant mist and a heavy fall of snow, that we were obliged to change our plan, and take the less adventurous though more circuitous pass of the Brunig, which a capital high road now traverses. We staid about a week at Imhof. You may perhaps remember it. It is just beyond the Kirchet, which forms a kind of natural dam across the valley of Oberhasli, as you ascend from Meyringen to the Handeck and the Grimsel. The Kirchet, which would seem to have formed the natural boundary of some vast lake, is pierced by the Aar on one side, where it rushes through a remarkably narrow and dark *Schlucht*. While we were at Imhof we had an opportunity of remarking the effects of the *Föhn*, a warm wind, a kind of *sirocco*, blowing from the East. It raged a perfect hurricane for several days, and was painfully close and relaxing in its influence, notwithstanding its violence, on the body. The snow, which had previously fallen very copiously, and came half way down the sides of the mountains, disappeared in one night. The consequence was an astonishingly rapid increase in the waters of the Aar. One night I was a little alarmed. I got up, and saw the peasants all astir. The waters had got above their artificially raised banks, and were already in one place within fifty or sixty feet of the Hotel. The *Sturmglöcke* was ringing to alarm the

inhabitants of the upper part of the valley to look to the dykes, the breaking through of which might have converted the lower part into a shallow lake. Everything, however, passed over without danger, and the waters fell as rapidly as they had risen. Other parts of Switzerland had been more seriously visited by the Föhn, which this year raged more violently than had been known for many years. Some weeks afterwards, in the neighbourhood of Lucerne, we saw large pine trees that had been torn up by their roots ; and in the valley of the Reuss, going down to Altorf, we observed that the walnut trees had been nearly stripped of leaves and fruit. We concluded our summer excursion with a little tour among the mountains. We visited the falls of the Aar at Handeck and crossed the Grimsel to the glacier of the Rhone, where there is now a capital Hotel, thence down Le Valais to Viesch. From Viesch we ascended the Eggischhorn, just below the summit of which there is also a very good Hotel. I reached the summit myself, but H. E. was seized with giddiness and sickness, which made it not desirable for her to proceed further ; so I left her for about half an hour in the charge of a most attentive and intelligent guide, for there was no danger. The summit is 9000 feet above the sea, and commands a magnificent panorama of snow-peaks, including a view of the Aletsch-gletscher which sweeps down in three separate streams from the Jungfrau. The weather was glorious ; altogether it was the most sublime and solemn scene I ever beheld, but almost overpowering. I must confess, I felt a kind of

relief to get down once more to orchards and cottages and cultured fields, and the warm living presence of humanity. I cannot say I share in the *Alpine furor*, *Alpenreiz* I believe the Germans call it, which rages so widely at present. * * *

We have begun our session very well—four new divinity students. * * * The purport of the motion which I submitted to the special committee on Monday last was to substitute “Free Christian” for Unitarian in the title of the British and Foreign Association, reserving for special Unitarian objects the funds which had been transmitted with that view. Had it been carried, I think all that both parties desire might have been accomplished without the formation of a new Society, the effect of which in its relation to the old I much fear. I confess I had never much expectation of carrying it; but I wished by some decisive vote to determine precisely the relation in which the two parties stood towards each, and to ascertain by a crucial test whether the British and Foreign Association was a doctrinal and propagandist Society, or could be put on a basis sufficiently broad to justify it in becoming representative. But I soon found from the feeling manifested, that there was no chance of carrying it with any approach to unanimity, and that to have persisted in pressing it would only have produced wider dissension. I therefore withdrew it in favour of a series of propositions moved by Mr. Thom, recommending that the British and Foreign Unitarian Association should be kept to its original objects, and that another

Society* on a broader basis should be formed beside it.—

TO REV. W. HERFORD.

Upper College Street, Nottingham, Dec. 31st, 1866.

I don't know that I ever experienced a sorer disappointment, than in finding myself compelled to give up this year my great annual pleasure of seeing my Manchester friends, and preaching once more in dear old Brook Street pulpit.—For the first time in my life, I have suffered from a rather sharp attack of asthma. * * *

Accept, my dear Sir, my very best wishes for you and your flock during the year which is coming. May every blessing attend your earnest and faithful labours for the spiritual good of your people. Do not be too impatient for overt results. I have been consoling myself during the hours that I have been obliged to lie in bed, with reading some of Fenelon's Letters and Reflections. I have been struck with the profound piety of his constant remark: 'All depends on entire self-surrender to God—and then waiting *quietly* and *silently* for such result as He shall see fit to send. All that concerns us, is our *personal fidelity*. Conscious of that, we may leave every thing else with perfect trust to Him.'

* 'The Free Christian Union,' formed June 26, 1868. It survives in a volume of Essays and Proceedings, to which Mr. Tayler contributed 'A Catholic Christian Church, the Want of our Time;' and 'Christianity: What is it? and what has it done?'

You see, my dear Sir, how the preacher will *out*. I am indemnifying myself in part for the loss of Upper Brook Street pulpit, by getting a *homily* into a corner of my letter to you.—

TO MRS. THODE, *Dresden*.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Jan. 6th, 1867.

I ought this day to have been preaching in dear old Brook Street pulpit—according to my invariable wont, ever since I came to London, now more than thirteen years ago, of saying a few words from the heart to the flock with which I was so long happily connected—on the first day of the New Year. But a somewhat sharp attack of spasmodic asthma and bronchitis, which seized me at Nottingham on my way to Manchester, compelled me to return home, and put myself in the hands of my medical man. I am gradually recovering; and as my doctor assures me, there is nothing organically wrong, I hope I shall be able, by care and prudence, to keep myself well and active for the allotted remnant of my days. One does not learn to be old all at once. This transient illness will explain, why I have not earlier written to assure you of my affectionate share in my daughter's sympathy with you on the loss of your excellent husband. Believe me, I enter deeply into your sorrow; but I also know, that you have access to those fountains of consolation, which do not change with the changes of

this evanescent life, but are ever open and flowing and all-effectual. My yearly visits to Manchester are a constant warning to me, what short-lived beings we are, and how little there is of permanency in the things of this world. Yearly I find my old circle of Manchester acquaintance more and more narrow; and as I look down from my old pulpit in Upper Brook Street, I discern new faces taking the places of those with which I was once so familiar, and with which so many pleasant associations were connected. To this day I have a most vivid image of you and your good husband sitting together in a pew just under the pulpit to my left. His grave and earnest look is still deeply impressed on me. Had I been, as usual, in Upper Brook Street this Christmas—his departure to another world would have made me think of that. Your husband always struck me as what I should call a *serious* man—not expending sentiment in fine words, but silently and within strongly impressed by the great realities of this mysterious world in which we are placed. His Christianity seemed to me to consist more in right and beneficent action, than in religious talk; and perhaps this reserve in his temper may have given some persons, who only saw him from the outside, an erroneous impression of his real sentiments and deep inward conviction. But he has now gone to that world, where all false appearances will be dispelled, and nothing but reality will keep its ground. What a comfort it is, when the shadows of life gather over us, to possess a simple and cheerful religious faith, such as

authorizes us to believe, that the God who rules over us and disposes of our lot, is truly a Father, the Infinite Wisdom and the Infinite Love, who accepts the sincere devotedness of our hearts and lives in place of that perfect obedience which none can render—and that all the discipline of sorrow, trial, temptation and disappointment which we must all pass through on our journey to the grave—is to the faithful and earnest only the needful schooling to prepare our immortal souls for a higher state of being! The veil of Death now separates you and your lamented husband; but you are still members alike of the deathless family of God; and you have doubtless both experienced by this time, you on one side of that mysterious veil and he on the other—how true is that simple faith, how all-sufficing for the deepest wants of the human soul.—

TO F. W. NEWMAN.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, February 18th, 1867.

* * * We have just lost, at the advanced age of ninety-two, a very kind old friend, whom I think you knew, Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson. He was a man of vigorous powers and most benevolent heart, and exceedingly well read in all the modern literatures. We shall miss him much in our circle of acquaintance; for his house was a centre where men of the most opposite opinions in religion and politics met in friendly intercourse. His small dinner parties were the most agreeable I ever attended. It is surprising how the old man kept

up an interest in all that was going on to the last. He was greatly annoyed at the rejection of Martineau from the vacant chair in University College; and even spoke on the subject at one of the recent meetings of the Council. On this last subject—much as I regret the final decision—I still think the strong expression of public opinion which has been elicited, will not be without its effect on the future action of the College; and I confess I agree with those who think that no benefit is likely now to arise from the further agitation of the question. I am old enough to remember the origination of the project for founding the University of London; and I recal as if of yesterday the sanguine enthusiasm with which I hailed the prospect of a future union of free thought and unsectarian Catholicity with thorough scholarship and profound science. I confess my experience of the result has been one of successive disappointments. The College has not become, as was hoped, a school of the highest learning and science. The highest ends of liberal and noble culture—such as a true Academic Institution should ever aim at—have not been adequately realized. The class for whose special benefit it was designed, have not shewn that they fully appreciated the advantage of such culture; and my present feeling strongly is, that when our Old Universities have well purged themselves of the last remnants of ecclesiastical narrowness, they will become more than ever the highest seats of national education—the richest fountains of our highest mind; so that, had I still a son to educate, I should prefer sending

him even now to Oxford or Cambridge, to confining him to University College and the University of London—and that not for culture and refining influence alone, but even for the large-hearted and Catholic tendencies of the best kind that would be infused into his nature. I do not believe it was religious bigotry, but philosophical exclusiveness which defeated Martineau's claims. The objection was not against any particular religion, but against expression of religion at all in a philosophical chair. This is the penalty, as I have always said, which the popular theology is now paying for its own narrowness and hostility to science. It has raised up a philosophical opposition as narrow and intolerant as itself. But the age teems with prognostics of the advent of a more catholic and spiritual tone of mind. Have you seen a remarkable paper by Lord Amberley in the Fortnightly Review, in which he proposes a scheme of Church enlargement, which would take into its ministry such men as Theodore Parker, Emerson, and yourself? It is a good sign when men of this class apply themselves earnestly to such subjects. The Duke of Argyll in his recent work on the 'Realm of Law' furnishes another example of the kind. I believe that Gladstone too is a sincerely religious man; and to this cause I ascribe the moral elevation and noble enthusiasm of his policy. His High-Churchmanship does not annoy me. For religion with him seems a *reality*, and wherever it is so, a man of sense and culture can never go far wrong. I sympathize heartily, dear friend, in all your generous hopes for the human

race. But some things distress and alarm me. I do not like to see France and Germany gathering together such enormous masses of military force. What may be the ultimate bearing of Prussia's ascendancy on Liberty I do not yet clearly see. For our own country, its vast material prosperity alarms me. Intense poverty keeps pace with it; and the feverish lust of wealth and high place which pervades all classes, corrupts our commercial morality, and is subverting the ancient simplicity and probity of the manners of our middle class. But I will not croak—but with you live in hope.—

TO REV. J. MARTINEAU.

*Frankfurter Hof, Kronberg, near Frankfort-on-the-Main,
September 8th, 1867.*

H.'s letter to Mrs. Martineau will have made you acquainted with the change that we have been obliged to make in the direction of our Autumnal tour. Some weeks before I left home I was troubled with a return of shortness of breathing and a troublesome cough (indeed I had never felt perfectly right since the sharp attack last Christmas); so that, with the advice of Dr. Kirby, I gave up (very unwillingly) my purpose of immediately visiting Holland,* and determined to

* Mr. Tayler afterwards visited Belgium and Holland in this year, and published in the *Theological Review* for January 1868, "A few Notes on the Religious Condition of Belgium and Holland; and especially on the Church and Seminary of the Remonstrants at Amsterdam."—"One

try the effects of pure mountain air. Some part of Switzerland was the point we ultimately aimed at; but partly from the strange weather we had during our first week of absence from home, burning sunshine with cold blighting wind in the shade, and partly

of my principal objects," he says, "in visiting Holland was to obtain some more exact information about the Seminary of the Remonstrants in Amsterdam, which I had reason to believe, from indications that had occasionally come across me, was based on the same principle as our own Institution of Manchester New College—requiring, that is to say, no subscription to any confession of faith, but leaving the Scriptures and the whole field of theology quite open to the free, unbiassed search of the student. In this expectation I was not deceived. From Professor Tideman, the present learned head of the Seminary, I received the kindest attention and all the information for which I asked."—"One of the first cares of Episcopius and his companions in exile, on returning to their native country in 1626, was to found a Theological Seminary in connection with the Remonstrant Church.—Some distinguished men, among them G. J. Vossius, favoured the design. Its completion was hindered by the still subsisting hope, that the schism with the Mother Church might yet be healed, and the necessity for a separate Academic Institution be superseded. At length, in 1634, the Seminary of the Remonstrants was opened in the house of Episcopius, who became its first recognized teacher and head. From that time to the present a succession of eminent men have adorned the Remonstrant Seminary, who scattered the seeds of liberal thought throughout Europe—Curcellæus, Limborch, Cattenburgh, Le Clerc, Wetstein, Wytttenbach. Reviewing the services of these great men, Spittler did not hesitate to declare that Germany owed the best part of her theological freedom and intelligence to this Arminian school; and Schleiermacher confirmed his testimony."—"The Remonstrants at first, in conformity with the ideas of Episcopius, deemed a confession of faith not necessary, yet not unlawful nor always mischievous; but warned by the sad experience of other Churches, they at length repudiated it altogether, considering that no man was justified in laying down a rule for posterity; so that the only terms which they prescribed to the General Synod to guide their choice of a man to preside over the Seminary, were these: 'To take care that the instruction of our youth be committed to a learned and pious man.' "

from the necessity we were under of sleeping in hot close hotels at Calais, Bonn and Frankfort—by the time I reached the latter place I felt myself so unwell, with all the symptoms of an approaching attack, that the spirit of enterprize completely failed, and I shrank with a sort of inward foreboding from the idea of a distant and protracted journey; and I resolved to try the effect of this place, situated on the slope of the Taunus, and commanding a fine view of the vast plain in which Frankfort is situated, with the beautiful outline of the Odenwald in the horizon. Two of my sisters were here some years ago and spoke favourably of the place. For me the experiment has proved eminently successful. Every day I have improved; my cough has left me; my breathing is again comfortable; and I feel myself as well as I have done for years past. The air is here remarkably sweet and pure; and the whole region of the Taunus (which we shall have pretty well explored before we return) without being grand or striking, exceedingly beautiful—vast forests clothing the hills to their tops, with green secluded valleys winding in amongst them, peopled by a simple and primitive race, as yet unaffected by the incursions of tourists, and inhabiting old-fashioned, picturesque villages on the banks of a stream with the never-failing mill and church—making a *tout ensemble* which is completely German, unlike anything I have seen in France, or Switzerland, or England. It is the region too of mediæval tradition. Every hill is crowned with the ruins of some old knightly fortress, to which

some legend or other is attached. The family (long extinct) which once occupied Kronberg had a deadly feud with the Frankforters; and the burghers of the free town, and the followers of the knights of Kronberg fought many a battle in the plain, in which the latter were sometimes victorious. A curious old picture representing one of these encounters, to the glory of the Kronbergers, is still shewn in a room adjoining the ruinous *Rittersaal* of the Castle. I am so well here, and daily make such improvement, that I think I shall leave well alone, and not move till I turn my face homewards towards the end of the month. We are in very clean, airy, and comfortable rooms, and have only to cross the road to the Hotel opposite for our meals. It is not remarkably cheap here; for though there are scarcely any English visitors, English prices are beginning to rule everywhere.—I find the life rather slow here, though I greatly enjoy our walks and rides, and the sense of improving health is very delightful. I have made few acquaintance here yet, except with some ladies from Frankfort, who know some German friends of ours in England.—I like the society of cultivated women exceedingly, but I hope the shade of my old friend, Mrs. Reid, will forgive me when I say, that the absence of the *male* element, if long continued, is *felt*. I have tolerable resources in some amusing books which we brought with us. I have left all *hard* books at home, with the exception of the Satires of Persius (hard enough, God knows, to stand in the place of two or three ordinarily difficult books),

and as I have neither commentary nor dictionary, to get through them, as I have in the main done, has been rather a tough task. I had not read them for years. I have taken a portion of them as a tonic every morning after breakfast, when the head is clear and the digestion is good. With all their crabbedness they are worth reading. I have also been reading a French roman, "Le Maudit," by an Abbé who does not give his name. It is a curious, and I have no doubt in the main a faithful picture, of the state of religious opinion among some portion of the secular Catholic priesthood in France, and of the intense hatred and suspicion (fully justified, if what is intimated only approach the truth) entertained by the great body of the Catholics towards the Jesuits. Reading this book has again and again made me feel, how little we are conscious of the immensity of the religious revolution in which we are involved, and by which, without being aware of it, we are all irresistibly swept along. The style of the book does not please me. It is sentimental and sensational—abounding in *coups de théâtre*—and reminding one too often of what is to my taste so repulsive in the exaggerated descriptions of Rénan. Though touching on themes far less grave and interesting, and not attempting anything beyond a picture of Spanish life and manners at the beginning of the last century, I find the narrative of Le Sage—some of whose works I brought along with me—far more healthy, simple, and natural. He keeps to the level of common sense and good taste. I have no doubt it is very old fashioned to make such a confession. * * *

We had a shock in passing through Bonn. We called, as usual, at the house of our old and venerated friend, Professor Brandis, and found from the servant that he had been dead four weeks. We afterwards saw his niece, who still lives in the house, and we learned from her the particulars. It was a gradual decay. Since then I have seen in the papers that Professor Mittermeier, an enlightened and benevolent Catholic jurist, and Rothe, whose name and works are familiar to you—both of whom I had known some years ago at Heidelberg, where they were the ornaments of the University—are gone to their final rest. Faraday, too, I learn, is no more. Such events do not indeed sadden the aspect of life, but they make it look grave and serious; and they warn a man, like myself, who has already completed his seventieth year, to gather up and finish what he has yet on hand, and enter on nothing new, on nothing at least which is not a natural development of what he has already begun. The familiar words of Horace again and again come into my mind: “*Vitæ summa brevis—Spem nos vetat inchoare longam.*” To work with you, dear friend, during the remnant of my days of health and strength in the promotion of all that is noble, liberal, and just, and to retain to the last the affection and regard of such dear old friends of early life as Mr. and Mrs. Darbshire and their children, and your own happy and virtuous family, will be one of the best consolations and supports of advancing years. May it still be preserved to me some time longer!

TO REV. J. P. ESTLIN CARPENTER.

The Limes, Oct. 12th, 1867.

Though I have been often looked upon as rather an extreme heretic, my real tendencies in regard to Church life are deeply conservative ; and I have ever regarded the two great ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper as essential constituents of the Christian Church, and as possessing in themselves an intrinsic beauty and significance. The bane of the popular Protestantism has been its greedy seeking for some positive *literal* injunction as the basis of its discipline and worship. The New Testament is the *certificate*, if I may so call it, from the apostolic age, of the historical introduction of the living spirit of Christ into the world ; and unless we allow this spirit a continuous development, according to the changing necessities of time and place, under the religious *tradition* of the most Christian minds, we shall be sure to stereotype our faith into a rigid, unmeaning form, and be unable to preserve Christianity, as what it is and what it was intended to be—a *spirit and a life*. Even Unitarian congregations are still suffering from the cramping influences of the old Protestant verbalism, which breeds scrupulousness and aridity ; and till we can supersede this by a more enlightened and spiritual theology, we shall have difficulty in breathing that life and reality into our religious services, which we all so much desire. In the meantime all Christians, whatever their *Christology*, recognize Jesus of Nazareth as a historical reality,

whose person and work are the source from which a new moral and spiritual life has flowed through the world; and the Lord's Supper, as I conceive and feel it, is a most touching and beautiful commemorative service, by which we renew and strengthen the sense of spiritual communion with him, now perfected and glorified in the invisible world, who stands before us in the blended light of Scripture and Tradition, as the ideal of religious humanity. Ordinary services and sermons distribute the application of our principles to the claims and needs of our daily life, and in the ardour of applying them we may perhaps for the moment lose sight of the fountain from which they have flowed down to us; but in the Lord's Supper we go back to the Source itself, to renovate and invigorate our faith by the fresh inspiration which it yields, and to make us feel more clearly and strongly than perhaps it is possible for us in the actual business of the world—that the highest aim of our being is to be one with Christ as Christ is one with God.

I think, if this view were earnestly enforced, it might tend to remove some of the hindrances that now exist to a more frequent and earnest attendance on this very beautiful rite; but the full appreciation of this view must come with the diffusion of a broader and more genial theology, and a more cordial admission of the grand doctrine on which the very preservation of Christianity seems to me to depend—that the Spirit of God acts as directly now on every human soul that earnestly seeks it in faith and prayer, as it did in the

days of Christ and his apostles—that ours will still be found an age of *open vision* to all, the eyes of whose hearts are spiritually enlightened. Under these preliminary conditions, I think great benefit might result from adopting your suggestion of making the Service more simple and popular—substituting it, or at least the address preceding it (which in the ordinary mode of administration I have sometimes felt too long and formal) in place of the sermon—embellishing it with a careful selection of the most beautiful hymns and touching melodies—giving the people some more active share in it, and making it more entirely what it ought to be—the joint fraternal commemoration of a great spiritual blessing. You will of course not overlook the training of the more advanced classes of your Catechumens, with a special view to their participation in this service—so that their first celebration of it may become a sort of welcome and initiation of them into the Christian Church. Persistence in this practice year after year will healthily feed the Church, and surround the Lord's Table with more numerous and earnest communicants. I am not quite sure whether we do not celebrate this service rather too often. Too constant recurrence deprives it of its impressiveness. If it could be associated with the great festivals of the Christian year—Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide—or with the recurrence of the seasons of the natural year—such a change might possibly infuse into it a new interest and significance. The great object of its celebration—as indeed of all religious services, but espe-

cially of this—is to connect the dull, sensuous, worldly life that we here lead in the flesh, with that higher and invisible life which is hid with Christ in God. Might it not also be a quickening of the zeal and love of neighbouring churches, if they occasionally met to celebrate the commemorative feast together? Of course in all new movements, however needful, and deeply religious in their tendency, there is occasion for judgment, and what I may call fine spiritual *tact*. But if we shrink from all change and innovation, through over-prudence, we shall do nothing, and the life of God will be blighted by the timidity and faithlessness of man.

TO MRS. RATHBONE, *Greenbank, Liverpool.*

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, Feb. 16th, 1868.

It is now, I believe, many years since I wrote you a letter; and the circumstances* under which I now take up my pen, forcibly carry back my thoughts to times long past, and awaken recollections very pleasant and very dear, in which yourself and your excellent husband and your venerated parents†—parents as they almost were by kindness and affection to me, as by nature to yourself—have no small share. In looking back on that long past, what a transient dream it now seems! More than half a century, when once gone, is but as ‘a watch in the night.’ And yet it is no dream. It has yielded realities in the interchange of kindly sympathies and intelligent thought, in the strengthen-

* The death of Mr. Rathbone, Feb. 1, 1868, aged 81.

† Mr. and Mrs. Greg of Quarry Bank, the parents of Robert Hyde Greg.

ing of common good purposes and noble sentiments, and in the increasing value which it has set on the actions and aims of good men—which I feel assured can never perish, but must constitute, through the transforming change of death, the precious material of some higher state of existence. And is not this spiritual fruit which we gather from a long experience, the most valuable product of life—the one thing that endures, when every thing else passes away? Every good man's exit from this life seems to me to open a momentary glimpse into the mysterious world beyond. There is an instinctive, irrepressible faith of the soul on such occasions, which is to me more conclusive, as a more direct witness of the spirit of God within, than all the poor reasonings of divines and philosophers falling so infinitely below the grandeur of the argument which their puny logic attempts to sustain, and which the equally puny logic of their adversaries endeavours in vain to overthrow. Till you destroy the soul itself, I am more and more persuaded the longer I live, you cannot destroy the vital trusts of religion.—This is my great consolation and support, which at our time of life we require every year more and more—when such dear and venerated friends as your excellent husband are taken from us.—I cannot tell you, my dear Mrs. Rathbone, what a comfort it is to me to reflect, that so lately as last Christmas, I saw my venerable friend once more, and felt the friendly grasp of his hand, and saw the familiar smile lighten his benevolent countenance.—Death brings one privilege

with it; that it permits us to speak the simple truth without the suspicion of insincerity; and it is a relief to my own mind, to say outright, that a better and nobler-minded man, one that had more reverence for truth and right, and a more steadfast friend—I never knew. Well, he is gone—the last of a race of worthies, who fought disinterestedly for justice and freedom, when the world was yet against them. He is gone, and has left another vacancy in, to us, a thinning world. While I continue here, I hope I shall ever, like my lamented friend, keep up a warm interest in the living world around me; for I believe that is the best preparation for the world to which we are bound.—Yet, as I advance towards my journey's end, I cannot help associating with the unseen world almost more of a *home* feeling than with that in which I actually live. *There* are those to whom my earliest memories attach, and on whom my tenderest affections dwell. And curiously enough, it is my experience of growing years, that long vanished scenes and personages seem to rise out of the past with a renewed distinctness and vitality as the shadows of evening gather round our descending way.—But such thoughts are only for our chosen moments, not meant for the daily food of thought;—we have living affection to cultivate, and living relations to fill, and remaining duties to discharge. I rejoice to think, my dear friend, that you are immediately surrounded by your children and grandchildren, and that in their love and sympathy you will find the best solace and compensation for

what you have lost. I and my sole surviving child have much to be thankful for in the kind and valuable friendships which remain to us from former years, and in those which have gathered round our later home.—May peace and rest be our lot, till we are summoned to join those who have gone before! My daughter joins in every kind wish and expression of sympathy, with, my dear Mrs. Rathbone, your very affectionate friend, J. J. T.

TO REV. JOHN KENRICK.

Nottingham, April 14th, 1868.

A week of rest during our Easter vacation affords me an opportunity of discharging a debt, which I have felt I long owed you. Our session thus far, with one exception which I shall presently mention, has been quietly and uniformly satisfactory. Our students, with no striking evidence of genius or high intellectual mark, are attentive and industrious, and on the whole fair and respectable scholars—all, however, I am pleased to add, giving unmistakeable signs of religious earnestness and warm interest in their future vocation. * * *

We have had one sad disappointment. I remember you were much pleased at our last examination with the appearance and performances of Uzoni, a student from Transylvania. He was indeed a young man of fine talent and great promise, which we hope may yet bear fruit. But about six weeks ago, he was seized with an extreme mental depression, accompanied by

constant sleeplessness, which completely unhinged him, and made it necessary for him to give up his studies. It arose, I believe, from bodily causes, and was not occasioned by over-work of the head. We took him twice to see Dr. Jenner, who carefully examined his case, and said he saw no reason to apprehend anything serious; but recommended immediate change of air and scene and a return to his native country. He left London early last week, and is now I trust safely pursuing his journey homeward.

Mr. Martineau and myself, as professors in Manchester New College, have received a very cordial invitation from three of the professors at Clausenburg, to attend the approaching Tercentenary of the Unitarian Church in Transylvania. Martineau will not be able to accept the invitation, being otherwise disposed of for the summer; but for myself I have written to say, that if I live and be well, and find my health and strength equal to the undertaking—I shall have much pleasure in being present on this interesting occasion. H. will of course accompany me. The British and Foreign Unitarian Association have intimated to me through Mr. Aspland, their wish that I would represent them, and be the bearer of their good wishes and congratulations on the occasion; and I have expressed my willingness to do so. If I am able to execute this journey, it will be fraught with abundant interest and instruction of a kind to me altogether new. It will probably be the last very distant journey I shall ever be able to take again—as I have already completed my

seventieth year, and must henceforth seek rest rather than excitement in my vacations.

The meeting at Sion College, at which I was present, is now matter of history, and has already spent most of the interest it excited—being absorbed by questions of graver character. You have probably read Dean Stanley's address. It handles the question historically, and from a practical English point of view, and does not pretend to furnish an exhaustive and philosophical analysis of the complicated problem involved in the relations of Church and State. But it is impossible to read it, without a profound admiration of the manly courage, the high-minded independence of thought, and the broad, loving, catholic spirit, which breathe through every line of it. I trust the lengthened discussions which must accompany the gradual disendowment of the Anglican Church in Ireland, may help to bring some clearer and juster principles into view. I confess that the Voluntary Principle, *pure and simple*, into which a large majority seem now disposed madly to rush—does not appear to me so complete a solution of this question as many seem to think, and as I myself once thought. The contrast which the last few years have forced on the mind, between the spirit of the clergy of nearly all denominations and those under the dominion of the clergy, and the calm dispassionate wisdom of our civil courts—has given me a turn in favour of the moderate and well-balanced Erastianism which was represented in our earlier history by such men as Hooker, Selden,

and Lightfoot. At least, I think an element of truth lies in this quarter, which ought to be more thoroughly studied. Considering the enormous amount of priestly pretension and of theological ignorance and bigotry which now prevails—I dread the entire suspension of all control over religious, or rather ecclesiastical, bodies by the civil power. Plain justice requires that all such bodies should be placed on a footing of perfectly legal equality. But to hand over the Catholics to the absolute disposal of their priesthood, without any power of interposition on the part of the State—seems to me a course fraught with peril and alarm.

TO F. W. NEWMAN, ESQ.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, July 1st, 1868.

Let me thank you for your kind letter. Your letters are always welcome to me; for underneath the differences of opinion which lie on the surface, I always find a vein of deep sympathy in things grand and fundamental, which is truly refreshing amidst the hollowness and conventionality of the world. I should not have replied so soon, but that, as I am about to be present by invitation at the Tercentenary of the oldest Unitarian community in Europe, at Thorda in Transylvania, towards the end of August, and shall have to pass through Buda-Pesth—I thought it possible you might have something to send to your friend, Mr. Pulsky, of which, if it should be any con-

venience to you, I shall be very glad to be the bearer. As we mean to travel slowly and see some places of interest by the way, I shall leave home the last week in July, accompanied by my daughter. Anything you may entrust to me before that time, I will take great care of.

I believe I come through my Christianity to very much the same Theism at bottom which you yourself entertain—involving the same feelings of filial trust and reverence towards the great Father of the Universe, and the same sublime and consolatory hope as to the ultimate destiny of the human soul. But to me and, I believe, to a great majority of men there is an unspeakable strengthening and support in the contemplation of our humanity in its highest communings with God historically realised in a personality like that of Christ, apart from which concrete embodiment those elements of eternal truth, which I agree with you we derive from Plato and the Hebrew prophets, might have evaporated in vague and dreamy speculation. Men needed something personal to draw their reverence and sympathy to a point. Amidst the frightful conflict of dogma and fanaticism—the spirit of love and holiness and self-sacrifice, which is essentially the spirit of Christ, has ever remained as the *one constant* of his religion.—I write thus much, simply to express my own mind, not to change yours. Each individual faith must rest on its own foundations. In the clearer light which awaits us, we shall both perhaps be made to see the mutual mis-

apprehension, which is the source of our present divergency.

I confess I have no faith in Louis Napoleon. I believe he is incapable of large and generous ideas. He is actuated solely by dynastic objects. He is at present the great menacer of European peace, and the cause of those enormous armaments which are the scandal of our age. Who is going to attack France? Not Prussia, not Austria, not England. There is not the shadow of a reason for maintaining his immense army. He must do something showy, and wants to wipe off the disgrace of having been outwitted by Bismarck. In Germany I am persuaded *German* feeling is far deeper and stronger than either *Prussian* or *Austrian*; and were she threatened, whether on the East by Russia or on the West by France—I believe the result would be, such a merging of all present differences in one common German sympathy as would tend to the complete and final consolidation of that great Nationality.

TO REV. J. MARTINEAU.

Muggendorf, near Baireuth in the Franconian Switzerland,

Aug. 9th, 1868.

It is scarce a month since we parted; yet so many things have occurred in the interval that it seems to me more like half a year. Soon after you left London, we went down for a week's quiet and refreshment to Arundel, a dull, old-world sort of place—rendered chiefly attractive by opportunities for

boating on the Arun—the “wild Arun” of Collins, and the vicinity of a grand old park, something like an ancient forest, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk. * * *

We left London on the 30th of June, proceeding by Brussels, Cologne, Coblentz, and Heidelberg. * * * During the first part of our journey we had some most magnificent sunsets ; and there was a superb full moon while we were at Heidelberg, which we saw rise in unclouded glory over the wooded hill behind Heidelberg, and then steep in its fresh cool beams the grand old masses of the Castle.

We came hither through Würzburg and Bamberg, for the sake of a few days’ rustication, before proceeding to the more exciting scenes of Vienna, Buda-Pesth and Klausenburg. The Frankische Schweiz is an elevated table-land, regarded, I believe, by geologists as a prolongation of the Jura, with huge limestone cliffs, intermingled with Dolomite, shooting up in the boldest and most grotesque forms on each side of the valleys, and abounding in the natural fissures and chasms which are peculiar everywhere to this formation. In some of these cavities are immense deposits of fossilized bones, belonging to a former world, which have been examined and described by Buckland and Lyell. Some of these we have already seen and the rest, or the principal of them, we must *do*, before we leave. In my present mood, which inclines rather to reflection than to observation (especially under such burning skies) the delicious verdure of the meadows, kept fresh by constant irrigation, and the soft flow of the Wiesent winding in endless mean-

ders between banks clothed with herbage to the very brim—have far more attraction than sight-seeing, or even, had I knowledge enough for it—geological exploration. The country is beautiful and romantic, without being Alpine—and in its general aspect reminded us of some parts of Derbyshire. It is well worth a short visit; but it is absurd to call it Switzerland in any sense. We are here very comfortably and economically lodged in the *Kur-haus*, where everything is perfectly clean and wholesome. The *Gesellschaft* is quite unpretentious and genuinely German, but rather *bürgerlich* than *vornehm*. We have some pleasant intercourse, however, with an American lady accompanied by an intelligent youth, from the neighbourhood of Boston, and with a Protestant clergyman and his wife from Bremen. I felt strongly at Heidelberg, how rapidly this world thins of those in whom we take the deepest interest—to men who have reached my time of life. The three men who were the glory of Heidelberg when we were staying there twelve years ago, and with whom I had much pleasant intercourse—Schlosser, Rothe, Bunsen—are all now gathered to their final rest. I found however Professor Weber (who is still at the head of the Real-Schule) with his wife and daughter, and aged mother-in-law (Mr. Schunck's sister) yet hearty and well. Weber's son-in-law, Holtzmann, is now a professor of Theology in the University, and is completing Bunsen's Bibel-werk from the materials left behind him. I understand from Professor Weber that there is a new biography of Bunsen preparing at Berlin, which is intended to em-

brace a more particular investigation of his political and theological position. If this shall be fairly and candidly done there is certainly room for such a work. While we were at Arundel, I ran through Madame Bunsen's two volumes. Her part of the work is delicately and gracefully done; but she could not well go into political and theological details, though she has once or twice with characteristic firmness, though with great modesty, expressed her dissent from her husband's judgment. When I saw them together some years ago at Heidelberg, it struck me that she had a superior judgment to her husband, gifted as he was. The insight which she gives into Bunsen's private and domestic life, is very beautiful. He was a truly good and noble-minded man. I came away from her work with a higher estimate than I had before of the qualities of his heart—of his moral and religious excellencies; but with, I think, a somewhat lower opinion of what he had actually done, both as a man of action and a man of learning. He had doubtless wonderful attainments, and an extraordinary facility both of acquisition and of execution under unfavourable circumstances. His ideas were vast but somewhat vague; his aims lofty but rather indistinct; and he appears to have repeated over and over again the same idea under different forms. When he once took up a conception he saw everything in its light. It affected his whole range of thought, and the critical faculty of discrimination seems wholly to have failed him. How a man of any critical discernment could think it possible for the Apocalypse and the Fourth

Gospel to be from the same pen—is to me almost inconceivable. He had about him, if I may so express it, a “*fatalis quædam facilitas*,” which enabled him to get through an amazing amount of learned work amidst the cares and distractions of public life, but at the same time it affected the quality of the product. However, take him—all in all—Bunsen’s is a delightful character to look back upon—so much purity, simplicity and affectionateness—such singleness of aim, such rectitude of purpose, in a position so much exposed to worldly snares, and with such constant temptation to tread in crooked paths.

Nothing strikes me more than the great rarity of finding the critical faculty possessed, or at least exercised, in any considerable degree by men of warm feelings and strong practical aims. They have grounded their action on premises which are purely traditional and often unsound; and they regard any searching investigation of them by the critical faculty as a morbid exercise of the intellect which must be resisted as a disturbance of the moral order of the world. I was never more impressed with this than in a somewhat lengthened notice of my little book on the Fourth Gospel by Dr. James Freeman Clarke in a recent number of the *Christian Examiner*.* I am astonished, that such considerations as he finds conclusive, should carry weight with any man who had gone thoroughly into the history of the question. Yet Dr. Clarke is one of the largest-hearted and most free-minded of men. In these Protestant assumptions which are so deeply

* Boston, U. S.

rooted in our Western Christendom, we shall find, I apprehend, the chief obstacle to encounter in introducing, through criticism, a purer and more spiritual Christianity into the world. I thank God for having been born and bred in a Church, which has never made anything fundamental in Christianity but the spirit of Christ himself—personal holiness, self-consecration to a divine and imperishable life, manifested in the love of God and Man. I consider Baxter to have been the first who introduced the essence of this grand faith, as the bond of all true Church life, into this country; and I look on our Presbyterian forefathers, not excluding Priestley and Price, with Dr. Channing and yourself, as his genuine and consistent followers—only developing the germs which he left behind him. I rejoice in my ecclesiastical lineage and relationship, and would not exchange it for any other that I know. I only wish our people, who have been choked with half-learned doctrine at second-hand, could be taught to estimate it at its true value.

I do hope that you are thoroughly enjoying your retirement in the wild grandeur of “dim Rannoch’s Lake.” I half envy you your time for quiet reading and thought. Your mode of spending the vacation is the best. I do not think I shall undertake so long a journey again. I have brought some books with me, but can only read them by snatches, and that is not satisfactory. A line will find me not *later* than *Sept.* the 5th, at John Paget’s, Esq., Gyéres near Clausenburg, Transylvania.

TO REV. JOHN KENRICK.

Gyeres, near Thorda, Transylvania, Sept. 3rd, 1868.

I feel that I ought not to let my visit to this interesting country terminate without writing a few lines to one of my oldest surviving friends. We are here most hospitably entertained in the country residence of one of your former pupils, Mr. John Paget,* who retains in undiminished strength his attachment to his old faith and his old fellow-students, and revives with a heartiness that does one's heart good, in this land of strangers, his recollections of York and old York days.

By an Act of the Diet he has been invested with the privileges of a Transylvanian nobleman, and married, as you perhaps know, a baroness in her own right of one of the oldest families in the country, who claim descent from a former Palatine of Hungary. All his connections, I find, are with persons of that rank; and though he has always staunchly struggled, and even suffered personally, for Hungarian rights, as opposed to the crushing centralisation of the House of Hapsburg—yet his views of politics, I can perceive, are those of persons of his own class, and correspond very much to what we should call in England high Whiggism. He has no love of Kossuth and his adherents, who, he thinks, misunderstand the true interest of their country. Indeed, among the Unitarians with whom I have so far conversed, I find the

* Author of "Hungary and Transylvania," Murray, London, 1850.

conviction decided, that Hungary, though preserving her rights as an independent kingdom, cannot afford to separate herself from Austria, any more than Austria can do without Hungary, which is her right arm of strength. The Hungarian patriots are intensely sensitive to the distinction between King of Hungary, and Emperor of Austria. To the former they are enthusiastically loyal; the authority of the latter, as such, they refuse in any sense to acknowledge. I met with a curious example of this feeling the other day at Budapesth. I asked a gentleman who was passing me on the bridge, if the large building on the height opposite was "*der kaiserliche Pallast.*" He turned sharp upon me with "*Wir haben keinen Kaiser; das ist der königliche Pallast.*"

On my telling him, that I was an Englishman, and very sorry for my mistake, and that we in England had always had the warmest sympathies with Hungary—he held out his hand to me with the utmost cordiality, and added with a smile, "*Ich bin ein Schlechter Deutscher.*" This enthusiastic patriotism has given new impulse to the cultivation of the Magyar language. I believe German is less generally spoken—Latin certainly—than before the revolution of 1848. Madame Paget told me, that for twelve years, out of pure patriotism, she never allowed a German word to escape her lips. The men too have taken zealously to the Hungarian dress, which is very becoming—braided coat and trousers—and Hessian boots, often with spurs. The ladies seem to me to dress very much the same all

the world over ; which I greatly regret, as the national costume is often far more graceful and picturesque than Parisian modes. We see it still among the peasant women, especially the Wallachs. Madame Paget is exceedingly hospitable and kind ; but * * * you feel that she is *Frau Baronin*. * * * She and my daughter get on exceedingly well together.

I must now give you some account of the special object of my coming into this remote country ; although fuller details I must reserve for the longer narrative, which I have promised Charles Beard for the "Theological Review." The Danube, which we descended in a steamer (stopping in Vienna two days) from Linz to Buda-Pesth—a little disappointed us. We did not think it equal to the Rhine, nor to the upper part of the Danube itself, which some years before we had ascended from Linz to Regensburg. In its lower course it flows through immense tracts of dead level. But the weather was very unfavourable, and we could perhaps hardly judge. Everything was new to us. A railroad took us in tolerable comfort, with much roughness and tumult at the different stations, where we had to change carriages, to Grosswardein, where we found a clean and comfortable hotel, and where the magic of Mr. Paget's name (who has an estate in the neighbourhood) procured us at once excellent chambers. We travelled by voiture in two days from Grosswardein to Klausenburg. This was rather more expensive, but it saved us a fatiguing journey by night in a close uncomfortable "Postwagen," and enabled us to see

the country which for a great part of the way is very beautiful. We had now entered a district inhabited by a Wallach peasantry. Their appearance struck us as exceedingly wild, almost savage—sharp, aquiline features with a somewhat fierce expression, with long black hair hanging in masses over their shoulders. There is however, notwithstanding that they have only just emerged from a kind of serfdom, a certain dignity in their gait and bearing, and the women especially, with their naked legs and feet, and their broad-contrasted masses of drapery, step with a kind of natural grace, and look exceedingly picturesque when seen from some distance. Their cottages furnish capital subjects for the pencil, but I should feel some hesitation in entering them. A sort of rude veranda runs round one side of them, and in the huge overhanging mass of thatch a single hole is left for the escape of the smoke. We travelled on the whole very comfortably, and got good, wholesome food. One night alone we had to rough it a little; as there was only one chamber at liberty, and my daughter and I had to stretch ourselves without undressing on the two beds—in a close uncomfortable room. The fresh morning air, when we started again, was perfectly delicious. Soon after our arrival at Klausenburg, Benczédi (a former pupil) and M. Ferenz (the head pastor of the church in Klausenburg) whom I had known formerly in England—waited on us. They had been looking for us at another Hotel, where we had been expected, and where they had kindly ordered

dinners. They were soon joined by the Bishop, Kriza, a man of most engaging manners and appearance, with something of an oriental expression in his dark features—simple as a child, of the broadest Catholicism, full of enthusiasm for his own favourite pursuits, which are linguistic and antiquarian—relating more particularly to the popular poetry and legends of the Magyar race, on which subject he has lately published a large volume in Hungarian, shewing, I am told, very great research. He and his wife are Seklers, who claim to be the oldest and most genuine portion of the Magyar race. In spite of his great simplicity, he has a natural dignity of bearing which strikes one at once. We slept that night at the Hotel; arrangements having been made for our going on the afternoon of the next day to Gyéres, the country seat of Mr. Paget, which is twenty-five miles from Klausenburg, and five from Thorda, the scene of the approaching celebration, which we passed through in reaching it. The following morning we spent in seeing the Church, College and Library of the Unitarians. Klausenburg surprised me by its neat and clean and civilized appearance. It is well paved, and has some very good shops—a Casino and a very handsome theatre. It is the winter residence of the Transylvanian gentry and nobility. We dined at the bishop's at one o'clock—before starting for Gyéres. His wife is an unaffected lady-like woman—a very mother, they say, to the youths in the College and Gymnasium. We dined with the bishop's family and

several gentlemen connected with the Church and the College. Everything was perfectly simple, but profusely hospitable, and in excellent good taste, arranged and prepared by the bishop's lady herself—not of course quite in the style of Lambeth—but nowhere, I am sure, could there have prevailed a kinder and better feeling, or have been a more cordial episcopal welcome. We are going to Klausenburg again for a day or two at the end of this week, to see things more leisurely and to obtain some more particular information.

I must reserve for the pages of the "Theological" a fuller account of the festivities which occupied the two last days of the month. They commenced with a public reception of the bishop from Klausenburg on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Paget kindly drove us over to Thorda to see it, and to pay some calls of ceremony: but from having been misinformed as to the hour, the procession was over when we arrived. The next morning I was introduced to the Consistorium, of which, I was told, that I had been previously chosen an honorary member. Then followed the service, when M. Ferenz preached—with a capital manner and delivery—and the sermon, I am told, was excellent. I myself heard expressions of admiration at its spirit from all parties, Calvinists and Catholics—among others from the Lord Lieutenant of the county, Baron Kemmig. I joined with Mr. Paget in the celebration of the Lord's Supper which followed. It was touching and impressive, but I must reserve my description of it for another occasion. There was an

adjourned meeting of the Consistory in the evening, when I briefly acknowledged in Latin* the honour of being admitted one of their members, and presented the Addresses from the Unitarian Association and the West Riding Society. The next day, there was an ordination service, when Simén (one of our former pupils) preached and thirteen young men were set apart by laying on of hands, for the ministry. This I must describe hereafter. After each service on the Sunday and the Monday there was a public dinner—attended by all denominations, at which my own and my daughter's health were cordially proposed and received, and I acknowledged in the best German I could command our very kind and hospitable reception, and expressed my own sympathy and that of the Unitarians in England—and concluded on one occasion with proposing the health of Bishop Kriza and the Transylvanian Unitarians—and on the other that of Mr. Paget, as a standing pledge of the friendship and sympathy that should unite England and Hungary. A ball concluded the ceremonies of each day, from which however we were kindly permitted to absent ourselves.

* Given at length in the 'Narrative of a Visit to the Unitarian Churches of Transylvania, on occasion of the 300th Anniversary of the first proclamation of religious freedom at Thorda, in 1568.' Theological Review, January, 1869.—Mr. Tayler was also received, at the Hanover Square Rooms, by a public Assembly of his friends and sympathizers, to whom he gave a vivid account of his journey and experiences, and of Transylvanian Unitarianism,—included in the above Narrative.

TO REV. J. H. THOM.

Hampstead, November 8th, 1868.

I should like to have your free thoughts on a subject that interests me. We are to have a meeting of the Free Christian Union on Saturday next. Mr. Sidgwick of Cambridge has promised to attend. Martineau is meditating a reply to some of the recent attacks on the Union—particularly F. W. Newman's last Pamphlet.* If it were proposed to drop the Christian name, my whole relation to the Society would be changed; and whether under such circumstances I should feel it worth while to attach myself to an Union so aimless and so incapable of any practical religious issue, I can hardly at present say.

I hold it quite evident that those who entertain certain great trusts in common, may combine to uphold and enforce them without incurring the charge of narrowness or intolerance towards others who do not entertain them, provided such parties are left at liberty to combine on behalf of their own: and should people, holding such trusts in common, feel that their force is needlessly weakened by foolish dissensions among themselves about non-essentials, that is an additional reason for drawing themselves into closer union. The question is not, as it seems to me somewhat perversely put, as if we were going to moot for the first time the abstract question whether Christianity, or non-Christianity had most to say for itself—

* 'Against Hero-making in Religion.'

or which had the clearest right to social privilege or pre-eminence—in which case, to take either of these positions as a ground of union for its promotion, would be unjust. But we are dealing with certain *practical* results—the deep-seated convictions, wrought into their inmost moral being, of millions—the *fait accompli* of many centuries of social experience, lying at the basis of our whole Western civilization—which approves itself to the moral consciousness of an overwhelming majority of the pious and the good, from their habitual experience of its effects on themselves and their families; and we are simply asking ourselves whether this principle of spiritual life, which is at work under many different outward forms, but which is weakened and dissipated by needless antagonism and mutual repulsion among these different forms, might not be gathered up into intenser action and made productive of far deeper influence on the lives of men, by closer union on the *common*, and mutual toleration and forbearance on the *particular*. I am encouraged to regard this as a just and reasonable aim by observing that the aversion of a few excellent individuals to the Christian name is the consequence of excessive and in some degree one-sided reaction against Orthodox views, which do not belong to the essence of Christianity;—and that in their habitual faith these same persons retain and act upon all that many of us hold vital in the religion of Jesus Christ. Of many others the opposition to Christianity is, I believe, mainly negative—the result of indifference, an unspiritual tendency of

mind, or of ignorance. As a rule, all the available practical piety of this Western World is, I apprehend, bound up in some form or other of the Christian life. What we have to do, is to encourage the growth within each of these forms of a truly Catholic spirit, that it may burst its dogmatic bonds and enter freely into the wider communion of faith and holiness and love. If we throw off the Christian name,* we shall lose the sympathy of myriads of devout and spiritual-minded men, who will be thrown back by an instinctive conservatism on narrower dogmatic views as the only salvation, as they think, of a vital faith. After all, what *practical* object do we gain, by widening our limits to take in Jews, Mahomedans, Parsees, Brahmins, Confucians, &c.? What possible object in England, or in Europe, could we effect in common! There are excellent men in all these religions, whose acceptance with God I have no more doubt of, than I have of good Christians. But why not leave them to work out the function assigned them by Providence in their own sphere—encouraging and rejoicing in their social progress, but not annoying and interrupting them by a fussy and narrow proselytism—we ourselves limiting our immediate endeavours to the development of a higher spiritual life in Christian Europe? If one thing is clear in the great Book of Providence, it is that the Gospel in its great essential provisions was meant for the religion of this Western Civilization. I remember an American gentleman suggesting that it would be a

* By turning the Free Christian Union into a Free Religious Union.

glorious thing to have a pulpit in London where Parsees and Christians might worship and preach together. I do not believe the Parsees would thank you for any such offer: and I think that the only result of it would be to cause a great deal of magnificent tall talk on democratic platforms.

TO REV. DR. SADLER.

The Limes, December 15th, 1863.

* * * Mr. Martineau shewed me to-day a letter from Mr. W——, expressing a strong wish for some alteration in the doxologies of the Portland Street Liturgy,* similar to what Mr. M. himself has been some time urging. The letter took Mr. M. by surprise, as he had no idea Mr. W. had any feeling of the sort. I have no doubt Mr. M. will shew you the letter. It certainly suggests matter for serious thought. We are in a rapid state of theological transition; and it is difficult to adjust to it some of our traditional usages and forms of expression. You know how I have attempted to solve the difficulty. But I am quite willing to draw a distinction between expressions which help to perpetuate a false and mischievous *doctrine*, and those *poetical* symbolisms which, modified in their slight and pliable texture by the progressive thought of successive generations, have become now the inhe-

* "Common Prayer for Christian Worship: in Ten Services, for Morning and Evening, with Special Collects, Prayers, and Occasional Services." London: E. T. Whitfield, 1862.

rited terminology of devotional feeling, which it would be difficult from any other source to replace.

But I admit it is no easy matter to draw the line which separates these two kinds of expressions—and different men would no doubt draw it differently. Every man must be guided by his own conscience and religious sense.

TO F. W. NEWMAN.

The Limes, Rosslyn, Hampstead, January 16th, 1869.

I ought to have acknowledged before now your kind and very welcome letter, received some weeks ago. I have also to thank you for your very instructive paper on Alcoholic Drinks. That and some other writings of similar tendency which I have lately read, have, I must confess, begun to make a very strong impression on me. I think some nonsense has been written, and some fanaticism displayed, in connection with the Teetotal movement; but it seems to me impossible to deny, that the question is now assuming a very formidable importance—especially with the recent changes in the constitution of the suffrage—and that the terrible social mischiefs of which it treats must be met at once with some measure of strong and decisive counteraction. Whether the Permissive Bill in its actual form is the best and most practical measure is more than I can say; but I regard its principle, *under the circumstances*, as perfectly defensible. The case is

exceptional, and it demands an exceptional cure. I do not regard the moderate use of the stimulus furnished by fermented liquors as either pernicious or morally wrong. The history of civilization and the universal language of poetry seem to prove the reverse. But the thing has now become in its abuse a positive curse to society—a moral pestilence which sweeps down whole multitudes of men and women and even children who have not moral vitality to resist the attack, and whom, if we are not absolutely bound to protect against their own weakness, we ought at least to guard from gratuitously multiplied and artificially stimulating temptation. When such an epidemic seizes human society, I observe, in the ordinary course of human affairs, nothing can resist it but some intense reaction, pushed by the very necessity of its existence into some extravagance, and headed by leaders whose moral earnestness almost takes the form of monomania, and in whom the sense of an awful evil to be overcome, masters for the time every other consideration. I can often discern the weakness, and the limited application of some of the arguments put forth by such men; but they are strong from the intensity of moral purpose which animates them, and from their intimate coalescence with the stream of conservative reaction of which they help to increase the volume and the force. But I also perceive, that in these vast tidal waves of popular influence, urged on by the profound moral sense surging up from the popular heart—the greatest evils of society have been constantly swept away. Here, if

anywhere, I am compelled to recognize the working of the spirit of God. The conscience is mightier and more divine than scientific logic. I gratefully acknowledge the service of science and philosophy to restrain and guide the movement when once set a going. But they are powerless to originate it. The great thing is to get the sluggish will of man to act at all—and mainly in the right direction.—All this may serve to indicate my position in this question; in which I never before took the interest which I now do. I hope this question in some form or other will soon come before our Legislature, with other social questions, and take the place of the old party conflicts which have had their day and are gone. We have now a Government which, whatever may prove its ultimate working power, contains several men of earnest moral purpose and sincere religious feeling; and it is surely a great gain to society to have politics in some degree blended at length with the higher principles of our nature, and raised above the condition of a mere selfish craft.

I suppose that Mr. Gladstone, with such a majority as he has at his back, will be tolerably sure of carrying his general proposition for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. His difficulties will begin—and the difficulties inherent in the whole measure will shew themselves—in the manipulation of practical details. I quite expect that some very interesting and instructive discussions will arise in this stage of the proceedings on some points which have almost been in abeyance since the first age of the Re-

formation—one in particular—what are the legitimate limits of State action in ecclesiastical Organizations. A State has of course no right to interfere with belief or worship ; but Churches have also a side towards the present world, where they come into contact with education, morals, learning, and scientific culture—and in this direction, where the interests of the present world are profoundly affected, they have no right to plead conscience for the perpetuation of absurdity, intolerance, and the obstruction of scientific progress. Bred and born a Nonconformist, and taught from my earliest years to look on all connexion of Church and State as an abomination—I have been forced by the teaching of events to modify views which I once entertained. I observe that all freedom of thought in our Established Church would have been crushed but for the intervention of the lay element in our Civil Courts ; and the case is not much better among the Dissenters, where the ecclesiastical and theological element is strong. It is rather startling to find the Highest Churchmen and most daring Ritualists now calling out most loudly for the severance of Church and State. The tone of the Catholic prelates is becoming arrogant, and shewing clearly what they aim at and would take. If our narrow Protestantism would have allowed Mr. Pitt's known desire to have effect, more than half a century ago, to appropriate a good part of the revenues of the Irish Church for the support of the Catholic Priesthood, and to put Anglicanism, Roman-Catholicism and Presbyterianism on an equal footing in Ireland, it

would probably have saved much present trouble, and put us on the track of a more gradual and peaceful development of a better state of religious feeling and opinion. But we are always too late; and that is now impossible.

TO MRS. CHARLES HERFORD, *Manchester.*

The Limes, January 17th, 1869.

I cannot refrain from adding to Hannah's, the expression of my deep sympathy with you and all your family on the loss which you have just sustained, and the tribute of my respect and veneration for the memory of your excellent Mother.* With her one of the oldest of my Manchester friends has passed away. When I came to Mosley Street Chapel, as successor to the late Mr. Hawkes, a young man fresh from College, now close on half a century ago—she and your venerated father most kindly entertained me as a guest till I obtained lodgings of my own; and I shall never forget their extreme kindness, and the pleasant cheerful evenings which your mother's self-forgetting kindness and your father's genial sprightliness and hilarity caused me day after day to spend in their society. Those were pleasant days—and amidst the very different circumstances in which I am now placed—happy as I still am—they come over me sometimes like a bright dream of a former state of being.—Such me-

* The widow of the Rev. John Gooch Robberds, of Manchester.

mories of the good who have been taken from us, it is delightful to cherish. The very vividness with which they rise up before us in still clearer outline as we ourselves advance in years, seems to me to carry with it an implicit assurance that those whom we have so loved and revered, are "not lost, but only gone before." We can only pray that the light of their holy and loving example may shine ever brighter and brighter on our descending path, and lead us safely to the gate through which, as we trust, they have passed into eternal life.

TO REV. JOHN KENRICK.

The Limes, Hampstead, Feb. 27th, 1869.

I entirely concur in every word that you write about the proposed fresco in University Hall.* Ever since it was suggested, my daughter and I have been deploring it, and mainly on the ground that we are sure that it would have been offensive to the feelings of H. C. R. himself, who, though he had his occasional spirits of innocent vanity, was essentially a modest man, and would have sensitively shrunk from occupying the conspicuous place proposed to be assigned to him as the central figure of a group composed of some of the most distinguished people of his time. My own subscription might seem disproportionate to my position ;

* By Armytage, in honour of Henry Crabb Robinson, one of the most liberal of its Founders.

but as H. C. R. had, most unexpectedly on my part, remembered me by a very handsome bequest in his will and a valuable legacy of engravings—I felt I could not have contributed less without seeming actually mean. But my contribution was meant for the memorial window or windows; and I was rather surprised, on being invited to a dinner-party of friends to H. C. R. at Mr. Field's some week or two since—to find that the larger scheme was already agreed on and the artist actually engaged. I ventured then to express some dissent or at least some doubt—but was told that the matter was already settled by the judgment of some eminent artists who had been consulted as to the best disposal of the surplus. I have since written to Mr. Field, expressing the same view rather more strongly, and was glad to be able to fortify myself by your good judgment. I have had a very friendly letter from Mr. Field in reply; but I see no chance of any reversal of the decision. From the eminence of the artist engaged—Armstrong (who has recently executed a fresco for the Hall at Lincoln's Inn) I have no doubt we shall have a fine work of art—and I can only hope, that my venerable old friend's relation to the encircling group will be so idealized, or mysticized, that the offensive impression, which I have dreaded, as possibly occasioning ground for ridicule—may be so far qualified or neutralized as almost to escape notice.*

* This intention is indicated in the arrangement adopted.

We have so far had a very quiet and satisfactory session. The young men who joined us for the first time in October are exceedingly industrious and full of promise. With intellectual tastes and habits of study, they combine great zeal and interest for their future ministerial work, and have proved a valuable accession to the staff of teachers in the Portland Street Sunday School. I wish our ministers did not continue to be furnished so exclusively from the lower grades of life. There is something in the hereditary influence of culture and refinement—as if it was bred as it were in the bone—which we observe no mere cleverness or success in study can ever entirely replace.—I look back with great respect and reverence on the old Nonconformist ministers of the past and preceding generations, *** cultured, courteous, and of good social position, whose influence on their contemporaries was of the most refined and elevating kind. I hope that type of character will not entirely go out among us. But the Broad Churchmen who think and feel very much as they did on all great social questions, but who remain very quietly where they are—are now to a very large extent superseding their peculiar influence—and not altogether in the healthiest way. ***

TO PROFESSOR SCHOLTEN, *Leyden.*

The Times, Rosslyn, Hampstead, London, March 20th, 1869.

I take the liberty of forwarding to you the enclosed Prospectus of a Journal in the interest of

Scientific Theology, recently commenced at Geneva, which my friend Mr. Châstel, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Academy of that place, who is one of the *rédacteurs*—has requested me to circulate as widely as I can. I retain so very pleasant an impression of the kind and cordial hospitality which I experienced from you and your family, and that of Professor Kuenen, two years ago at Leyden*—that I venture to hope I am not trespassing too much on your attention in sending you this indication of kindred movements to those in which you and your colleagues are engaged—now breaking out in another part of Europe. I observe one of the booksellers engaged in this movement, is M. Kemink of Utrecht. I should have supposed, Leyden would have furnished a point of warmer sympathy. Whether the purely analytic method, which the editors propose to adopt—apart from some more decided expression of individual conviction, will permanently succeed, remains to be seen. But the conception of such a work at Geneva is of itself a significant sign of the times.

M. Châstel writes me : “ Nous avons ici presque tous les jours de la semaine de grands meetings publics dans le cirque pour et contre le Christianisme libéral, question fort agitée aujourd’hui dans le Suisse allemande et française. Hommes, femmes, gens de toutes les classes assistent pêle mêle à ces conférences.”

* See, “ A few Notes on the Religious Condition of Belgium and Holland,” in the Theological Review, January 1868, by Mr. Tayler.

I do not anticipate much good from such popular discussions of the difficult questions of theology, except as helping to break the mischievous spell of the priesthood; but they shew what is working in the inmost mind of Europe, and seem to me no obscure indication of an approaching new Reformation.

I beg you will present my own and my daughter's kindest remembrances to Madme. Scholten and your daughters, as also to Professor Kuenen and his family.

TO THE REV. ATHANASE COQUEREL, *Paris*.

1869.

You have doubtless learned, from divers papers and publications which have been transmitted to you, that there has recently been formed in England, under the name of the Free Christian Union, an Association of persons from different religious denominations for the promotion of a more catholic intercourse among all Protestants, and the substitution of a spiritual for a dogmatic bond of ecclesiastical cooperation. This Association, while fully recognizing the right and even the duty of individuals to entertain and avow their own views on all doctrinal and speculative subjects, assumes, as its fundamental principle, that the basis of common worship, of Christian labour and of mutual recognition as Christian brethren, should be of a more comprehensive nature, and be sought rather in religious sympathy than in theological agreement. The mem-

bers of the Free Christian Union are firmly convinced, that only on such a principle can a Church, truly deserving the name of Catholic, be ever established, and the prophetic promise of 'one Fold under one Shepherd' be finally realized. Believing that this principle, which can alone harmonize the demands of a living faith and a healthy freedom, is in full accord with the views which you have ever so eloquently advocated, and for which you have not hesitated to incur worldly sacrifices—the friends of free religious thought and Christian love in England, earnestly desire to enjoy the sanction of your name and the encouragement of your presence. They feel sure, that the time has arrived for drawing closer the bonds of union among the friends of truth, freedom and charity throughout Europe, threatened as the highest interests of humanity are by imminent dangers from opposite sides—by the arrogant pretensions of the priesthood on the one hand, and by the reactionary tendencies which slide downwards to a materialistic atheism on the other. They observe, that a sense of these dangers has called forth movements kindred to their own, in Switzerland, Germany and Holland; and from some of the associations which have been thus formed, they have had forwarded to them particular inquiries as to their objects and principles, and the expression of an earnest wish to be admitted into brotherhood and cooperation.

We, the undersigned Officers and Committee men, authorised to express the unanimous sentiment of our

society of the Free Christian Union, feel strongly that this is a crisis, fraught possibly with consequences of the utmost moment to the religious future of Europe, which it would be culpable to allow to pass without some effort to give it a right direction, and invest it prominently with the significance which its intrinsic gravity involves. It is proposed therefore to hold a public meeting in London in the course of this spring, to set forth these views and disseminate their influence. Nothing, we are persuaded, would contribute more to this effect than the presence of enlightened and sympathizing foreigners, aiming at similar objects abroad, who would give help and encouragement to those who are struggling in this country to uphold a true Catholicism against the depressing influence of sacerdotalism and sectarianism. The open countenance of a few friends from the great Protestant Communities of the Continent—from associations like the ‘Protestanten-verein’ of Germany, or the ‘Union Suisse du Christianisme libéral’—would be an unspeakable help and refreshment to us. We entreat you, therefore, Rev. and dear Sir, to entertain favourably the united request of the ‘Free Christian Union,’ that you would deliver a Discourse in connexion with the Religious Service, which it is proposed to hold on the occasion. Your mastery of two languages, and the mingling of French and English blood in your veins, marks you out as specially fitted to inaugurate the commencement of a truly Catholic Church, recognizing the brotherhood of the whole human race, irrespective

of all national distinctions.—Your intimate relations with the most advanced thinkers of the age, and your inheritance of the high religious conscientiousness of a noble Huguenot ancestry are an assurance, that in you the demands of the free intellect and the deepest wants of the devout heart will be harmoniously combined.*

* The Religious Service thus characterized was held on June 1st, 1869, with Pasteur Athanase Coquerel *Pils* as one of the Preachers:—and the hand that penned this invitation was then cold in death. Mr. Tayler died on the 28th of May. The first Report of the Free Christian Union, presented at the Annual General Meeting, on Wednesday evening, June 2nd, closes with these words: “Faith in the principles and aims of your union is confirmed by the simultaneous appearance of precisely similar organizations in France, in Switzerland, in Holland, in Germany, from all of which letters of cordial sympathy have spontaneously come, and from one of which an illustrious representative has already joined in our worship and stirred our hearts with his earnest pleadings, and will yet give us his word of fraternal fellowship and good will. A resolution had at one time been taken to invite one or more of the eminent leading men of the *Union du Christianisme Libéral* of Neuchâtel, and of the German *Protestantenverein*, but it was dropped, in submission to the sorrowful appointment, which, in taking from their midst their oldest and most venerated member, has broken their closest tie with the scholars and reformers of the Continent.

“It was an allowable intention to ask such visitors as Professor Buisson, and Professor Schenkel, and Dr. Réville, so long as it was possible to promise them, among the features of their reception, the friendship, the conversation, the intimate sympathy with their national literature and life of your earliest advocate, the Rev. J. J. Tayler. But what was only natural when he was present, becomes presumption when he was withdrawn; and the purpose was dropped, with a foreboding which has

proved too true. If they came, they could no longer discover what largeness of learning, what refined accomplishment, what apostolic sanctity guarded the councils of your Union, and secured at once their wisdom and their charity. Bereft of him, your Committee render their account without the sanction which they most prize. The moment at which they render it, ere yet the grave has closed over his remains, turns this meeting into a watch-night of reverential adieu, and inspires the prayer that the graces of his spirit may linger in the midst, and be heard in the tones of hopeful and gentle piety."

Mr. TAYLER sunk under an internal disease which had prostrated him some years before, the seeds of which remaining in him were probably fostered by the fatigues of his Transylvanian journey. A languor marked him from that time, with the not unfrequent look of one whose mind was far away. It is difficult to describe the impression his death produced on the inner and the outer circles of those nearest to him, and of those who without personal intimacy knew what he was. It was mainly the feeling of losing from sight a saintly spirit living in the closest contact with all human interests, in the world but not of the world. He was mourned with an intenser measure of that sentiment which in a degree attends the decease of every genuine man,—that he was himself alone; that a type of character, of spiritual existence, is lost to us; that on earth we cannot see his like again. On the third day of June he was laid at Highgate, beside his wife and son.

All the tributes to his memory cannot, and need not, be given.—The Church of his first affections, in

Manchester, have endeavoured to preserve in marble his tender and noble features, and to engrave in enduring words their great debt of reverent gratitude and love.—The College he served so well declared their own loss to be that “of the Christian Church at large.”—The Congregation, near his door, with whom he worshipped when he ceased to minister himself,* recorded their sense of the influence of his presence with them, in transparent emblems, with this inscription: “This Window is placed here, by friends and fellow-worshippers, as a tribute to his simple and elevated character, saintly virtues, large humanity, tender sympathies, and child-like devotion. His Life was a persuasive to piety: his Memory lifts up the heart to a better world.”

* That of Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead.

APPENDIX.

List of Mr. Tayler's Publications.

1. Some Remarks on the Nature of Genius. An Essay read before the Literary and Philosophical Society, Manchester, Oct. 31, 1823.
2. On Communion with Unbelievers. A Discourse delivered in Mosley Street Chapel, Manchester. March 20, 1828.
3. Motives to Industry and Zeal in the Christian Ministry, illustrated and enforced. A Discourse before the Provincial Assembly of Presbyterian Ministers of Lancashire and Cheshire. June 1829.
4. The Perpetuity of the Christian Dispensation, viewed in its connection with the Progress of Society. A Discourse before the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. June 2, 1830.
5. The retributory Providence of God illustrated in the case of Individuals and of Nations. A Discourse on the Revolution in Paris, preached August 8, 1830.
6. On the Moral Education of the People. With an Appendix containing Extracts from Victor Cousin's Report to the French Government on the State of Popular Education in Germany. A Discourse. Dec. 1, 1833.
7. The Principle of Protestantism incompatible with the Application of a Religious Test. A Discourse. 1834.
8. On the Relation of Theology to General Science and

Literature. Christian Teacher (Monthly Series) 1835.

9. Recollections of Schleiermacher. Christian Teacher. 1835.
10. Retrospect of a Twelvemonth passed in Germany. Christian Teacher. 1836.
11. Essays on the Fundamental Principles of the Christian Religion. Christian Teacher. 1837.
12. Miss Martineau's Society in America. Christian Teacher. 1837.
13. Propositions towards realizing a Plan of Religious Association. Christian Teacher. 1837.
14. Address on the occasion of the laying of the Foundation Stone of Upper Brook Street Chapel, Manchester. Christian Teacher. 1837.
15. Religion and Theology, distinguished and compared. Christian Teacher. 1838.
16. Humanity an Universal Claim to Honour and Sympathy. A Discourse on behalf the Domestic Mission, London. 1838.
17. The Present Position, Prospects, and Duties of Unitarian Christians. A Discourse. 1839.
18. On the Influence and Responsibility of Periodical Literature. The Christian Teacher (Quarterly Series). 1839.
19. Protestantism a Consequence of the Reformation, but not its Completion. Christian Teacher. 1839.
20. The Nature and Design of Christianity investigated, from an Analysis of its primitive Records in the New Testament. Christian Teacher. 1840.
21. Fragmentary Notices of Chinese Civilization. Christian Teacher. 1841.
22. On the Value of the Life and Writings of St. Paul. Christian Teacher. 1841.

23. On the Principles of Nonconformity considered in relation to the Progress of Truth. A Discourse before the Devon and Cornwall Unitarian Association. 1841.
24. Introductory Lecture to the Course on the History of Christianity, Oct. 1840. Manchester New College, Manchester, 1841.
25. Thoughts on the Present Tendencies of Civilization. Christian Teacher. 1842.
26. English Nonconformity. Christian Teacher. 1843.
27. 'Endeavours after the Christian Life,' Review of. Christian Teacher. 1844.
28. The Christian Mother. A Discourse on the Death of Mrs. McConnel, Manchester, March 9, 1845.
29. Retrospect of the Religious Life of England; or the Church, Puritanism, and Free Inquiry. 1845. 2nd Edition, 1853.
30. Historical Christianity. Prospective Review. 1845.
31. The Life and Character of Blanco White. Prospective Review. 1845.
32. Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Specches. Prospective Review. 1846.
33. Bunsen's Church of the Future. Prospective Review. 1846.
34. Spiritual Legends of the Middle Ages. Prospective Review. 1846.
35. Christianity and the Formative Arts. Prospective Review. 1847.
36. Christian Theology in its Relations to Modern Ideas and Modern Wants. Prospective Review. 1847.
37. Apprehensions and Hopes excited by the recent Revolution in France. A Discourse. March 5, 1848.
38. Newman's, F. W. History of the Hebrew Monarchy. Prospective Review. 1848.

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39. Socialist and Communist Theories. Prospective Review. 1848.
 40. Miss Martineau's Eastern Life. Prospective Review. 1848.
 41. Scott's, A. J. Discourses. Prospective Review. 1848.
 42. Mary Barton, Mrs. Gaskell's. Prospective Review. 1849.
 43. Morell's, J. D. Philosophy of Religion. Prospective Review. 1849.
 44. Newman, F. W. On the Soul. Prospective Review. 1849.
 45. Emanuel Swedenborg. Prospective Review. 1850.
 46. Bushnell's 'God in Christ.' Prospective Review. 1850.
 47. The Creed of Christendom, W. R. Greg's. Prospective Review. 1851.
 48. The Harmony of the Intuitional and Logical Elements in the Ultimate Grounds of Religious Belief. Prospective Review. 1851.
 49. Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty: A volume of Discourses. 1851. 2nd Edition, 1855.
 50. Religion: its Root in Human Nature, and Manifestation in Scripture. A Discourse. 1851.
 51. The Value of Individual Effort. A Discourse delivered in the School Room, Cleator Mill, June 29, 1851.
 52. Life and Letters of Niebuhr. Prospective Review. 1852.
 53. Inaugural Address on the Opening of the first Session of Manchester New College in connection with University College, London. University Hall, Oct. 14, 1853.
 54. Strength perfected in Weakness. A Discourse. 1853.
 55. Parental and Filial Duties. A Discourse. 1853.

56. Performance of Appointed Duties, the only Means of Self-Culture. A Discourse. 1853.
57. The Wisdom of Babes. A Discourse. 1853.
58. The Relations of the Unrighteous Mammon to the True Riches. A Discourse on occasion of the death of Salis Schwabe. 1853.
59. Letters and Addresses on leaving Manchester. Christian Reformer. 1853.
60. History of Latin Christianity, Milman's. Prospective Review. 1854.
61. Address at the Opening of the Session 1854-55 of Manchester New College, London.
62. An Account of the Religious Condition of the Pays de Vaud and Geneva. Christian Reformer. 1854.
63. Obituary Notice of John Hutton Tayler. Christian Reformer. January, 1855.
64. True Religion expressed in the Life and Teachings of Christ. A Discourse for Secularists. Christian Reformer. 1855.
65. Ewald's Life of Christ. National Review. 1855.
66. Table turning in Ancient Times. Christian Reformer. 1856.
67. The Past and Future of Christianity. National Review. 1856.
68. Letters on Religion in Germany. Written from Heidelberg. Christian Reformer. 1856.
69. Address at the Opening of the Session of Manchester New College, London, 1857.
70. The Syriac Gospel. Christian Reformer. 1857.
71. Defences of himself, on some opinions erroneously imputed to him. Christian Reformer. 1857.
72. The Mutual Relation of History and Religion. National Review. 1857.

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73. Two Lectures, Introductory to a Course on the Early History of Christianity. 1857.
 74. Hegel's Philosophy of History. National Review. 1857.
 75. Ewald's Apostolic Age. National Review. 1859.
 76. Address at the Opening of the Session of Manchester New College, London. 1859.
 77. English Nonconformity : its Principle and Justification. A Discourse in support of Manchester New College. 1859.
 78. Reply to Strictures on an Article in the National Review on Ewald's Apostolic Age. Christian Reformer. 1860.
 79. Obituary Notice of Rev. Benjamin Carpenter. Christian Reformer. 1860.
 80. Theodore Parker. National Review. 1860.
 81. A Rejoinder to additional Strictures on the Article on Ewald's Apostolic Age. Christian Reformer. 1860.
 82. Obituary Notice of Dr. Hutton. Christian Reformer. 1860.
 83. Letters to the Rev. Moses Szekely, Bishop of the Unitarian Churches in Transylvania. Christian Reformer. 1861.
 84. An Account of some Books sent to Manchester New College from Clausenburg, Transylvania. Christian Reformer. 1861.
 85. Address at the Opening of the Session of Manchester New College, London. 1861.
 86. On the Textual Criticism of the Apocalypse. Christian Reformer. 1862.
 87. Address at the Opening of the Session of Manchester New College, London. 1863.

88. Stanley's Lectures on the Jewish Church. National Review. 1863.
89. The Theology of Germany during the 19th Century. National Review. 1864.
90. The Relation of the Pauline Epistles to the Historical Books of the New Testament. National Review. 1864.
91. Strauss' Life of Jesus, (the Second). Theological Review. 1864.
92. The Philosophy of Primary Beliefs. Theological Review. 1865.
93. Address at a Confirmation Service. 1866.
94. An Attempt to ascertain the Character of the Fourth Gospel ; especially in its relation to the Three First. 1867. 2nd Edition. 1870.
95. The Apocryphal Gospels. Theological Review. 1867.
96. A Catholic Christian Church the Want of our Time. 1867.
97. Tischendorf's Edition of the Vatican New Testament. Theological Review. 1867.
98. A Few Notes on the Religious Condition of Belgium and Holland. Theological Review. 1868.
99. Davidson's Introduction to the New Testament. Theological Review. 1868.
100. Christianity ; What is it ? and what has it done ? 1868.
101. Narrative of a Visit to the Unitarian Churches of Transylvania. Theological Review. 1869.
102. On the Development of Opinion in the Early Christian Church, as indicated by a Comparison of the several Books of the New Testament. Published since his death. Theological Review. 1872.*

* This List is far from being complete, especially in Mr. Tayler's Contributions to the Periodical Press, and as regards Speeches, Addresses, and single Sermons.

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